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Proceedings, October second to seventh,



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**1642--1892**

**Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary**

**WOBURN MASSACHUSETTS**





Records For The Town of Woburn  
from the year 1640. the 15. day of the 10. month  
Paulistyn Fui

In yonkes age of woburn Town began.  
Charles Count first moved the Count my lins to foun  
To wove my land place compild body Reuter.  
Xenwell. Sims Sdyngich this my patrons were  
Sun flowering flr. grow great upon those grounds  
poore & naft yult to wats among the clowns  
who bring, token with such suggly thinge  
As had bin woth of Noble Banns in Kings  
Till Babt gan Cope & great disturbances make  
Nurses Regent they did her undertake  
One counts her quite an other her toll her  
To foun lands free from the Babys Cope  
Co more of founne foun nursing grow for the warts  
Thought it more safe in following of the Caste  
A neighbour by hoping the Babt wold be  
A pretty Child to Roshing her wout her  
Too nurses diff underten then the rest  
first hands finish thus the Child yone rest.  
for Race to foun here this yone Count did rife  
By wotakeff means two wotake in great ons eye  
And foun it is that mottels Clow & frouce  
Her nurse share in this poore Countes exstion  
Without which mottel an sun foun foun  
Patrons conchew the nurse upp wot rife  
ff ever the mongst Bays have a fation  
for twas foun parished. not her exatation  
For now conclud the Countes wot her it naft  
that with wotakeff means he bring this wot to pass  
Not only Count but sister Church to her  
Which out of naft. and Affs now is ad  
Thine all founat wotakeff Count foun wot  
The Count not swars foun foun wotakeff

# PROCEEDINGS

October Second to Seventh 1892

AT THE

Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary

OF THE INCORPORATION

OF THE

TOWN OF WOBURN

MASSACHUSETTS



WOBURN

PRINTED FOR THE CITY

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EXTRACT FROM THE RECORDS OF THE COLONY OF THE  
MASSACHUSETTS BAY IN NEW ENGLAND.

---

*the General Court holden in Boston, September 27, 1642,*

ORDERED,

at Charlestowne Village is called Wooborne.





# THE PREPARATION.

3







Mayor EDWARD E. THOMPSON,  
President.

## INAUGURAL MENTION.

---

FEW towns have borne a more honorable part in the history of the Commonwealth than the old town of Woburn, and yet of the busy multitude that daily throng its streets, doubtless but a small proportion had, until recently, more than a vague acquaintance with its past and the memorials of former times that have remained to the present day. It was to call attention of its citizens to the rich historic materials lying within its borders that the first mayor of Woburn, Hon. Edward Francis Johnson, on Jan. 7, 1889, in his inaugural address said:—

Having said so much on matters pertaining to the present, I ask to be allowed a word, in closing, in relation to the remote past, for our city has a past to which it can point with pride, and in which all our citizens as heirs-at-law can claim a share. Each ward, indeed, has its memorials of this past.

In Ward 1 were laid out, fully four years before the incorporation of the town, the Waterfield lots, so called, which were the first possession of civilized man within the present limits of the city.

In the southern portion of Ward 2, in the middle of the last century, was opened a silver mine, and articles made from its ore are still extant.

Ward 3 is rich in historic ground. Within its precincts, in undisturbed repose, rest the consecrated remains of our fore-

fathers,—the hardy pioneers who forced their way into the howling wilderness, and there founded a church and municipality which have existed from that day to this. On Wyman Street, within this ward, was located the first tanyard, and John and Francis Wyman were the first Woburn tanners. From this germ has sprung the great tree, the branches of which, extending well nigh over the whole city, give life to many of our citizens and prosperity to us all.

On Montvale Avenue, in Ward 4, and nearly opposite to each other, stood the second meeting-house and the second dwelling-house in the town. This dwelling-house was, indeed, the first to be erected within the present territorial limits of the city.

On the plain near the banks of the Aberjona, in Ward 5, the seven commissioners from Charlestown first selected the site of the new town; and, although the spot so chosen for settlement was soon changed, yet its historical importance still remains.

The house in which Woburn's most eminent native, Count Rumford, was born is located in Ward 6, and about it cluster many associations

“That whisper of the past.”

The old Simonds homestead, which has stood for more than two hundred years, is the historic landmark of Ward 7. Beneath its diamond-paned windows the savage aboriginal lurked, and within the shadow of the neighboring elm, under the high dome of Heaven, “the rude forefathers” sang the hymn of praise to God.

Such, gentlemen, are a few fragmentary facts with which our local records abound,—facts in which every citizen has an interest, representing, as they do, the life and history of the past.

As a fitting supplement to these words, Mayor Johnson, a few months later, granted a school holiday and ordered flags to be displayed on the public buildings on Oct. 7, the anniversary of the incorporation of the town. This act served not only to fix in mind the precise historic date of the incorporation, but also to call attention to the near





GEORGE F. BEAN,  
Chairman of Committee on Invitations.



approach of its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, and to stimulate a feeling among the citizens at large that the anniversary should be publicly recognized in a manner altogether worthy of the ancient municipality. This feeling was formally expressed by Hon. George Frémont Bean, mayor of Woburn, in his inaugural address delivered Jan. 5, 1891:—

The Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Incorporation of Woburn occurs Oct. 7, 1892. On that date in 1642 the public Act of Incorporation of the town of Woburn was passed. I regard it as eminently fitting that the completion of this rounded period of the corporate existence of Woburn should be appropriately observed. I am inclined to go farther and express the opinion that it is incumbent on the citizens and the city to provide for such a celebration. I think it will be of material advantage to our community if the observance is carried out on a scale befitting its importance and significance. Woburn is one of the historic towns of the Commonwealth. Her history goes back to the earliest period of the Colonies. Her Revolutionary record is a proud one, and her territory is historic ground. If Woburn's patriots were not actually in the track of the famous ride of Paul Revere and were not actually roused by him to help repel the invaders, they were quick to respond to the call when it reached their ears. They were on hand at Lexington and Concord Bridge and fought where

“ \*\* the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world.”

The occasion comes to us in the slow march of time. We have not to seek it and no one can question our right and duty to embrace it. No trivial or doubtful incident or fancied anniversary date is the foundation for the observance.

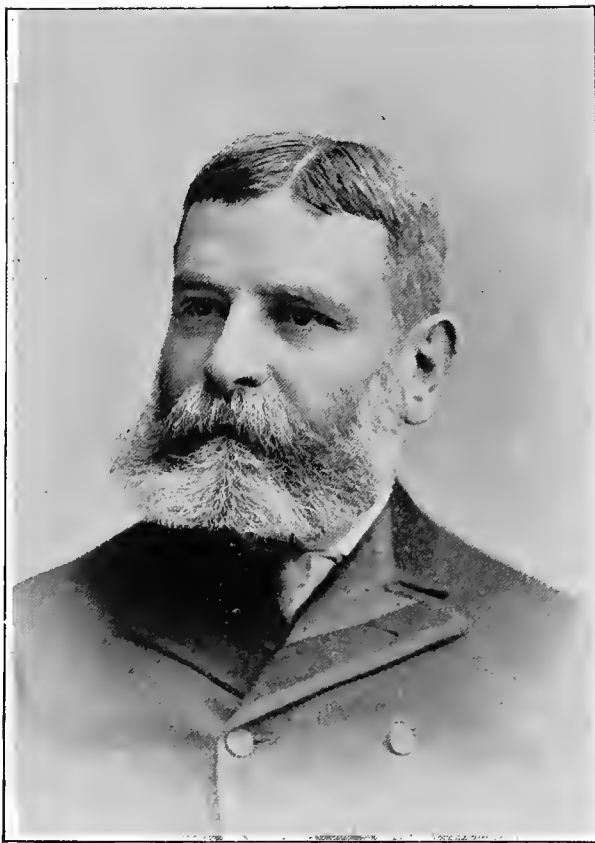
Considerable inquiry has satisfied me that the past and present citizens of Woburn generally desire a fitting observance of the occasion. Other cities and towns of the Commonwealth have

already celebrated like anniversaries with exercises which have called together their sons and daughters in grand reunions, and entertained them with civic and military parades, and public orations, poems, and banquets. The result has in every case been to awaken local pride, stimulate local business, and promote general good feeling and good will.

While speaking to the City Council, I would also reach the Woburn public. It is desirable that the initial steps in this undertaking should be taken by the citizens. Though not a son of Woburn by birth or ancestry, I desire, as a citizen who has made this his home, to urge that local organizations for historic or other purposes and individual citizens, by petition or otherwise, indicate to you and to each other their sentiments on the subject. If the celebration is to take place, the City Council should take steps to secure, during the coming session of the General Court, the passage of an Act authorizing the appropriation of a proper sum to defray expenses. I recommend that this be done.

The sentiments expressed by Mayor Bean were heartily endorsed by his successor, Hon. Edward Everett Thompson, himself a lineal descendant of one of the original settlers, who, in his inaugural address, delivered Jan. 4, 1892, emphasized the necessity of prompt action in the following words:—

My predecessor in office called attention, in his address, one year since, to the near approach of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Charlestown Village as a separate municipality bearing the name of Woburn. The Act of Incorporation was passed Sept. 27, 1642, old style, which, according to our present reckoning, is Oct. 7. Nearly two years before this, however, thirty-two commissioners had signed the "Town Orders," and at the time of the incorporation the settlement was well established, embracing originally the greater part of what is now Wilmington, Burlington, and Winchester. Wilmington



EDWARD D. HAYDEN,  
Of the Executive Committee.



was set off and incorporated as a separate town in 1730; Burlington, sixty-nine years later, in 1799; and Winchester in 1850.

The details of the early history, both civil and religious, of our town, will be more appropriately introduced at the approaching anniversary, the seventh day of next October. We may well emphasize the declaration that it is a dictate of obvious propriety that that day should be suitably observed and that the past should then be recounted. And it would be highly proper that committees should be promptly appointed and that the necessary arrangements be made soon, in order to secure the greatest possible success in the interesting and rare occasion which we anticipate. Not many country towns, even in Massachusetts, have a richer history to recount. Very few are the municipalities that have a better inheritance. From the incorporation down to the close of the Revolutionary War, our fathers, not to say our mothers, were heroes. In saying this, we by no means disparage the character of our fathers and brothers in later years, but it is well and increasingly important that we revive and keep fresh in our minds the memory of those who founded and defended our old town in its younger, weaker, and comparatively defenceless years.

Many of the early settlers here have among us numerous descendants bearing still their familiar names. To these honored names are now added many others equally worthy. And all alike, grateful for our heritage and loyal to our traditions, may join in the exercises of an occasion intended and fitted to honor the birthday either of our original or our adopted home.

Of Woburn as a city we need to say but little in this connection. It is too early to speak of our history. We need only to bear in mind that of the twenty-eight cities in our Commonwealth, Woburn is, in the date of its incorporation, the twenty-fifth, that thus only three are younger than we, and that the smallest of the twenty-seven has a population of about three hundred more than we register. With Woburn as a city, however, our present and prospective legislation must have to do. This is of necessity true even of our preparation to celebrate the incorporation and history of Woburn as a town.

I would therefore recommend to the City Council that measures be taken at once for the proper observance of the anniversary and for securing during the coming session of the General

Court the passage of an act authorizing the appropriation of a sum of money sufficient to defray the expenses. I would also suggest that a committee from the citizens be selected and invited to co-operate with the City Council in making all arrangements necessary for the occasion.

---

## ACTION OF THE CITY COUNCIL.

Early in January of 1892 an informal meeting of prominent citizens was held by invitation of Mayor Thompson, as a result of which the following order was introduced into the City Council and unanimously adopted:—

*Be it ordered*, That a committee consisting of the President and three members of the Common Council, with such as the Board of Aldermen may join, be appointed with power to prepare a programme for the celebration of the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Incorporation of Woburn, and that they be and are hereby authorized and instructed to report to a full committee consisting of all the members of the City Council and such number of citizens, not exceeding one hundred, as may be invited by the Mayor to join; and that said committee of the City Council and citizens have full power to do any and all things in their judgment necessary to carry out said programme.

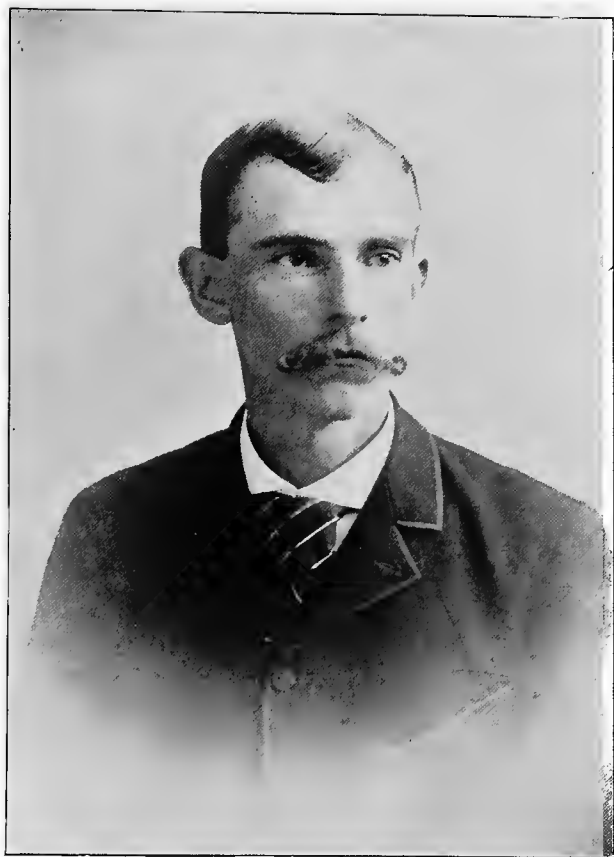
[*Approved*, Feb. 4, 1892.]

The following committee was appointed:—

His Honor, Mayor EDWARD E. THOMPSON.

*Aldermen*: President W. Frank Fowle, Philip K. A. Richardson.

*Councilmen*: President B. Frank Waldron, John O'Donnell,  
George A. Simonds, James E. Cutler.

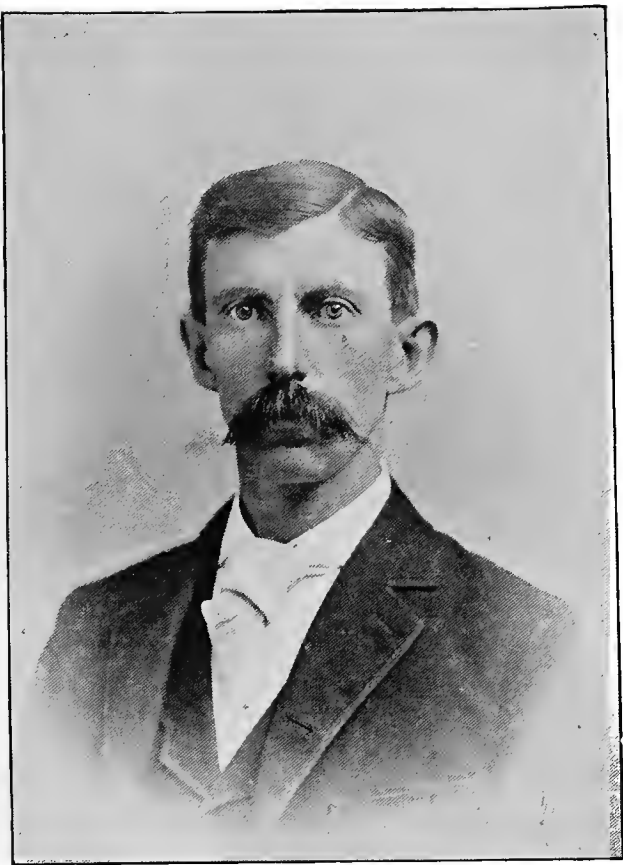


W. FRANK FOWLE,  
President of Board of Aldermen.









B. FRANK WALDRON,  
President of Common Council.

## GENERAL COMMITTEE OF CITIZENS.

After a careful study of the matter and a consideration of what had been done in similar cases by other towns in the Commonwealth, the committee submitted their report at a meeting of the following citizens assembled by invitation of the Mayor, in Concert Hall, Savings Bank Building, on April 13, 1892:—

CHARLES D. ADAMS.  
MONTRESSOR T. ALLEN.  
P. ELVERTON BANCROFT.  
ALBERT P. BARRETT.  
GEORGE F. BEAN.  
WILLIAM BEGGS.  
DENNIS D. BEGLEY.  
WILLIAM E. BLODGETT.  
WILLIAM H. BOWERS.  
D. WILBUR BROWN.  
FRED. J. BROWN.  
JACOB BROWN.  
CHARLES W. BRYANT.  
OLIVER F. BRYANT.  
GEORGE BUCHANAN.  
JOHN C. BUCK.  
FRANCIS A. BUCKMAN.  
THOMAS J. CALLAHAN.  
JOHN R. CARTER.  
HEBER B. CLEWLEY.  
CHARLES K. CONN.  
GEO. C. CONN.  
HORACE N. CONN.  
ALBERT F. CONVERSE.  
PARKER L. CONVERSE.

JAMES H. CONWAY.  
EDMUND C. COTTLE.  
JOHN P. CRANE.  
JOHN CUMMINGS.  
FRANCIS P. CURRAN.  
JAMES E. CUTLER.  
WILLIAM P. CUTLER.  
WILLIAM R. CUTTER.  
WILLIAM F. DAVIS.  
CHARLES T. DEARBORN.  
JOSEPH F. DELORIEA.  
HERBERT B. DOW.  
WILLIAM H. DOYLE.  
HENRY M. EAMES.  
NATHAN W. EATON.  
JOHN FERGUSON.  
ALBERT A. FERRIN.  
FREDERIC A. FLINT.  
GEORGE F. FOSDICK.  
GEORGE E. FOWLE.  
LUKE W. FOWLE.  
W. FRANK FOWLE.  
EVERETT P. FOX.  
WILLIAM T. GRAMMER.  
ALEXANDER GRANT.

FRANK W. GRAVES.  
WILLIAM F. GREENOUGH.  
EDWARD J. GREGORY.  
HENRY C. HALL.  
JACOB A. HAM.  
WINTHROP HAMMOND.  
JOHN M. HARLOW.  
EDWARD D. HAYDEN.  
THOMAS D. HEVEY.  
BENJAMIN HINCKLEY.  
GEORGE F. HOSMER.  
GEORGE S. HUDSON.  
JOHN JAMESON.  
EDWARD F. JOHNSON.  
JOHN W. JOHNSON.  
CHARLIE A. JONES.  
GILMAN F. JONES.  
DANIEL KELLEY.  
S. EDGAR KENDRICK.  
W. C. KENNEY.  
W. F. KENNEY.  
B. FRANK KIMBALL.  
CYRUS T. LANG.  
FREDERIC H. LEWIS.  
ANDREW R. LINSKOTT.  
MARCELLUS LITTLEFIELD.  
EDWARD H. LOUNSBURY.  
FRED E. LOVELL.  
JOHN G. MAGUIRE.  
FREDERICK B. K. MARTER.  
JAMES MCAVOY.  
BRYAN MCSWEENEY.  
MICHAEL MEAGHER.  
SAMUEL W. MENDUM.  
THOS. MOORE.  
DAVID F. MORELAND.  
JOHN I. MUNROE.  
JOHN K. MURDOCK.  
CHARLES H. NICHOLS.  
JOHN O'DONNELL.

CHARLES S. O'NEIL.  
WILLIAM C. PARKER.  
EDWARD B. PARKHURST.  
FRANCIS A. PARTRIDGE.  
GEORGE H. PERKINS.  
EDWARD J. PHILLIPS.  
GRIFFIN PLACE.  
JOSEPH G. POLLARD.  
ELWYN G. PRESTON.  
ELIPHAZ PRIOR.  
WILLIAM R. PUTNAM.  
CHARLES J. QUIGLEY.  
LAWRENCE READE.  
FRANK B. RICHARDSON.  
PHILIP K. A. RICHARDSON.  
HERBERT S. RILEY.  
THOMAS SALMON.  
EDWARD SIMONDS.  
GEORGE A. SIMONDS.  
JAMES SKINNER.  
C. WILLARD SMITH.  
CHARLES M. STROUT.  
ABIJAH THOMPSON.  
ALBERT THOMPSON.  
EDW. E. THOMPSON.  
LEONARD THOMPSON.  
SAMUEL A. THOMPSON.  
JOHN E. TIDD.  
MOSES W. TRUE.  
S. FRANKSFORD TRULL.  
B. FRANK WALDRON.  
EDWARD H. WALSH.  
JOHN J. WALSH.  
FRANK E. WETHERELL.  
WILLIAM S. WHITFORD.  
LEWIS L. WHITNEY.  
ALVA S. WOOD.  
EDWIN F. WYER.  
ARTHUR B. WYMAN.  
ALONZO T. YOUNG.





EDWARD H. LOUNSBURY,  
Secretary.

Hon. Edwin F. Wyer was chosen chairman and Hon. Edward F. Johnson, secretary. Mayor Thompson, on behalf of the City Council, reported a plan embracing a two-days celebration, and suggesting certain details of programme as well as the appointment of various sub-committees. It was voted to hold the celebration on Thursday and Friday, Oct. 6 and 7, and the following gentlemen were constituted a committee to bring in a list of names for a permanent organization :

Hon. E. E. THOMPSON.  
Hon. JOSEPH G. POLLARD.  
Hon. E. F. JOHNSON.  
Hon. GEORGE F. BEAN.  
Hon. EDWIN F. WYER.  
Mr. W. FRANK FOWLE.

Mr. B. FRANK WALDRON.  
Mr. F. B. RICHARDSON.  
Mr. A. R. LINSOTT.  
JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Esq.  
JOHN W. JOHNSON, Esq.

The meeting adjourned to Wednesday, April 20, 1892, at which time the report of the Nominating Committee was adopted and a permanent organization effected.

---

## ORGANIZATION.

PRESIDENT, EDWARD E. THOMPSON.  
SECRETARY, EDWARD H. LOUNSBURY.  
TREASURER, JOHN C. BUCK.

### VICE-PRESIDENTS.

Hon. John Cummings, Hon. Edward D. Hayden, Hon. John M. Harlow, Hon. Joseph G. Pollard, Hon. Parker L. Converse, Hon. Edward F. Johnson, Hon. George F. Bean, Hon. Edwin F. Wyer, Hon. Benj. F. Whittemore, W. Frank Fowle,

President Board of Aldermen, B. Frank Waldron, President Common Council, John G. Maguire, Esq., John W. Johnson, Esq., Andrew R. Linscott, Esq., Frank B. Richardson, Esq., John Johnson, Esq., Leonard Thompson, Esq., Edward W. Hudson, Esq.

John Bacon, Salem T. Brigham, George Buchanan, Joseph Buck, Benjamin Champney, Edward Crosby, John Doherty, Martin Doorley, Patrick Farrey, Rev. James F. Gilday, Squire B. Goddard, Samuel A. Grammer, Col. Wm. T. Grammer, A. V. Haynes, George A. Hobbs, John Keleher, Chas. E. McGowan, Patrick McGowan, William Menard, Chas. Munn, Harris Munroe, George W. Norris, Benj. H. Ober, F. Chandler Parker, Asa Phillips, R. J. W. Phinney, Rev. John Quealy, Rev. Lawrence W. Slattery, William Vaughan.

William S. Bennett, John Brauer, Alvah Buckman, John Burke, Henry Clement, Eustace Cummings, John G. Flagg, James Leonard Fowle, Ezra Giroux, Matthew Henchey, George W. Kimball, Joseph B. McDonald, John McDonough, John F. Parker, Rufus Pickering, Julius F. Ramsdell, Felix Riley, Charles A. Smith, J. Henry Symonds, Asa C. Turner, Hiram Whitford, William Woodberry.

Joshua Barker, Rev. Wm. C. Barrows, Wm. W. Bartlett, Henry Bulfinch, Patrick Calnan, Patrick H. Claffy, George Cooke, Rev. George A. Crawford, D. D., John N. Doherty, Warren P. Fox, Nathan W. Frye, Joseph W. Hammond, Col. Henry B. Hayes, Ezra C. Ingalls, Harris Johnson, Joseph Johnson, Edward W. Kenney, Amos Knowlton, Christopher Leonard, Michael McKay, Bernard S. Mulligan, John C. Nichols, Rev. Henry C. Parker, William R. Putnam, John Regan, Elijah D. Richardson, Owen Sheeran, William Winn, Jacob Wright, Elijah Wyman, John Wyman, William R. Wyman.

Jacob Ames, Geo. H. Ayer, Jonas P. Barrett, Gilman A. Bean, Richard Briggs, Andrew B. Brooks, Charles B. Bryant, James Buel, Edward Carney, Sherman Converse, Samuel Cook, Levi W. Cooper, Amos Cummings, Patrick Curran, Alexander Ellis, Patrick Fallon, Gawin R. Gage, John Gilcreast, Curtis Greenwood, A. S. Hayward, Martin Hayward, Sparrow Horton, Geo. L. Ingerson, Clement P. Jayne, Nathaniel Jenkins, David W. Johnson, Joseph Kelley, Lyman W. Lincoln, Richard Lynch, Timothy Mahoney, Rev.





JOHN C. BUCK,  
Treasurer.



Daniel March, D.D., John Munday, Philip Murray, John Nelson, Joseph H. Parker, James Partridge, Loren W. Perham, Alvah A. Persons, James L. Pinkham, Charles P. Pollard, Charles R. Rosenquist, Stephen O. Stickney, Col. Cyrus Tay, Alpha E. Thompson, Luke R. Tidd, Quincy R. Ward, Simeon Weymouth, Lewis L. Whitney, Walter Widgery, Charles Wyer, Walter Wyman, William S. York.

Matthew Cassidy, James Cogan, Simeon Colby, Thomas Day, John Draffin, Michael Finnegan, James Folsom, George Fowle, Bart. C. Golden, Stephen Hadley, George W. Hanson, Moses Hemminway, Duncan McFarland, Patrick McKenna, Wm. L. Morgan, Barnabas Richardson, Sewall D. Samson, Andrew J. Simonson, George A. Wellman, Robert West.

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Abel Barrett, Fred W. Bosworth, Andrew Cazneau, Ephraim Colburn, William A. Colegate, James Conway, Charles Cummings, John Cummings 2d, Jesse Cutler, James Doherty, John K. Doherty, Mark Downs, Martin Doyle, Samuel R. Duren, John Ellard, William Emery, B. Frank Flagg, William E. Flagg, Warren Frye, Phineas G. Hanson, Frank M. Pushee, James Maguire, Stephen R. Moreland, J. Addison Parker, George Russell, Sewall Taylor, Sewall Taylor 2d, William H. Winning.

## COMMITTEES.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. — President, Secretary, and Treasurer *ex officio*; President of the Board of Aldermen, President of the Common Council, Chairmen of the various sub-committees, as below; also Daniel W. Bond, John P. Delaney, Frank W. Graves, Edward D. Hayden, Joseph G. Pollard.

FINANCE. — Benj. Hinckley, *Chairman*; Jacob Brown, Richard H. Chamberlain, Edmund C. Cottle, George F. Fosdick, John M. Harlow, Charlie A. Jones, Griffin Place, Thomas Salmon, James Skinner.

INVITATIONS. — George F. Bean, *Chairman*; Parker L. Converse, John Cummings, Henry C. Hall, John M. Harlow, Edward D. Hayden, Edward F. Johnson, Joseph G. Pollard, Lawrence Reade, Edward E. Thompson, Leonard Thompson, Edwin F. Wyer.

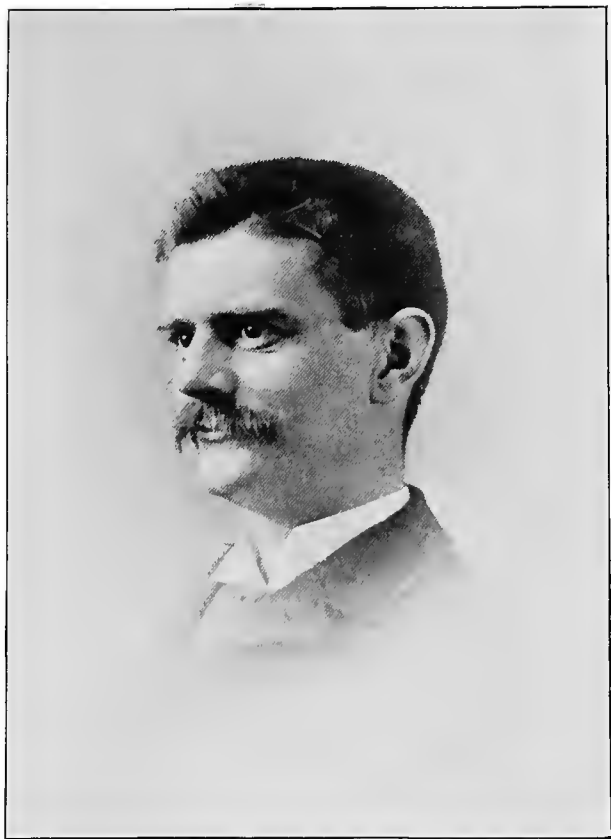
BANQUET. — Edward F. Johnson, *Chairman*; William E. Blodgett, D. Wilbur Brown, John C. Buck, William F. Davis, Joseph F. DeLoria, Herbert B. Dow, Luke W. Fowle, George F. Hosmer, William C. Kenney.

MUSIC. — P. Elverton Bancroft, *Chairman*; Francis A. Buckman, Patrick Calnan, Jr., James H. Conway, Everett P. Fox, Cyrus T. Lang, Francis A. Partridge, Abijah Thompson, Moses W. True.

MILITARY AND PARADE. — Edwin F. Wyer, *Chairman*; James H. Carton, Horace N. Conn, Edmund C. Cottle, A. B. Dimick, James H. Doherty, Jacob M. Ellis, Albert A. Ferrin, William T. Grammer, Frank W. Graves, William T. Kendall, John Maloney, Thomas Moore, John K. Murdock, William C. Parker, F. B. Richardson, George A. Simonds, Frank E. Tracy, Frank E. Wetherell, Alonzo T. Young.

DECORATION. — Winthrop Hammond, *Chairman*; Heber B. Clewley, Hubbard Copeland, Lawrence J. Cullen, Charles T. Dearborn, Frederic A. Flint, Fred E. Lovell, Thomas F. McCormick, John O'Donnell, Edward B. Parkhurst, Eliphaz Prior, C. Willard Smith.

PRINTING. — Philip K. A. Richardson, *Chairman*; Albert P. Barrett, S. Edgar Kendrick, B. Frank Kimball, Byran McSweeney, John J. Walsh.



PHILIP K. A. RICHARDSON,  
Chairman of Committee on Printing.



- CARRIAGES AND TRANSPORTATION. — Elwyn G. Preston, *Chairman*; William H. Bowers, Thos. Caulfield, Geo. C. Conn, John Ferguson, Jacob A. Ham, Caleb H. Jaquith, Gilman F. Jones, James McAvoy, Jas. B. McLaughlin, Frank Meehan, Charles H. Nichols.
- SALUTES AND ILLUMINATIONS. — William Beggs, *Chairman*; Fred J. Brown, Charles W. Bryant, William P. Cutler, William F. Greenough, Edward J. Gregory, Dennis J. Kelley, Frederic H. Lewis, Charles J. Quigley, Edward H. Walsh.
- LITERARY EXERCISES. — John W. Johnson, *Chairman*; Charles D. Adams, Parker L. Converse, George A. Crawford, Herbert B. Dow, Thomas D. Hevey, Joseph G. Pollard, Lawrence W. Slattery.
- SCHOOL CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT. — John R. Carter, *Chairman*; Warren P. Adams, Oliver F. Bryant, Miss Elizabeth M. Brown, Mrs. Josephine H. Carter, Mrs. Ellen C. Hayden, John F. Larkin, Andrew R. Linscott, Daniel F. Murphy, George H. Perkins, Mrs. Sarah C. Phinney, Mrs. Emma M. Wright.
- LOAN EXHIBITION AND MEMORIALS. — Parker L. Converse, *Chairman*; Mrs. Parker L. Converse, Mrs. William R. Cutter, Mrs. Jane F. Davis, Henry M. Eames, Mrs. Henry M. Eames, Nathan W. Eaton, Mrs. B. F. Flagg, Ward W. Hart, Marcellus Littlefield, Mrs. Sullivan Simonds, Albert Thompson, L. Waldo Thompson, Mrs. Abby W. Watson, Alva S. Wood.
- RECEPTION OF THE PRESS. — William F. Kenney, *Chairman*; Charles K. Conn, James E. Cutler, George S. Hudson, Charles S. O'Neil, Elmore A. Pierce, Frank E. Wetherell.
- PUBLICATION OF PROCEEDINGS. — Frank B. Richardson, *Chairman*; John Jameson, Edward H. Lounsbury, William A. Lynch, Samuel W. Mendum, Philip K. A. Richardson, Frank E. Wetherell.
- SPORTS. — Francis P. Curran, *Chairman*; Dennis D. Begley, William W. Crosby, William H. Doyle, John H. Finn, Thos. F. Kelley, Edward C. Leathe, Percy W. Linscott, Michael Meagher, Milton Moore, Hugh D. Murray, Edward J. Phillips, Stillman Shaw, Charles M. Strout.
- HISTORIC PLACES. — Leonard Thompson, *Chairman*; Albert F. Converse, William R. Cutter, George E. Fowle, Edward E.

Parker, Frank P. Richardson, Edward Simonds, Leander Thompson, Samuel A. Thompson, Marshall M. Tidd, Arthur B. Wyman.

RECEPTION AND INFORMATION.—John G. Maguire, *Chairman*; Montessor T. Allen, John P. Crane, William F. Davis. Patrick Donahoe, W. Frank Fowle, Alexander Grant, John I. Munroe, David F. Moreland, Francis M. Pushee, Chester R. Smith, Charles E. Tripp, John T. Trull, S. Franksford Trull, B. Frank Waldron, Edward F. Johnson, George F. Bean, William I. Clewley, Parker L. Converse, John Cummings, John M. Harlow, Edward D. Hayden, Joseph G. Pollard, Lawrence Reade, Leonard Thompson, Edward H. Lounsbury, Robert J. W. Phinney, James Begley, Jr., Edward A. Dow, Albert P. Barrett, Alva S. Wood, John J. Mahern, Marcellus Littlefield, S. Edgar Kendrick.

REGISTRATION.—William R. Cutter, *Chairman*; Henry L. Andrews, Thomas J. Callahan, Frederick B. K. Marter, Herbert S. Riley, John E. Tidd, William S. Whitford.

RECEPTION AND BALL.—Wm. F. Davis, *Chairman*; John W. Johnson, S. Franksford Trull, John T. Trull, John G. Maguire, W. Frank Fowle, B. Frank Waldron, Richard H. Chamberlain, Fred J. Brown, Henry M. Aldrich, Wm. E. Blodgett, Winthrop Hammond, David F. Moreland, Squire B. Goddard, E. G. Clough, Heber B. Clewley, Herbert W. Munn, H. Eustis Smith, J. Fred Leslie, William L. Murdock, Frank A. Partridge, Edward J. Gregory, Jos. Henry Parker, Alonzo T. Young, John I. French, Frank H. Elliott, John Duncan, Jr., Thomas J. Mulhearn, John J. Mahern, Robert J. W. Phinney, Marcellus Littlefield, Thomas J. Feeney, Jeremiah F. Carey, John J. Walsh, James H. Doherty, Charles R. Brown, Michael J. McCormick.

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## FINANCES.

The matter of providing ways and means for the expenses of the celebration received prompt attention from the City Council, which passed the following





BENJAMIN HINCKLEY,  
Chairman of Committee on Finance.



order as recommended in Mayor Thompson's inaugural address.

*Be it ordered:* That the mayor be and is hereby authorized and requested to petition the Legislature in the name of the City, for the passage of an Act to authorize the City Council of this city to appropriate, not to exceed seven thousand five hundred dollars, the same to be expended under the direction of the City Council in the celebration of the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Founding and Incorporating of Woburn, and in publishing the proceedings connected with said celebration.

[*Approved*, Jan. 28, 1892.]

The authority asked for was granted by Act of the Legislature, approved April 13, 1892. At a joint meeting of the Executive and Finance Committees of the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary, the following resolve was adopted:—

*Resolved*, That his Honor, the Mayor, be requested to communicate to the City Council that it is the sense of the meeting of the Executive and Finance Committees, that the sum of \$7,500 be raised and appropriated in such manner as the City Council may determine, so that it be paid during the current fiscal year, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the celebration of the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Incorporation of Woburn.

In response to this resolution, the City Council passed the following appropriation order:—

*Be it ordered:* That for the purpose of providing for the expenses attending the celebration of the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town of Woburn, there be raised in accordance with the provisions of law, on the polls, property, and estates taxable in the city of Woburn, the sum of five thousand dollars; and that said sum, together with the further sum of two thousand five hundred dollars, if required,

from moneys to be received during the year and credited to the miscellaneous department, be and are hereby appropriated for the purpose above named.

*Be it further ordered:* That the above appropriation be expended under the direction of the General Committee appointed by authority of the City Council to have charge of the celebration aforesaid.

[*Approved*, April 30, 1892.]

The task of dividing the appropriation among the various committees devolved on the Committee on Finance. The original apportionment was subsequently modified so that the amounts finally placed at the disposal of the several departments were as follows: —

Ambulance and Emergency Hospital . . . . .	\$25 00
Ball . . . . .	42 41
Banquet (see note on page 33).	
Carriages and Transportation . . . . .	675 00
Decorations . . . . .	650 00
Historic Places . . . . .	50 00
Invitations . . . . .	225 68
Literary Exercises . . . . .	300 00
Loan Exhibition . . . . .	150 00
Military and Parade . . . . .	1,850 00
Miscellaneous . . . . .	294 70
Music . . . . .	1,051 36
Printing (see note on page 33).	
Publication of Proceedings . . . . .	600 00
Reception and Information . . . . .	350 00
Reception of the Press . . . . .	150 00
Registration . . . . .	25 00
Salutes and Illuminations . . . . .	325 00
School Children's Entertainment . . . . .	335 85
Sports . . . . .	400 00
	<hr/>
	\$7,500 00



CHARLIE A. JONES,  
Auditor,



NOTE. — An appropriation of one hundred dollars was made for the banquet, but the receipts of that department exceeded the expenditures so that the amount was returned to the miscellaneous fund. Several other departments showed unexpended balances. The original appropriation for printing was returned, the several committees paying their own printing bills. A detailed account of the expenditures for the celebration may be found in the report of the Auditor of Accounts, published with Woburn City Documents of 1892.

The general features of the celebration having been decided, the committees appointed, and the ways and means provided, little remained for the Executive Committee to do save to exercise a general supervision over the arrangements. Monthly meetings were held, but the field of labor was transferred to the several committees, upon whose hard, persistent, painstaking work the success of the celebration would in large measure depend.





# THE CELEBRATION.





THE  
CITY OF WOBURN  
WILL CELEBRATE  
the 250<sup>th</sup> ANNIVERSARY of  
her Incorporation as a Town  
on Thursday and Friday, October 6<sup>th</sup> & 7<sup>th</sup> 1892.

The citizens earnestly desire that absent sons and daughters of Woburn, and all others interested in her history or the occasion shall unite with them in the celebration.

Edward E. Thompson, Mayor.

- |                         |                    |
|-------------------------|--------------------|
| Geo. F. Bean, Chairman. | Edward D. Hayden.  |
| Parker L. Converse.     | Edward F. Johnson. |
| John Cummings.          | Joseph G. Pollard. |
| Henry C. Hall.          | Lawrence Reade.    |
| John M. Harlow.         | Leonard Thompson.  |
| Edwin F. Wyer.          |                    |

Committee on Invitations.



## OFFICIAL PROGRAMME.

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SUNDAY, OCT. 2, 1892.

COMMEMORATIVE SERVICES at the different churches.

THURSDAY, OCT. 6.

ATHLETIC SPORTS in the forenoon.

LITERARY EXERCISES in the forenoon.

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT in the afternoon.

RECEPTION AND BALL in the evening.

FRIDAY, OCT. 7.

GRAND MILITARY, CIVIC, AND TRADES PROCESSION in the forenoon.

BANQUET in the afternoon.

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BAND CONCERTS, SALUTES, AND BELL RINGING.





THE ARCH — WEST VIEW.





## STORY OF THE WEEK.

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FOR four months the various sub-committees, appointed to prepare for the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Woburn's incorporation, had been quietly but persistently at work. The usual obstacles were encountered but they had been met with such determination and patience, that when the sun went down on Saturday, Oct. 1, 1892, the work of preparation had been largely accomplished, and all eyes were turned towards the week to come. It was to be a week of interest not only to the inhabitants of the city itself, but to many beyond its borders, since from the old town had gone out a goodly number of its sons and daughters to settle in other and newer communities.

Sunday morning dawned clear and cool. The Sabbath stillness was unbroken by any unusual sound, yet in the hush there seemed to be a feeling of expectancy. New faces, wearing a look of interest, were met upon the streets; former residents who had not been seen for a generation walked slowly almost tenderly along, dwelling with affectionate regard upon such ancient landmarks as remained untouched by the hand of progress.

As the morning wore on and the church bells rung out their accustomed call to prayer, a new note of invitation seemed to thrill though their brazen melody, and in response many turned their steps towards the First Congregational Church, where the celebration was to be opened by a recognition of the establishment of divine worship two hundred and fifty years ago. The services were long but interesting, and held the undivided attention of the large audience present. A detailed account will be found elsewhere, but it is safe to say that none went away without realizing more deeply the value and power of this ancient organization, and understanding more clearly the steadfast faith of the seven, who, so many years ago, stood up in the wilderness and consecrated themselves and theirs to the kingdom of God.

Other churches in the city held fitting recognition services in the forenoon, but in the evening united with their elder sister whose birthday antedated the town itself. The exercises on that occasion were even more interesting than in the morning. The brilliantly lighted auditorium, the profuse and tasteful decorations, the familiar voices of former pastors, uttering words of commendation and encouragement, all united to make it a day memorable in the history of the church, and a fitting preliminary to the civic celebration later in the week.

During the interval between Sunday and Thursday the various committees were busy adding a



WINTHROP HAMMOND,  
Chairman of Committee on Decoration.



finishing touch here and there, the streets were swept and garnished, and the decorator was at work with his streamers and bunting. Almost every house had on a holiday dress. Some were covered with rich and costly designs, others had only a simple banner or two contrasted dates, but on every side the eye fell upon emblems suitably recognizing the occasion.

On Tuesday rain fell in torrents, and on Wednesday leaden skies hung over the drenched city; but Thursday morning opened without a cloud, and the bright autumnal sunshine seemed an invitation to every citizen and stranger to bestir himself and bear his part in the old town's gala day.

At ten o'clock the athletic sports were held at the Park, and a large and interested gathering of the younger people witnessed the base-ball game with absorbed eagerness. Later in the day the programme was continued on the St. Charles grounds (Salem Street), where the various events were sharply contested, and well-deserved applause greeted the winners.

At eleven o'clock the literary exercises were held in the new Armory at the corner of Montvale Avenue and Prospect Street. Although the building was not yet out of the contractor's hands, the drill hall had been practically finished and provided with temporary seats. Bunting and other suitable decorations were gracefully draped from stringer and cross tie and hung upon the sides with generous hand, until the bare walls and spreading roof took on a holiday

appearance that betokened some unusual event. During the gathering of the audience an orchestra rendered appropriate musical selections and the floor of the house was gradually filled, while on the platform were seated many prominent citizens and those of the invited guests who were present. The exercises, which formally opened the civic celebration, lasted two and a half hours, and were listened to with marked interest. At the close the Mayor tendered a reception and lunch to the invited guests who were taken to his house in carriages directly from the Armory, and afterwards were driven to the various points of historic interest in different parts of the city.

The afternoon was devoted to an entertainment for the children, and even the youngest members of the schools had their tickets of admission to Lyceum Hall and found the programme such as would interest them. All who looked into the happy young faces on that afternoon knew that pleasant memories of this day would linger long with the rising generation.

The evening presented a varied programme. The older children had a delightful treat of music, reading, and tableau in Lyceum Hall; the social element attended the reception and promenade concert, followed by a ball in the Skating Academy, while those who preferred the keen, crisp, out-of-door air found an attraction at the band concerts in different parts of the city, or watched the flickering glow of the bonfires that lit up the surrounding hill-tops.



WILLIAM BEGGS,  
Chairman of Committee on Salutes and Illuminations.





Fully occupied by these forms of amusement, the throngs passed to and fro until the small hours of the morning, when the last reveller wended his way home, leaving the streets silent save for the rustle of the flags and streamers as they tossed their weird arms in the night breezes, and the first day of Woburn celebration was done.

Friday morning began with music. The crowd had been large on Thursday, but the second day found it more than doubled. The Committee on Reception and Information had established a booth near the railroad station, where every stranger received prompt and courteous replies to any questions he might wish to ask, as well as an official programme upon which was printed the order of events for the celebration. The different elements of the procession made their way to the appointed places, while the visitors wandered up and down the streets listening to the bands, or visited the library to register their names and inspect the large and interesting collection of ancient relics that presented a vivid picture of the conditions under which life was lived in former generations. Strong wires had been strung from tree to pole and pole to post on both sides of the street, and behind these barriers the good-natured crowd surged and swayed, but stayed there. With the aid of this simple contrivance the officers kept the streets clear from curb to curb, thus affording every one a better view of the parade.

Soon after half past ten the long column left Cen-

tral Square and started on its three-mile march. For more than two hours the spectators watched the kaleidoscope of the procession as one spectacle after another passed by them. Well to the front, the sturdy blue ranks of the Fifth Regiment caught the eye; next, the First Corps of Cadets won unmeasured applause by their splendid marching, as they escorted Gov. Russell and his staff; then followed carriages with distinguished guests, the boy soldiers of the High School, the gray-haired veterans of the War, societies in uniform, historic representations, floats loaded with school children, the fire department, and, finally, a long line of teams devoted to Woburn's industries. The day was perfect. The mild power of the Indian summer sun had tempered the chill air and made it not too cool for the little children in their white costumes, nor too warm for the marching soldiers with their equipment. After the review upon the common, the parade was dismissed, and the military organizations sought their quarters for refreshments. At two o'clock there was a reception in the Skating Academy, where the holders of banquet tickets were presented to Hon. John W. Foster, Secretary of State of the United States, and to His Excellency, Gov. Russell. An hour later the company filed into the Armory through a covered passageway over Montvale Avenue, and seated themselves at the tables which were arranged lengthwise of the hall, with a transverse guest table at the head. The caterer had provided a tasteful and generous service. Each guest found beside his plate a



JOHN G. MAGUIRE,  
Chairman of Committee on Reception and Information.



handsome souvenir card, bound in ooze calf, and bearing the city seal and appropriate inscriptions in gilt. After an hour devoted to the menu, came addresses from distinguished guests who responded most happily to the call of the toast-master, and entertained the audience with an eloquence and humor that made the banquet a fitting close to the events of the week. When the last toast had been responded to and the final strains of "America" died away, the guests reluctantly quitted their seats at the table, regretting that the celebration had come all too quickly to an end.

Those who were unable to obtain tickets to the banquet found much pleasure in watching the evolutions of the Fifth Regiment, on the fields enclosed by Montvale Avenue, Bow and Salem streets. A mock battle had been arranged and was well carried out. The advance and retreat of the troops, the lively rattle of musketry upon the skirmish line, the heavy volleys, as the contending bodies came into closer quarters, furnished a spectacle that was viewed by thousands. At the close of the battle came a review and dress parade of the First Corps of Cadets which was as picturesque as the battle scene had been dramatic. The long lines of white uniforms that stretched away over the green sward and stood as still as statues amid the marching and counter-marching of the music and the formal exercises of the review, made a most interesting and impressive picture, and one not easily forgotten.

During the evening band concerts were held in

various parts of the centre for the entertainment of the fast diminishing throng of sight-seers, who crowded every conveyance that left the city. By midnight the last one had disappeared and Woburn's Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary was a thing of the past.

The undoubted success of the celebration was due, in large measure, to careful preliminary preparation by the various committees who had matters in charge. Nothing was left to chance, but the minutest details which could minister to the convenience of invited guests were arranged and placed in the hands of some individual who then became personally responsible for their proper fulfilment.

The press arrangements were hospitable and complete. Commodious quarters had been provided, and generous provision made for the material comfort of visiting scribes, as well as their convenience while at work. As far as possible advance manuscripts had been obtained and put into type, thus materially lightening the task of the reporter, and insuring an accuracy of account which was remarked by all attending the exercises of the week.

The Committee on Transportation, by means of an admirable system of carriage checks, transferred guests from place to place without delay or confusion, and added much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

It is impossible, within the limits of this sketch, to touch upon or even mention all of the excellent



ELWYN G. PRESTON,  
Chairman of Committee on Transportation.





features of the week, but an attempt has been made to register as faithfully as may be in the following pages what was said and done at each of the formal exercises. To these the reader is referred, and at the same time reminded that the printer's art cannot catch and transfer the animation and local color of such an event. If he misses the sermon's historic thrill, or the charm of wit and eloquence at the banquet table, or the touch of carnival in the procession, let him not blame the recorder, but summon forth from memory's deep hiding-place the shifting scenes of the days, and read between the lines all of the grace and beauty and excellence that should be there.

## SUNDAY.

### FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

The anniversary celebration was very properly opened by services commemorating the establishment of this time-honored church in the primeval forest, two hundred and fifty years ago.

The interior of the vast auditorium was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The choir-rail, pulpit platform, and gallery approaches were decked with potted palms and ferns. The towering organ pipes bore the figures "250" composed of hydrangea blossoms. The national colors surmounted by immortelles formed a bright screen for the conductor's pedestal. Upon each of the flanking walls was a banner of white bordered with golden-rod, bearing respectively the words: "Our Mother Charlestown sends us forth with God's blessing," and "We welcome our daughters, Burlington, Wilmington, Winchester, North Woburn." Over the former was an evergreen trimmed cross in red with the word "Bearing." Over the latter, a crown made of marigolds with the word "Rejoicing." The dates "1642" and "1892" were placed above these symbols.

The front of the gallery showed fourteen varicolored medallions framed in evergreen, each of



FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.



October 2.]

which bore the name of a pastor of the church with the extent of his pastorate. These covered the entire history of the church, were arranged in order of service, and read as follows: "1642, Carter, 1684"; "1679, Jabez Fox, 1703"; "1703, John Fox, 1756"; "1729, Jackson, 1754"; "1756, Sherman, 1775"; "1785, Sargeant, 1799"; "1804, Chickering, 1821"; "1822, Bennett, 1847"; "1848, Edwards, 1856"; "1856, March, 1862"; "1862, Bodwell, 1866"; "1868, Dennen, 1871"; "1873, Kelsey, 1876"; "1876, March, 1892." Between the medallions were festoons of evergreen. In the vestibule, the word "Welcome" in frame of evergreen greeted the visitors, and massive tablets of red marble showed the pastoral record.

The extensive preparations for the day included a choir of fifty voices under direction of Mr. Grant Drake, the regular organist. The vocal work was supplemented by Mr. J. Dudley Hall, assistant organist; Mr. Thomas L. Cushman, tenor soloist; Mrs. D. W. Brown, pianist; Messrs. William W. Crosby and Fred. H. Rogers, cornetists. Artistic programmes with a fine half-tone picture of the church edifice were distributed throughout the pews, as were also sheets containing the words of eight hymns written expressly for this occasion by the pastor, Rev. Daniel March, D. D.

The committee having the arrangements in charge consisted of the church and parish committees combined. The *personnel* was as follows:—

[Sunday,

CHURCH : Deacons, Gawin R. Gage, Alvah Buckman, Joseph G. Pollard, Charles E. Richardson, A. B. Wyman, Edward E. Thompson, Abijah Thompson, Oliver F. Bryant, and Messrs. John K. Murdock, Fred. J. Brown, W. A. Prior, E. P. Fox. PARISH, Deacons Pollard and Bryant, and Mr. Luke Warren Fowle.

The choir was made up as follows :—

SOPRANOS : Mrs. M. H. Cotton, Miss Lena H. Brown, Mrs. Florence W. Crosby, Miss Clara M. Fox, Mrs. H. E. Smith, Miss Florence E. Barrett, Miss Lillian M. Brooks, Miss Grace M. Cummings, Mrs. C. M. Strout, Mrs. T. Benton Tidd, Miss Emily H. Brown, Miss Ida Ellard, Miss Rhoda Converse.

ALTOS : Mrs. L. Kathrine Cummings, Miss Anna H. Johnson, Miss Mary Cooledge, Miss Alice H. Safford, Mrs. C. Willard Smith, Miss A. Josephine Lang, Mrs. H. M. Eames, Mrs. F. J. Brown.

TENORS : Messrs. E. G. Preston, E. H. Lounsbury, G. F. Bean, H. M. Eames, John L. Parker, Z. W. Atwood.

BASSES : Messrs. Geo. S. Cutler, M. H. Cotton, Alfred Richardson, J. W. Fox, Charles M. Howe, Abijah Thompson, Warren P. Fox, C. Willard Smith, Fred J. Brown, Philip M. Brown. Waldo P. Cutler.

#### MORNING SERVICE.

The audience which attended the morning service numbered fully twelve hundred people, and was seated by a corps of ushers under the lead of Mr. J. Grafton Murdock. He was assisted by Messrs. Harry E. Marion, Chester R. Smith, I. Warren Ingerson, Chauncy B. Conn, Willard K. Fowle, Daniel B. Dimick, Stillman Shaw, Peter Miller, Edward Hart, Wallace Conn.

Upon the platform were : Rev. Dr. March ; Rev. W. J. Murphy, of North Woburn ; Rev. C. F. Hersey, of Burlington ; Rev. S. R. Dennen, of Newton ;

October 2.]

Rev. Jonathan Edwards, of Wellesley Hills ; Rev. Cyrus Richardson, of Nashua, N. H. ; Rev. J. W. Wellman, of Malden.

The exercises began with an organ prelude at 10.15 A. M. by Mr. Hall, the selections being "Toccata in G" by Cutter, and "Marche Religieuse" by Guilmant. This was followed by the "Gloria" from Mozart's 12th Mass. Rev. C. F. Hersey, of the Burlington church, invoked the Divine Blessing and read the Sixty-seventh Psalm. The audience and choir sang the hymn commencing,

"Oh, where are kings and empires now,  
Of old that went and came?"

Rev. Dr. March read the Old Testament lesson from Ps. xlv. : 1-4, and Ps. xlviii : 1-3, 8-14, and the choir rendered the "Pilgrim Chorus" by Verdi : —

"From afar, gracious Lord, thou didst gather  
Thy flock, on these shores of the ocean ;  
Thee they owned as their God and their Father ;  
And when left in the wild waste forlorn,  
Still they served Thee, with steadfast devotion.  
Hear the cry which their children are sending,  
With the accents of penitence blending :  
Save thy people from peril and scorn.  
Oh, let peace bend its iris arch o'er us,  
Gentle breezes and waves with our voices  
Sing of light, love, and freedom in chorus,  
Till the Eden of old is renewed.  
Ah ! our sins would call down thy displeasure,  
But thy goodness our sad heart rejoices ;  
Be thy mercy displayed without measure,  
And by mercy our souls are subdued."

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Rev. Jonathan Edwards, of Wellesley Hills, and a former pastor, read the New Testament Lesson from Eph. iv. One of Dr. March's hymns, to the air of "Duke Street," followed, entitled "The Church in the Wilderness."

O Thou, to whom in forest shades  
Our fathers sung their Sabbath song,  
With hands firm grasped on battle blades  
And hearts for deeds of daring strong ;

We sing to thee in peaceful days,  
Where they stood armed for truth and right ;  
We sing our song of grateful praise,  
Where they did sing in danger's night.

With high resolve their hearts were stored,  
On duty's post they fearless stood,  
When famine spread their frugal board,  
And foemen thronged the trackless wood.

They built thy house in troublous times ;  
They made thy word their law of right ;  
And now to earth's remotest climes,  
'T is ours to send that cheering light.

Help us to keep that sacred truth,  
Which kept them calm in peril's hour ;  
In ripening age and tender youth,  
Give us the faith which gave them power.

Rev. W. J. Murphy, of the North Woburn church, offered prayer, and another original hymn was sung to the inspiring notes of "Lenox."







Rev. DANIEL MARCH, D. D.

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Sing loud with gladsome voice,  
Lift high the joyful sound,  
While silently and strong  
The measured years move round.  
Let organs roll and cymbals ring,  
And trumpets peal and voices ring.

Our fathers, in their day,  
Felt God was ever nigh,  
And we more blest than they,  
Should lift our praises high.  
Let trumpets sound and cymbals ring,  
And old and young with gladness sing.

Their days were dark as night,  
And hardships pressed them sore ;  
Our days are calm and bright,  
Peace reigns from shore to shore.  
Let organs roll and cymbals ring,  
And old and young united sing.

God keep us safe and sound,  
And guard us with his hand,  
While circling years roll round,  
And millions throng our land.  
Let organs roll and trumpets peal,  
While we our vows of service seal.

Rev. Daniel March, the pastor, then delivered the following sermon : —

Ps. xliv. 1. — “We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work thou didst in their days, in the times of old.”

Two hundred and fifty years ago, the fourteenth day of last August, according to the calendar of time then in use with our fathers, this first church in Woburn was formed. The sacred and significant service was held under the shadow of the primeval forest, on the borders of the great and unexplored wilderness of

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the New World. The wolf and the wild bear shared with the savage in the range of the wood and the fetterless freedom of untamed and wandering life. Our fathers came in compliance with the ancient command to "subdue the earth and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." They began their work by building the one holy spiritual house which is the bulwark of national strength, and round which they and their children should dwell in quiet homes and settled habitations.

In the order of time, this was the twenty-fifth Congregational church founded in America, the twentieth in the State of Massachusetts, eighteen of which remain to this present and two have fallen asleep. It has maintained the soundness and the simplicity of its first faith and order through all the changes in society and the conflicts of opinion in the most progressive age of the world's history. It was thought by some to be too radical in the assertion of freedom in the days of its youth, and others sometimes think it too conservative in its advanced age. A wiser and more candid judgment will say that it did not run before it was sent at the start, and after two and a half centuries of toil and travel it still keeps even step with the foremost in the race. If we set our ear to the whispering gallery of time and catch the faintest murmurs that come down to us from our fathers' days, we shall learn some lessons which will help us to combine the ardor and hopefulness of youth with the strength and sobriety of age. Our sacred commemoration of our fathers' days will make us thankful that they, with all their mistakes and imperfections, transmitted to us a larger liberty than they learned to enjoy themselves, and they built for us upon foundations broader and deeper than they could measure at the time. The elegant mansions and comfortable homes of our time are the fair outgrowth of the rude cabins in which the first settlers made their board and bed. The spacious sanctuary, with cushioned seats and summer warmth in winter time, is the refrain of the song the forefathers sang in the fireless church and the frosty air.

The little band of seven, who had struck out from the mother church in Charlestown, strong in muscle and sound in faith, to build new homes in the wilderness, had come only ten miles

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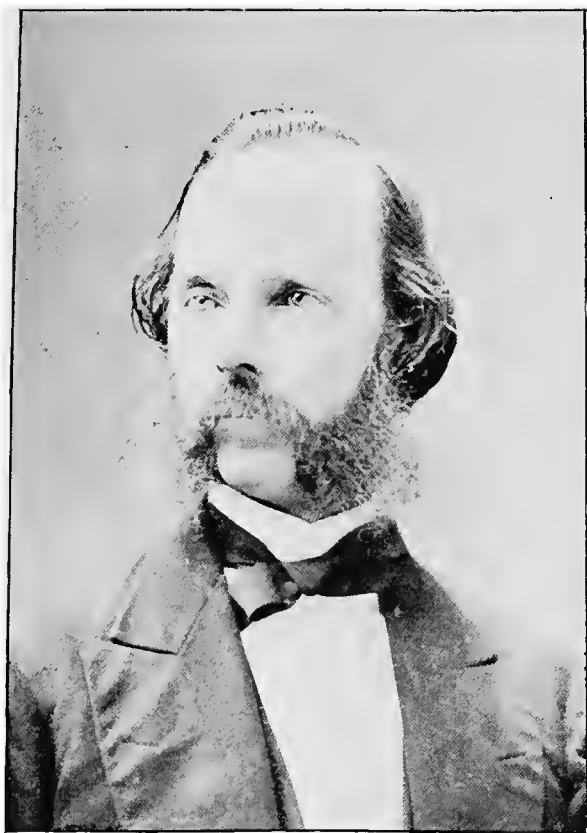
from tide water line. But to them it was a perilous and wearisome journey, costing them more toil and hardship than a thousand miles by palace car or ocean steamer cost us in our day. The wood had no road, the stream had no bridge, the swamp had no solid footway for the traveller. Fallen trees and dense thickets and miry bog made weary work for man and beast, whether in the sunshine or the shade. Before the eventful day of the organization, a little space of ground had been cleared where the church of the wilderness was yet to be built. At the time appointed, elders and messengers from seven neighboring churches made their way through the wood, fording bridgeless streams and following wild paths that few had trodden before them to find the place of the solemn meeting. With them had come a civil magistrate of the colony to sanction and encourage the sacred enterprise and to see that all things should be done decently and in order so that the Commonwealth might receive no harm. To be in season for the long service of many hours they made the journey the day beforehand. They came on horseback, following each other in single file through the wood or scattering right and left of the uncertain track in search of a better. Sometimes in climbing the stony hill or crossing the miry swamp they dismounted as much from a regard for their own safety as from mercy to the beast on which they rode. It was the hottest and sultriest of summer days, and mosquitoes were out in full force to forbid the balmy sleep of the night. The venerable company made the woods ring with loud voices and merry laughter as they followed each other and told the story of their toils in the wilderness, or reasoned high of "free will, fixed fate, foreknowledge absolute," and grace divine to answer all demands of human need. On their arrival they dismounted with spattered boots and soiled coats, and perspiration stood out in beaded drops upon brows which had throbbled with mighty thoughts and keen debate on the journey. The weary horses were tied to the trees for the night, and the weary riders were taken into log cabins to receive the best fare that first settlers in the woods could give. The evening meal was sanctified with thanksgiving for the good providence which had guided them on the journey, and with prayer for safe keeping in the night. The low roof, thatched with pine and hemlock boughs, diffused

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a pleasant fragrance through the narrow room, and the timber walls, matched with mud and moss, kept the bears and wolves out and the mosquitoes in. The weary messengers slept the sleep of the just and rose early to prepare for the solemn duties of the day.

We are not told whether the morning was clear or overcast with clouds, nor do we know whether the service of the day was held under the trees in the open air or in some rude cabin or barn built by the first explorers of the ground. But in either case the grave worshippers were not assisted in their devotions by the surroundings of modern taste, comfort, or refinement. The interlacing arms of the ancient forest took the place of frescoed ceilings and climbing arches; the fallen leaves and the green grass made the carpet for their sturdy feet to tread upon; the yellow sunlight streaming through the foliage supplied the colored windows, and the murmur of the wind in the forest was the organ accompaniment of their strong voices as they sung the psalms of faith and victory. And they had a very deep and awful sense of the importance of the transaction in which they were engaged. To prepare themselves for the high responsibility which they were to bear, they listened for the space of four or five hours to the preaching, and they joined in the prayer of one of the venerable fathers in the ministry who labored to set forth the principles of the kingdom in long discourse, and to keep back nothing which it might be profitable for the little band of brethren to hear.

Then the seven men stood before the assembled elders and declared their faith, one by one, with confessions of the utmost humility and unworthiness to be accepted as witnesses for Christ and his Church in the wilderness. At the same time, with equal earnestness, they avowed their firm and solemn purpose to hold fast their profession in the face of every temptation. With the strongest expression of self-abasement and of entire surrender to the will of God in all things, they pledged their mutual faith and word of honor to walk together in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, with love and a good conscience toward all men. They solemnly renounced all errors and divisions, all falsity and unrighteousness and self-seeking, and agreed before the Searcher of all hearts and in the presence of human witnesses



Dea. GAWIN R. GAGE.





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to live soberly, watchfully, prayerfully together, according to the light which God had already given forth or might thereafter cause to shine forth from his providence and his word ; and so they would continue to do, amid all the hardships and deprivations of the wilderness, until death should give them happy entrance into a better life.

Their descendants of a later day gave a more full expression to the spirit and meaning of the first covenant made under the shadow of the ancient forest. They promised to lay aside all wrath and envy and evil speaking, and to live as brethren in the spirit of brotherly kindness and confidence and charity, avoiding all jealousies and suspicions and risings of heart, ever exercising patience and generosity and meekness toward each other and toward all men. They engaged to be diligent in their appropriate calling, faithful in promises, truthful in speech, blameless in life, and to labor with mutual co-operation for the advance of the kingdom of Christ and the coming of a reign of righteousness and peace in all the earth.

So the first seven men, constituting this Church of Christ two hundred and fifty years ago, covenanted together in the bonds of faith and fellowship with each other while the warwhoop of the savage was still heard in the wood, and the wolf and the bear broke the stillness of the night with their long howl. The elders and messengers, in the name of the churches which they represented, accepted the vows of the banded seven and gave them the right hand of fellowship with hearty pledges of confidence and sympathy. Renewed and lengthened exhortations followed the tokens of fellowship, and the evening shadows were deepening in the forest when the closing prayer was rounded and completed with the loud AMEN. The weary fathers felt that good work had been done for the new town and for all mankind that day. To us, seeing it from this side of two and a half centuries, it is greater and better far than it could have seemed to them. Their faith and foresight were manifest in the fact that they set the kingdom of God first, and they trusted that all needed wealth and knowledge and power would come too, in the fulness of time. Another sultry night in the cabin homes, another sacred hour of morning prayer and song, and the reverend elders were mounted and on their way back to take up the toil in their own field and

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to tell their own people a new story of God's wonder-working providence in the New World.

The members of the new church were faithful to their vows to maintain the ordinances of the Lord's house in the wilderness. They showed such diligence in their efforts to secure a pastor who should break to them the bread of life that before the year had closed an engagement was made, and Thomas Carter was ordained the first minister of the first church in Woburn. The service of ordination was regarded as one of the most sacred importance by the fathers, and it was observed by them with as much solemnity as the organization of the church. The same elders and messengers of the neighboring churches came again on the long journey through the wood when the withered leaves of autumn strewed the ground, and the searching winds of December had begun their winter song. The prospective pastor was set to preach and pray before the elders and the people for the greater part of the short day, and then he was put severely to question as to his qualifications for the ministry and his motives in entering the holy office.

When all was done, the young church, zealous for their liberty, would not permit any professional or prelatical consecration of their minister. Two private members, in the name of the rest, rose up reverently and stepped forward and laid their hands upon his head and said, solemnly, "We ordain thee, Thomas Carter, to be pastor unto this church of Christ." And so he was ordained and installed most effectively for the forty-two years of his ministry over the church in the wilderness. The meagre records of the early time tell us little more of the life and work of the first minister than that he was a "reverend, godly man, apt to teach the sound and wholesome truth of Christ," and that the church grew in numbers and was greatly prospered under his long ministry. He was a quiet, modest, retiring man, cherishing the studious habits which he had acquired in the English University of Cambridge, living in peace with all men, ruling his own house well, and passing rich with eighty pounds a year.

It would be interesting and instructive to us all, in this stirring time of change and progress, if we could go back and trace in minute and personal detail the history which followed the formation of the church. But the records of its doings for one hun-

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dred years have been lost beyond recovery. We can now only gather up such general impressions as come from the known character of our fathers and the deeds that were done in their days. We know from many sources the truths which they believed, the institutions which they founded, the manner of life which they led. They wrote their history, not on monuments of marble which time can efface, not on the sands of the shore which the waves can wash away, but in the living hearts of millions who should come after them, in the growing character of the mightiest nation that is yet to be, in the quickening thoughts which makes and marks the progress of the ages for all mankind.

The oldest record left in the hands of the church is dated Dec. 4, 1755. At that time a call was given to Mr. Josiah Sherman to be a colleague with Rev. John Fox in the ministry of this church. From that time onward to the settlement of Mr. Chickering in 1804, there is little found in the records which gives us the spirit of the time through which the country and the world were passing. The pages are taken up mainly with accounts of calls of councils for the settlement and the dismissal of ministers, choice of deacons, admission of members, marriages, baptisms, deaths, and dismissions. Several calls were given to ministers who did not accept, and some years were passed without a pastor, but the preaching was never interrupted.

The few hints we can gather from the church records proper and from other sources show that through all the dark and perilous times of Indian wars and the Revolution, the church held its ground and made commendable progress in numbers and unity and strength. They had some differences on questions of minor importance, but they adjusted them quietly among themselves without break of the original body. Cases for discipline sometimes came up for action, and the decision was always on the side of sound morality and good order. They had correspondence with neighboring churches on questions of doctrine and discipline, and they stood firmly for the old ways of the fathers, and in the main with good temper and sound discretion. They were quick to respond to the call for help in protecting the forest settlers who were exposed to attack when rumors came that Indians were on the warpath and that the rude homes of the wilderness had been burned and the people murdered or carried

into captivity. They were not less responsive to the call for men to take the field during the long contest for national independence. The members of the church were on the march and in the camp ready for action from the firing of the first gun at Lexington to the last at Yorktown. The same patriotic spirit transmitted from father to son and from mothers to daughters manifested itself in support of the sacred cause of freedom and union in the greater contest of our own time. In the highest and truest sense it was a national church at its organization, and such it continues to this day.

As early as 1807, when the present century was well begun, and England was sending out its first missionary to China, this church was represented by delegate in forming and sustaining the first missionary society of Massachusetts. At the same date it organized a charitable reading society for the purpose of collecting a library for the use of the congregation and town. From that time onward to the present day, it is more easy to trace its continual growth in resources and membership, in spirituality and power. After sending out the four colonies of Wilmington, Burlington, North Woburn, and Winchester, it still continued to grow like the banyan at the main trunk and to cherish the same life with the branches. The additions to the church, so far as can be ascertained, for one hundred and forty years show a continued advance after all the removals by death, dismissal, and colonizing. Beginning with the settlement of Mr. Sherman, in 1756, the members received during the several pastorates, so far as I can ascertain from the records, were as follows : —

During Mr. Sherman's pastorate of nineteen years . . . . .	106
During Mr. Sargeant's pastorate of fourteen years . . . . .	62
During Mr. Chickering's pastorate of seventeen years . . . . .	164
During Mr. Bennett's pastorate of twenty-five years . . . . .	760
During Mr. Edwards' pastorate of eight years . . . . .	158
During Mr. Bodwell's pastorate of four years . . . . .	86
During Mr. Dennen's pastorate of three years . . . . .	96
During Mr. Kelsey's pastorate of three years . . . . .	76
During the present pastorate of nineteen years . . . . .	687

This bare catalogue of names serves to show that the fire lighted by the fathers in the ancient forest has continued to burn, and its light has gone out to the ends of the earth. The men



Dea. JOSEPH G. POLLARD.



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who laid the rude foundations in the wilderness were wise builders, and their successors who took up their work and carried it on improved upon the original plan and continued to do better work in their time. We have great reasons to thank God for a good ancestry and also to take courage in the hope that those who come after us will be better and stronger than we. In trying to improve upon the work of our fathers, we do not necessarily find fault with theirs. If our successors do better than we do, they will have just as little reason to think lightly of our work. To us all it is the honor and the success of life to take our place in the ranks of the grand army of the living that are ever on the march, meet the perils, the toils, and the sacrifices of our day as they come, and then leave others to fill up the ranks when we fall out and continue the grand march to glory and victory.

It means much that here in this New World of the West, two hundred and fifty years ago, there was instituted a sacred brotherhood whose grand aim was to put away all wickedness and misery from the face of the earth and to bring the greatest possible strength and peace and joy to every human soul. When conquerors were treading down the nations of the Old World, and corsairs were plundering on the seas, and prisons were crowded to stifling with the persecuted, and priests were presiding in the dungeons of torture, the exiles of the wilderness were laying the foundations of a better kingdom and bringing in a better hope for all the nations. And here this sacred association of men and women has stood through two and a half centuries of change and conflict, through the most eventful period of the world's history, and never swerved from its first high and beneficent intent, never abated a jot or tittle from its first far-reaching hope. All the while it has adhered to its first divine charter to bear witness for God and to take an honorable part in the best work for man. It has never laid down its high commission; it has never faltered in its faith; it has never ceased to work and give and pray that righteousness and peace, truth and liberty, may fill the earth.

Not many associations of men in this new country of ours are two hundred and fifty years old. Some that are oldest are least worthy of honorable mention. Some that make loudest proclamation of their worth to the world had much better keep silence.

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But the continued existence, the growing power and purity of a Christian church for so long a time deserve to be celebrated in sacred song and public thanksgiving and the best speech that human lips can command. All people alike, citizens, patriots, friends of mankind, have reason to join heart and soul in such a celebration. For the church has no reason for its existence in this world save that which is essential to the happiness, the welfare, the highest interests of all mankind, in all time, to the ends of the earth.

A Christian church is a sacred and divinely appointed, yet a voluntary association which, while true to its divine constitution, has and can have no aim, no object whatever, but to help men become wiser, purer, happier, better in life, in character, and in work. Rightly organized and conducted, it is made up of those who are doing most to enlighten the ignorant, to comfort the sorrowing, to relieve the poor, to reclaim the fallen, to make the whole human race one happy family in affection, in duty, and in faith. Its whole work is for man, for the whole human race. When true to itself and its divine commission, its spirit is generous, its faith is strong, its consecration is complete enough to offer sympathy for all the suffering, help for all the needy, and redemption for all the lost. Its whole aim and endeavor is to make every man's life more precious to him, every man's lot more desirable, every man's prospect brighter and more beautiful for the present life and for the everlasting future. In all human history the Church of Christ is the only society which has set itself earnestly and persistently to the work of bringing all mankind into one harmonious brotherhood, establishing a reign of righteousness, peace, and good will in all the earth. The grandest discoveries of science, the greatest achievements of art, the most glorious conquests of the military hero are nothing in comparison with the mighty revolution which the Church of Christ is carrying on from age to age, and which will be complete only when the wrongs and outrages of the past cease and the nations learn war no more.

It is greatly to the credit of our New England fathers that they broke loose from all the trammels of superstition, the restraints of civil power, and the claims of prelatical assumption, and declared that the free and glorious gospel of Christ should have a new



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start in the New World. Out of the fiery furnace of their own affliction they brought forth freedom for the world. In the dark shadows of the forest and in the days of the greatest discouragement and disappointment they kindled the light of hope for all the nations. They made the log cabin a sanctuary more divinely consecrated than the grandest cathedral; out of the field and the forest they brought forth a nobler manhood than the castles and palaces of princes had ever reared.

Never in any nation, never in all history had there been given to the world so instructive and inspiring a lesson upon the rights and dignity and capacities of man as that which came from the cabin homes of the exiles of the wilderness. And they did their work well by laying aside all the gilded trappings of royalty, all the sacred pretensions of priesthood, all the entailed privileges of rank and calling upon every individual to stand forth in the royalty of his divine manhood which God gave him, and in the freedom which the truth of the gospel brings. They found authority for all that in the simplest reading of the New Testament, and they established the best school for the education of young and old to such high sentiments of truth and honor by the organization of the Christian Church. To them the sacred trinity of family, church, and state rested on the unity of right and responsibility in the individual man. Teach the man the due combination of rights and duties as all are taught in the Christian Church, and then the sovereign and the citizen will be found in the same person, and all will be children of the Highest and heirs of an everlasting kingdom.

It is something to rejoice over, something to be celebrated with song and thanksgiving that this church has held its post of faith and duty for two hundred and fifty years, ever inviting men to enroll themselves in the host of the living God, ever urging and imploring men to bear a part in the noblest and most needed work ever undertaken in this world, ever reasoning, pleading, preaching to persuade men to assume a name and make a profession, the truest and best ever borne by men, ever teaching and beseeching all so to live that when they come to the close of life they will feel that life's great end has been gained, and that dying for them is only the beginning of a better life that shall grow in greatness and beauty and joy forever.

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This one sacred brotherhood, whose two hundred and fiftieth birthday we celebrate, is a living member of the one greatest, oldest, most influential, most honorable association that has ever existed in this world, or that ever will exist in all coming time. That one grand society, with branches reaching out to the ends of the earth, bears the name of the Son of God. It has the honor of standing as His representative on the earth and the promise of sharing His glory in the heavens. It is made up of the fittest and the best of all time, all lands. It takes in all that work righteously, live purely and charitably, walk humbly with God and thankfully receive His word. It is the representative and the repository of all that is truest and noblest in human life and character. It has been purified by persecution, enriched by sacrifice, made victorious by submission, consecrated by martyrdom. It leads the advance of all improvement in society and individual life ; it proclaims liberty to bodies that are enslaved and to minds that are in captivity. It keeps alive the best hope of the world, and it is chosen of God to be the heir of the passing earth and the eternal heavens.

To become identified with this innumerable and immortal family of Christ — this ever-growing and advancing Church of the living God — is a greater honor, a higher privilege, a more sacred duty than to belong to any other association of men on the earth. To entertain the great hope, to share the spiritual life which keeps the church alive through all the ages, is to pass out of darkness into light, out of bondage into liberty, out of doubt and restlessness and fear into peace and quietness and assurance forever. To take up the work given the Church to do is to become a co-laborer with the infinite God ; it is to be accounted an associate and a successor of the best and bravest, the truest and purest friends of humanity, leaders in the right way, brothers and benefactors of all mankind. To enter heart and soul into this sacred society of Jesus is to become associated with the good and the brave, the patient and the strong, the meek and the merciful of all lands, all times. It is to espouse a cause which fights only for peace, submits only to conquer, dies only to win the crown of life.

And here we trust and pray that this church shall stand for years and centuries to come, a polished and symmetrical pillar



Dea. ALVAH BUCKMAN.



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in the temple of our God, a united and consecrated brotherhood, ever keeping the door of their great Father's house open for the homeless and the heart-broken to come in and rest in the chamber of peace. Ever may it cherish hearts of sympathy and stretch out hands of help to all that wander in mazes of doubt as well as to all earnest seekers after truth. Ever may its members be willing followers where truth and duty lead the way and faithful laborers in the field where God shall give them work to do. For years and ages may this church stand as the best memorial of the fathers' days, an embodiment and outward manifestation of the truths which the fathers believed and the hopes which they cherished and transmitted to after times. Ever may it be pervaded by the pure, beneficent, self-sacrificing, self-denying spirit of the one Lord Christ; evermore may it be consecrated in heart and hand, in prayer and property, in work and faith to the fulfilment of the divine commission to establish the kingdom of righteousness and peace in all the earth.

We so speak and pray because in the Church of Christ lives the best hope of the world. And we rejoice that that hope is growing larger and brighter and that divine brotherhood is growing more worthy of its name and commission as the years move on. Taken as a whole, it never was so sound in faith, so large in numbers, so blameless in character, so efficient in work as now. From age to age it improves in the simplicity and power of its organization, in the earnestness of its purpose and the purity of its faith. It draws more and more into its service the resources of wealth and science and art and literature. It goes down deeper into the great practical questions of life and duty. It grows more efficient, practical, and judicious in helping the poor, lifting up the fallen, reclaiming the wandering. It is doing more to expose error, to repress wrong, to dispel superstition, to lift heavy burdens from weary shoulders, and to bring in a better hope for the world.

Already the richest, the mightiest and most prosperous nations are those to which the Church of Christ has given the most of its spirit and life. The happiest homes, the best ordered communities, the most enlightened and liberal systems of education, the most equitable laws, the most advanced and progressive people are those where the Church of Christ exerts most power,

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where it is most generally honored and accepted as the habitation of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth.

So then we rejoice in this celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth birthday of our divine brotherhood in Christ. We glory in the name and the grace of the divine Master who kindled the fire of faith in the wilderness so long ago, and who has kept it burning until now. We would make this anniversary a new baptism into the spirit of Christ and a new consecration to His work. And when we have finished our course, we would deliver our sacred charge into the hands of our successors, enriched with the record of nobler lives than the fathers lived, and inspired with a higher hope than they attained.

At the conclusion of the sermon, Rev. J. W. Wellman, of Malden, a direct descendant of Samuel Johnson and Francis Wyman, made the closing prayer; the audience rang out the notes of "North-field" with words of Dr. March's hymn entitled "Wonder Working Providence."

In troublous times our fathers reared  
Thy house to thee, O God,  
And day by day thy presence cheered  
The path the pilgrims trod.

The band that braved the wilderness,  
From thee obtained this land ;  
Be thou their children's God to bless,  
And lead by thy right hand.

Thy favor made the fathers brave,  
Make thou the children strong,  
Our great inheritance to save  
From uses false and wrong.

With us may law and freedom dwell,  
And make all races one ;  
And fathers still to children tell,  
What wonders thou hast done.

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May union bind our many States  
In bonds of brotherhood,  
And truth stand guard at all our gates,  
To keep rights bought with blood.

In every land thy wonders show,  
Thy work of love and peace,  
And let thy righteous kingdom grow,  
Till war and wasting cease.

With the benediction by Rev. Mr. Wellman, the morning exercises closed, organist Hall rendering, for a postlude, "1st Sonata, Last Movement," by Mendelssohn.

A collation for visitors was served in the vestry after the morning and afternoon services.

#### AFTERNOON SERVICE.

At half past two o'clock Communion service was held in which the mother church at Charlestown, the Woburn Church and the daughter churches in Burlington, Wilmington, North Woburn, and Winchester took part.

During the intermission an addition was made to the decorations in the shape of an evergreen cross, bearing the words in immortelles, "In remembrance of Me." This was placed in front of the pulpit. Upon the communion tables was spread the service plate, and among the articles were a cup belonging to the old church before Burlington was set off, and one given in 1734. Both were the gifts of George Reed. About the table were gath-

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ered, Revs. Dr. March, Murphy, Edwards, Dennen, and Harmon.

The body of the house and the rear gallery were filled, the audience including old and young alike. One of the most interesting features was the presence of Dea. Gawin R. Gage, whose life had been so miraculously spared. After the service he was the recipient of many congratulations.

The service opened with the hymn, —

“According to Thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord,  
I will remember Thee.”

Rev. Elijah Harmon, of Wilmington, read from the seventeenth chapter of John, and offered prayer. Rev. Dr. March, on behalf of the Woburn Church, bade cordial welcome to all present, and introduced Dea. Joseph G. Pollard, clerk of the parish, who read letters of greeting from the churches in Charlestown, Wilmington, Winchester, North Woburn, and Arlington, and gave a verbal message from the church in Burlington. These letters breathed the spirit of fraternal feeling, and named their representatives.

The congregation sang “Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me,” after which Rev. Jonathan Edwards, of Wellesley Hills, spoke briefly and offered prayer. This was followed by the serving of the bread, the following gentlemen officiating: Woburn, Deacons E. E. Thompson and Buckman; Burlington, Dea. Samuel



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Sewall; Winchester, Dea. Charles E. Conant; North Woburn, Dea. B. Frank Kimball; Wilmington, Dea. H. Allen Sheldon; Charlestown, Dea. A. S. Morss, and Bro. Henry A. Gleason, of Bedford, a former deacon of the Woburn Church.

In turn the sacrament was administered to the deacons by Revs. March and Edwards. Rev. S. R. Dennen, of Newton, was introduced and spoke of the intimacy with Christ engendered by the service, and, after prayer, called upon the same committee to serve the wine, the committee being served by Revs. March and Dennen.

The audience sang the following hymn, written by Dr. March, entitled "Communion": —

How blessed here to meet  
And hold Communion sweet  
With thee, our Lord.  
Make all thy people one,  
In us thy will be done,  
Complete thy work begun;  
We trust thy word.

May all one household be,  
And each commune with thee,  
And be thy guest.  
May we in love increase,  
And nothing mar our peace,  
Till all our labors cease,  
And we find rest.

We join the ransomed host  
Who make thy cross their boast,  
And march in line.

[Sunday,

Some toil in distant lands,  
Some serve in different bands,  
All keep the same commands,  
And all are thine.

May we no service shun,  
And count thy word, "Well done,"  
The highest praise.  
With honor bear thy name,  
And save thy cause from shame,  
And cherish love's pure flame,  
Through all our days.

To thee, O Christ, we cling,  
Ourselves as offerings bring,  
Thine own to be ;  
We call thy love to mind,  
And search thy life to find  
Some stronger bond to bind  
Our hearts to thee.

Rev. Mr. Edwards pronounced the benediction, and the second number of the day's exercises was brought to a successful conclusion.

#### EVENING SERVICE.

The evening session was attended by an audience of nineteen hundred people. Every corner of the church was packed with interested and patient humanity, and the church of two hundred and fifty years achieved a grand success. Every detail was perfect. The singing of the choir was inspiring, the speeches breathed the spirit of pleasant reminiscence and Christian fellowship; the admirable proportions of the auditorium presented a charming

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picture with the decorations and brilliant lights, and the anniversary of church and town received a baptism of approval and enthusiasm.

Upon the platform were seated: Revs. March, Barrows, Murphy, Crawford, and Parker, of Woburn, Dennen, of Newton, Edwards, of Wellesley Hills, Porter, of Lexington, Richardson, of Nashua, Harmon, of Wilmington, and Bale, of Melrose.

Organist Drake, at 7 P. M., played for his prelude, "Marche Funebre" and "Chant Seraphique," by Guilmant, and the "Processional March," by Whitney, and was followed by the choir in the anthem, "The Lord is Exalted," by West. Rev. A. G. Bale, of Melrose, invoked the Divine Blessing, and the audience and choir sang an original hymn to the tune of "Harwell."

Sing the triumphs Christ is winning  
On the world's contested field,  
Hail the ransomed saved from sinning,  
Let all hearts their homage yield.  
Sing him songs of joy and gladness  
For the hope his Gospel brings;  
Sing the songs that know no sadness,  
When he comes, the King of kings.

Send afar the proclamation,  
Peace on earth, good will to men,  
Let it go to every nation,  
With the voice and with the pen.  
Soon the waste will bloom with flowers  
Where the crystal river flows,  
Then the heavens shall bless with showers  
Where the Gospel message goes.

[Sunday,

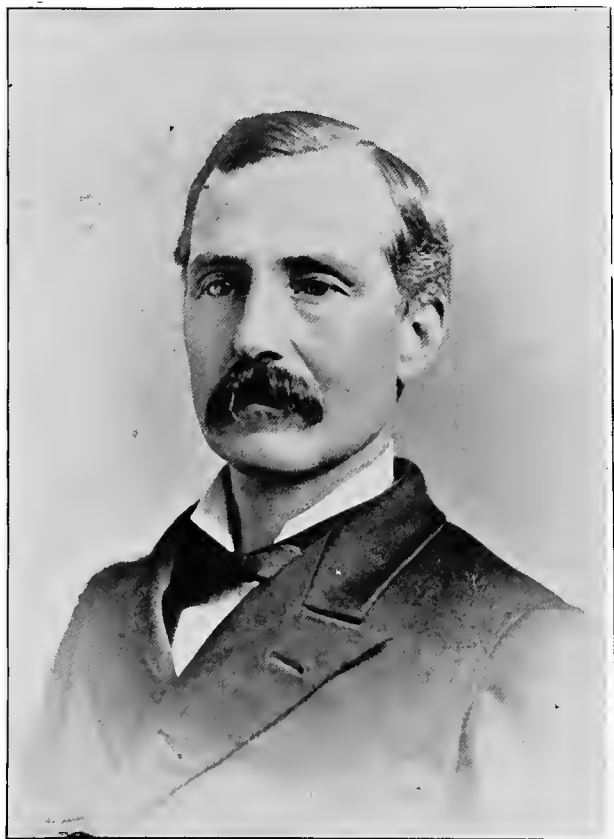
Long has been the reign of error,  
Hard the bondage men have borne,  
Children, taught its tales of terror,  
Into life have come forlorn.  
Now lift up Messiah's banner,  
Break the bondman's darkling chain,  
Let the children sing hosanna,  
And the parents join the strain.

Rev. Dr. George A. Crawford, of the Methodist Church, read the fifty-first chapter of Isaiah, and Mr. Thomas L. Cushman, tenor soloist, rendered, with telling effect, "Fear not ye, O Israel," by Dudley Buck. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. March, and the anthem, "Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem," by Hall, was sung by the choir, Mr. Cushman sustaining the solo part, and the audience joining in the Doxology at the close.

The address was assigned to Rev. Cyrus Richardson, of Nashua, N. H., a direct descendant of Ezekiel Richardson, one of the founders of the church. It was a clear exposition of the factors which made the Puritan a grand character, and emphasized the need of that sturdy faith and uncompromising spirit to-day.

The subject was introduced by the statement that we are living in a transitional period of the world's history. Change is one of the marked features of our day,—change in business methods, in social customs, in literary expression; change in the ways of teaching in the school-room, in the manner of presenting truth from the pulpit, and in the method of solving political problems.

Many of these changes were pointed out, showing how we are



Rev. CYRUS RICHARDSON, D D.



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constantly passing out of the old into the new. For these progressive moments our age is to be congratulated. We have a right to rejoice that "we are living, we are dwelling in a grand and glorious time."

But a perilous tendency is noted, viz.: to ignore the past. Criticism has become destructive rather than constructive. The work of the fathers is decried. "Cut aloof from the old moorings and turn away from the ancient track"; this is the cry which we often hear in our day. It springs from a false idea of progress. It regards each historical event as isolated and independent.

This view is false because each event is related to other events, and each age is vitally connected with other ages. Just as a tree is not made up of separate atoms externally joined, but one part grows out of other parts and passes on into further development; so history is formed through the intimate relation which the ages sustain to each other. No generation, in the strictest sense, can begin its own work. It reaps fields which have been sown by other hands.

This fact is illustrated by the present condition of our country. To understand what we are we need to go back to the toils and hardships of our ancestors. It was their rude school-houses which prepared the way for our splendid system of education. It was their struggle for political and religious freedom that gave us the greatest republic on the face of the earth. It was their intense conviction of accountability to God that fruited in the rugged virtues of New England character. The life blood of the eight preceding generations is in our veins to-day.

This point is illustrated also in the growth of the Church. God's people who live to-day take up the work where their fathers left it. With these facts before us it is easy to see the value of such a celebration as this. Two hundred and fifty years of history is unrolled for your inspection. You recognize your indebtedness to eight generations of men and women who have wrought for your enrichment. Such a review of Church life also awakens gratitude in all hearts.

Your achievements are seen to be due as much to your ancestors as to yourselves. Such a review helps you to estimate the worth of new theories and systems. No man who speaks dispar-

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agingly of the work of the fathers can be a factor in the world's progress. A theory which is of any value is rooted in the past.

The speaker next described the prominent traits of Puritan character. These were set forth as seen in the early settlers of Woburn. He then passed to consider some of the factors in the development of these traits of character.

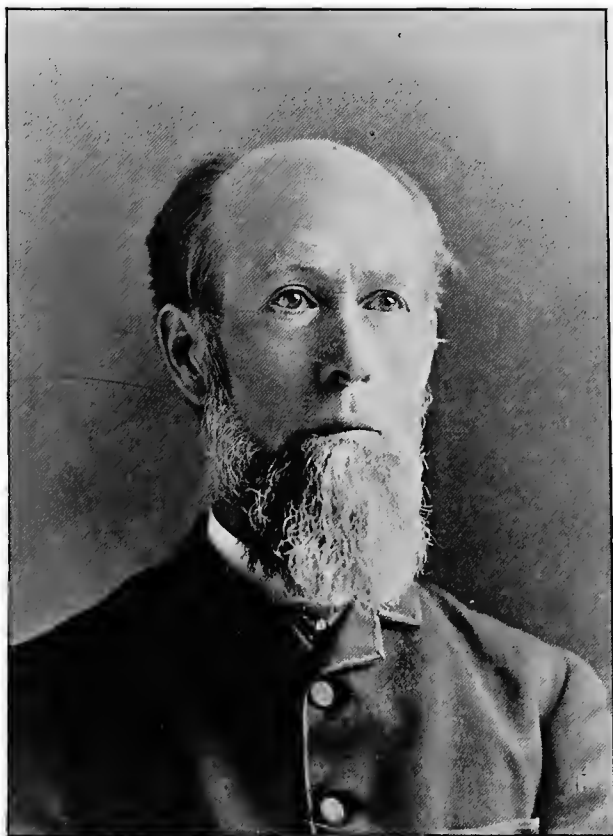
First, their battle with soil and climate: picture their dense forests, rugged soil, rude tools, food the simplest sort. Half of the year, a constant struggle with wind and storm, with ice and snow. It is undoubtedly fortunate for us that our ancestors landed on a wild and rock-bound coast.

A second factor in the development of Puritan character was contests with the Indians. Not a single day could the early settlers of Woburn feel secure. Men worked by day, slept by night, and worshipped on Sunday, with their guns at their sides. Even the minister preached with his gun in the pulpit. The speaker illustrated the way in which these perils developed physical and moral heroism.

The third factor in the development of Puritan character was the struggle for freedom. The Revolution of 1776 was not a sudden and unexpected outbreak. The gulf between the mother country and her American provinces had been forming and widening for a century and a half. It is safe to say that it had its origin in New England churches. Spiritual freedom led to political freedom. The grand principle which was being worked out by the churches of the Massachusetts Bay Colony was that they were capable of self-government through their reason and conscience, under the guidance of God's written revelation. They opposed hierarchy both in church and state; their habit of setting forth truth in written creed with divine authority begat caution, produced exactness, awakened fortitude, which resulted in strong and independent government. The very discussion of questions which pertained to freedom would tend to make them brave and heroic.

The fourth factor in the development of Puritan character is seen in their profound conviction of accountability to God. God and duty were weighty words. "Thus saith the Lord." Who cared or who dared to go back of that? From the pulpit men were urged to live as though the eyes of Jehovah were upon them,





Dea. ABIJAH THOMPSON.



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and divine judgment was being pronounced upon each word and deed. Possibly this doctrine of accountability was emphasized out of proportion to other truths.

As a result, daily life did not blossom with some of the sweetest and most delightful graces. Christians were sometimes stern and stiff and exacting. Innocent pleasures were often banished from the home. Nevertheless their consciousness of immediate contact with a personal God made them loyal to their convictions and true to what they believed to be duty and right. It gave them courage. If God were for them, who could be against them? It made them patriotic. Their country was God's country, and therefore they were ready to peril their lives in defence of its institutions and its government.

In closing the speaker showed how these traits of Puritan character are giving shape to church and society at the present time. The churches of New England are sending out young men and women into different parts of the country, especially into the great West. The touch of Puritan character is felt all the way across our continent. The mission of Puritan New England churches will not cease until the world is redeemed for Christ.

The address was followed by an original hymn (tune, "Miriam").

The conflict of the ages,  
The battle for the right,  
In every nation rages,  
And truth displays its might.  
The foremost ranks are singing,  
"The King is in the van,  
His own right hand is bringing  
The victory for man."

Let millions join the chorus,  
With voices loud and free,  
Messiah's sign is o'er us,  
His cross brings victory.

[Sunday,

Let every heart be loyal  
To Christ's exalted throne,  
He comes in glory royal  
To make the world his own.

In every land and nation,  
The songs that thousands sing  
Proclaim a new creation,  
A crowned and mighty King.  
The bonds of caste are breaking,  
Free men join hand to hand ;  
The strongest walls are shaking  
In every heathen land.

The times of glad refreshing,  
The reign of truth and love,  
The days of boundless blessing,  
Are coming from above.  
The wastes of war are ceasing,  
The bondmen find release,  
Their joy goes on increasing  
To everlasting peace.

Rev. Jonathan Edwards, of Wellesley Hills, was introduced as the one who was instrumental in getting Dr. March to come to Woburn. He said in response : —

The ten minutes assigned me would hardly afford the lightest possible touch upon the two and a half centuries that are gone. Nor is anything more needed after the luminous and vivid presentations of both the morning and this evening, save only to bring one more glad witness to the blessings of the present derived from our long and precious past.

There is an old adage from another language of which this is the substance : " It is the end that proves the quality of actions." Seldom is a better illustration given of this truth than we have here to-day, in the motive for these lighted churches, these

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crowded and eager assemblages, and all the enthusiasm of this gala week.

Your well ordered town, your prosperous city, your schools, your wide-reaching business, your abounding comforts, your works of charity and religion, your present possessions, your unfading hopes, are the proofs of how good were your well-founded beginnings.

Perhaps the very first impression of one who looks out on what is, and remembers what was, would be the striking outward difference. Certainly, all without is widely unlike. Suppose we ask those seven stalwart men who hewed their way hither through the forest, as was shown us in the picturesque description of this morning : —

“Come up, ye venerable men, from your dust, or rather descend from your heights, and tell us what think you of all this ? ”

They might reply : “It does look strange and bewildering ; we would very well like to have been able to glide along as easily and swiftly as you seem to do on your novel iron roads, instead of toiling on by our slow journey. But really, we are somewhat confused ; we don't quite comprehend those noisy construction and repairing works for which some of your railroads would seem to suppose the Rest Day of the Sabbath was made ! Nor quite how it is you stretch your ‘works of necessity and mercy’ into those long and frequent Sunday excursion trains that thunder by your churches ! ”

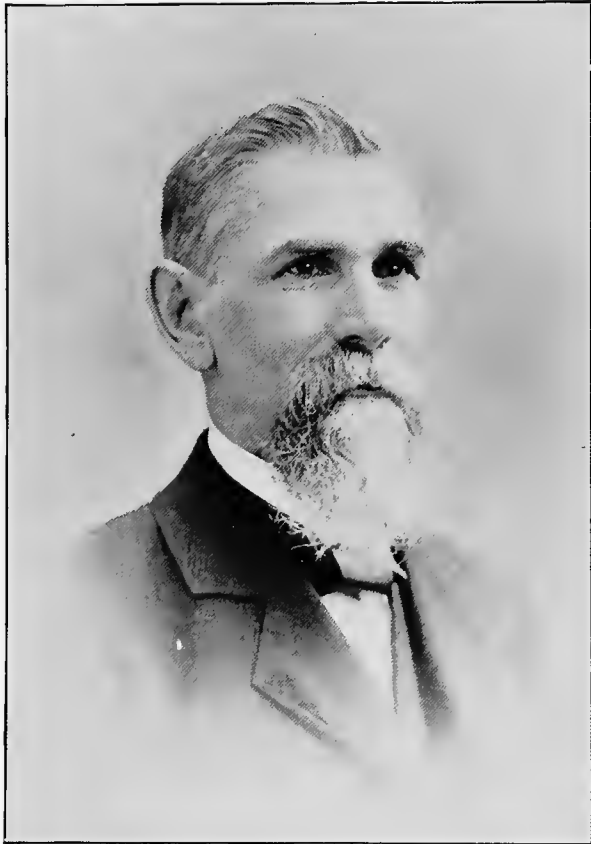
Many another hint they would give us. A great deal would be singular. The aspect of nature itself would be new. But they would tell us, and we know, that while the outward alters, the foundation principles on which they took their stand are changeless. The surface of the lands, the edifices, and occupations, and appearances, — how diverse ! But their faith and truth, their deep sense of duty, and of a present Divinity, their love and hope, — may not all these be ours, too ? It is the external that moves ; the “Secret of the Lord,” the Bread of Life, the vision of the soul's “single eye,” the aspirations they cherished and have now found fulfilled, — all these the two centuries and a half neither crumble nor fade. It is the glory of your founders to have taught us to detect this inner and quenchless life of man, through all their rude surroundings.

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Do they not also assist us to discern the ground and hope of what has been called The solidarity of mankind? They point us where the unity of the race can be reached. They began by forming a church. The church is a brotherhood. We can little appreciate how close the bonds by which they were forced and welded together, who had together cast all their fortunes into a wilderness such as this was. "Brethren" was no idle name. Poverty, loneliness, distance from the old home and the familiar scenes, united with the sympathy of prayer, and of trust, and of a common aim, and of an eternal fellowship, to blend and to bind them into one. They found the links of that chain by which alone the jarring interests of separate communities, and companies, and individuals may be reconciled, and all be molded into unison. It will have to be, at last, not the schemes of a fallacious and chimerical social revolution, but the brotherhood of man in one family of the One Father. Christian brotherhood is the unity of man. And now, my one remaining thought is that these Godfearing fathers teach us, by their example, to make a reality of our religion. Whatever they did not have or do, God, and heaven, and duty, and temptation, and redemption meant something for them. Their heritage to their descendants of the centuries is their counsel and their example to us to make these things real. We believe them, but how often they slip away! Cares and a flashing spectacle of the world that glitters in its phantasms before our blinded eyes, cause us to forget them. Sorrows dim our sight, and we discern not through our tears the eternal. But this it seems to me we may read in all these garlands on your gallery encircling the names of men who for two hundred and fifty years have preached to you the glad tidings; this, in every waving banner and gay decoration that emblazons your city this week; this, in all your joyous celebration,—that you have had fathers and founders who believed the true, who beheld the invisible, who stood on the real.

May the blessings that upheld the fathers abide with the children.

Rev. Stephen R. Dennen, D. D., of Newton, was presented as one who occupied the unique dual



Dea. OLIVER F. BRYANT.

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position of predecessor and successor of Dr. March. The venerable speaker said in reply:—

I am glad to be sandwiched between so good a man. When climbing a hill one is apt to turn around and look back upon his path, to take in the prospect and enjoy the grand retrospect. We have been doing this to-day; not that we are at the summit, but we are a long way up, two hundred and fifty years; and as we look back we see the wilderness at the foot. We see those men creeping through the woods from Charlestown, and we can imagine the name of *Woe-borne* was suggested by the difficulties encountered.

The long upward path runs like the Appian Way between the graves of those who have been gathered to their rest. They tell us in Europe that America is a new country, that it possesses nothing of antiquity, no old ruins, castles, or cathedrals. Measure time by events and not years, and America is the peer of any country. Measure Methuselah's age by events and he died before he left the nursery. The history of this church has seen rapid developments in arts, science, general information, and, some think, in religion.

Take an illustration from natural history. A rock reposes beside a lake. Feeble lichen spring from its surface, ferns unfold their graceful fronds and foliage, then comes hardier growths. Birds drop an acorn, the feeble soil gives support, a tiny blade shoots up, and ultimately the magnificent oak stands there, firm against the blast of the storm; birds rest in the branches, cattle sleep beneath it, and man rejoices in its shade. The oak and its growth find duplication in your church. Beginning in hardships and discouragement, holding on through trials, building slowly but surely the foundations for church and state, until to-day you have this magnificent structure and a prosperous condition,—and all from that little seed planted two hundred and fifty years ago.

Dea. Joseph G. Pollard then read the following letter from Rev. H. S. Kelsey, a former pastor, but now of Chicago:—

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233 LA SALLE AVE., CHICAGO, 9, 21, '92.

Mr. JOSEPH G. POLLARD :

*My Dear Sir,* — Your letter of the 19th inst., inviting me, on behalf of the church, to be present at the Commemorative Services to be held on the 2d of October *proximo*, came to hand to-day.

Much as I should rejoice to be present on so interesting an occasion, and to share in the festivities and participate in the services connected with the 250th anniversary of this ancient church, it will be impossible for me to give myself the pleasure of doing so.

With this invitation lying before me, I am forcibly reminded of the fact that some of the pleasantest years of my ministerial life were spent in connection with this church and people. To meet again the dear friends who remain, and to revive the memories of those with whom we took sweet counsel concerning the kingdom of the Lord, but who have since entered into the rest they were seeking, would be a gratification almost beyond expression.

Kindly convey to the church the assurance of my continued interest, and the hope that it may be in the future, as it has been in the past, a bulwark of the faith and a power in the community where the Lord has placed it. Fraternally yours,

HENRY S. KELSEY.

This was followed by another of Dr. March's hymns, entitled "Prince and Saviour."

Come, thou mighty Prince and Saviour,  
Just to rule and strong to save,  
Give repentance, give remission,  
Give as princes never gave.  
Long for thee have nations waited,  
Long desired thy peaceful days ;  
Come and bring thy great salvation,  
Fill our hearts with grateful praise.

Age on age has passed in conflict,  
War has wasted every land,  
Blinded passion oft has lifted  
Hand against the brother's hand.

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Bring the blessing sung by angels,  
Peace on earth, to men good will ;  
Come and make our earth like heaven,  
Come, thy promise now fulfill.

Then from all the distant nations,  
Then from earth's remotest bound,  
Shall arise the song of gladness,  
And the heavens repeat the sound.  
Then thy name as Prince and Saviour  
Shall above all others be ;  
And the nations with abundance  
Shall their tribute bring to thee.

James F. Hunnewell, Esq., was introduced as the companion voyager of Dr. March, across the Atlantic thirty-two years ago. Mr. Hunnewell is a member of the mother church in Charlestown. He said : —

About 1640, along the bank of Charles River, opposite Boston, stood a village, small as towns here are at present, considerable as they then were. Some seventy rough dwellings or other buildings were scattered around an irregular area, resembling in a rude way an English market-place. Prominent among them was one so large that it was called "The Great House," — it was practically the first State House within the present limits of Boston, and the spot where that city was voted its name.

Of even more direct importance to you was a dwelling on ground where the Waverley House now stands. There lived Thomas Graves, and there was held the first meeting to promote an enterprise that in the sequel brings the great Woburn family, with its friends, together this week. Close by, and near the meeting-house, where the Rev. Thomas Allen was then minister, stood the homes of other men, familiar in name, who began your history. In a lane around the corner, westward from the meeting-house, and fronting the river, were the house and land of Edward Johnson. Opposite the meeting-house, between streets that now

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lead to the Boston bridges, was the estate of Edward Converse. Elsewhere lived John Mousall, William Learned, Ezekiel, Samuel, and Thomas Richardson, and James Thompson, all members of the Church.\* At the present corner of Main and Harvard Streets, lived the representative of another name well known to you, for there stood the house of John March.

Small as the village was, most of the useful trades were practised there, and already the expanding stimulus of American air was felt. "Move West," already expressed an impulse followed by act, and many went out to found new towns. In this way it was from the village by the Charles, your town largely took its American start; from the old Bedfordshire town it took a good name, and sound principles from what was then called the Church of God, in Charlestown. The venerable church, from which came many of your earlier and some of your later members, has experienced the full vicissitudes of a long life. Strong in numbers, it has supplied them to many another church. Time and change have dealt tryingly with it, yet there the old flag is kept flying, the old faith maintained, on the ancient hill where both were established when civilization was first settled on the shores of Massachusetts Bay.

It is good and pleasant for one to come from that consecrated spot and find how strong you are, another proof that age does not always weaken, but that it may and can give increased power. Still fresh as in the time of youth and strong as in maturity, you live as those in whom hope is scarcely needed to nerve the fulness of experience, so robust is that. Like the old mother church you still hold to the early faith, and realize how much it can yield, even here on earth. Good and pleasant indeed it is to find you thus, and to congratulate you, and to wish you and yours long endurance.

It is one of the admirable characteristics of our living civilization that prompts us to come together when, in the high numbers

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\* They appear to have had lands close together along the Mystic River, and thus may have become more closely acquainted and associated. Besides his home estate mentioned above, Edward Converse also owned land adjoining E. Richardson's. This neighborly relation may have led them to talk together about a removal, and make it together to Woburn.



Dea. CHARLES E. RICHARDSON.



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the birthdays of institutions arrive, and to recall the beginnings, and the people who shaped them. While we do so we can also well recall the old sailor maxim, "As she starts she goes," for there is a deal of truth in it. Well may we be pleased that the people who started our Bay State ship, with its institutions, were what they were. Criticised, overpraised, misrepresented, or uncomprehended by one or another, we can yet look the world over, and feel honestly satisfied. Put yourselves in their place with their light and trials, resume your place where you are, and it takes a peculiar American not to sympathize with them, and, all in all, honor them. Look at them in the world then around them, and examine their belief and practice in matters that have borne the wear and strain of more than the years since their time, and with thankful hearts be glad for their devotion, their sturdy grit, their strong sense, and their piety.

Simple in living, with plenty of hard work and none too much of worldly estate, there is evidence that thrift and industry made them, at least by another generation, comfortable. Another good quality in them produced its results; they would have a learned as well as a pious ministry, and rulers who were men of repute. It looks now as if many of their descendants also require wisdom and principles, combined, in office.

Good results from good start and character have followed to the latest. Even the second generation in our region was blessed by it. We can well be pleased to find what an attractive home the minister of your old mother-church had by 1670, as well as how good a man lived there. Not only did the president of Harvard College write a poem about him, but he had a two-storied house with—not a little entry—but a hall large enough for table, clock, and a dozen chairs. In his parlor were near two dozen chairs on a Turkey carpet. He evidently at times had company. He had a good library, plate, an orchard, and a share in the town's grist-mill. There were things enough to stir the heart of a modern collector. But household furniture may be thought of small account in life spiritual; it may be, yet in some cases it proves much. That was the day of small things with state and people, when effects they produced were still limited, yet from their small things we learn much. It took a great deal of old New England character, with its devotion to the

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Lord and to His, to make possible and actual that home of the towns-peoples' minister.

As the years passed by came the time of things greater and far wider reaching, by which we now judge and hail the proven results, when we are favored to see the old New England spirit, a leaven throughout a continental land. In this fulness of time and of result, you hold your own place to do your part in transmitting your faith and the gathered blessings of two hundred and fifty years.

In 1642 and in 1892, we find a name that you now set at the head of your roll,—it is a good leading word for order or for action in a good cause, and I can hardly suggest to you a better motto than one in which it heads half a dozen words:—

“March! and onward, to the Christian's Victory!”

Rev. W. C. Barrows, of the Baptist Church, spoke for the churches of Woburn and said:—

Our gathering to-night is like a birthday party. The mother is two hundred and fifty years old, and she has invited her children home to proffer congratulations.

I have been invited to speak for the pastors and churches of this city. My church went away from your home about one hundred and ten years ago to set up house-keeping for herself.

It is natural that I should revert to the past in my congratulations. I have been reading the story of the early founders of this old church. The story has a charm for me. It thrilled me to read it. Those men of courage came here not to build a town, not to establish business, but to build a church. And so they cheerfully slept under boulders and the butts of fallen trees, plowed the land, and built bridges, having in mind, above all else, a Church of Christ. The spirit of these men is seen in a single remark of one of them: “It is as unnatural for a right New England man to live without church privileges, as for a smith to work his iron without a fire.”

The first street was called Up Street, and that name is an oracle, hinting at the upward tendency of their thoughts, aims, and purposes. There was no Down Street with our fathers. Worthy fathers they were, developing praiseworthy character



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through hardships, wars, scourges, and privations. Strong, sturdy men they were, laboring in the face of trials. What richer legacy could they have bequeathed to us? Their moral heroism is worthy of the highest praise.

Our fathers were also greatly interested in educational matters. The ministers established schools, and carried the religion of Christ into their schools.

This church has not been a selfish body, seeking to build up solely a great church here, but she has sought out wider fields of usefulness, and has sent her children into destitute places about her to found other churches.

As I have thus thought of the history of this church, of many years and full of usefulness, I have likened her to a river. Have you ever sat on the bank of a noble river, and let your imagination trace its course from the silent hills where the melting snows and living springs gave birth to its waters, and sent them rushing along to the ocean? Has your thinking suggested to you this question, How much good this river has done, and is doing? Its waters giving life to the green grass and wild flowers,—meandering through the plain, giving sustenance to the golden corn and ripening grain,—rushing between cliffs, furnishing music to the world, gliding by villages, giving water to the thirsty and power to the looms of the factory, and at last passing out to sea bearing on its bosom the ships for foreign ports, and all the while losing nothing of its goodness, beauty, and power. Striking figure, the river is, of this grand, old church, always giving, always doing good, and always growing.

And this church has been able to accomplish this great work of two hundred and fifty years because it has worked in the light of the Star of Bethlehem.

In Mrs. Willard's "History of the United States," there is a picture representing a vast temple, called the Temple of History. You can look within this temple. Its floor is mosaic. At the further extremity is written the word "Creation." A short distance this way rises a marble column bearing the name of Cyrus, and representing the age in which he lived. Another column bears the name of Alexander, another Napoleon, and the last that of Washington. These columns represent the ages of history from the creation to the present time. This temple has no win-

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dows in its massive walls, but midway over the mosaic floor there hangs a brilliant star, and in the centre of that star are written these words, "Jesus Christ." The bright rays of that light shine upon every column in the temple.

It is a grand thought that this church, through all the epochs in its history of two hundred and fifty years, has been lighted by the light that shines from the Star of Bethlehem.

Because of your great work, and of the light that has been within you, I bring you the congratulations of all your co-laborers in this city.

Rev. Edward G. Porter, of Lexington, the cultured scholar and distinguished historical and genealogical writer, was presented and said :—

It seems quite superfluous to add anything to this rich feast. It only remains for me to gather up a few threads and weave them into the fabric of your birthday celebration. I think not quite enough credit has been given to the immortal seven who founded your church : Johnson, Mousall, Converse, Learned, and the three Richardsons, all magnificent men. One of them, Edward Johnson, was the author of the most important work in Massachusetts colonial history. This is high honor for the people of Woburn. Subsequent writers have made important drafts from that unique work of his with the quaint title, "Wonder-Working Providence of Zion's Saviour in New England."

Remember there were *seven* original founders ; seven, the Hebrew perfect number. There were seven towns represented in the ecclesiastical council. And the same seven participated in the ordination of Rev. Thomas Carter, your first pastor. Seven men were chosen upon the first Board of Selectmen in the infant town ; the identical seven I have mentioned save one,—James Thompson being substituted for one of them.

How complete, but yet how modest, was the work done here. Note the names of the participants. There was Shepard, the father of the church in Cambridge ; Dunster, of Harvard College which was then only six years old ; Mather, of Dorchester, ancestor of Increase, Cotton, and Samuel Mather. These men were founders of families as well as of churches. There was



Dea. ARTHUR B. WYMAN.



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Allen, of Dedham, who came all the way through the woods on horseback ; and Knowles, of Watertown, who afterwards went to Virginia ; and John Eliot, of Roxbury, the apostle to the Indians ; all of these helped in the important services.

What a notable gathering ! The imagination delights to dwell upon it. Is there not some artist among you to reproduce it upon canvas ? Woburn should have in its library or elsewhere a magnificent historical work of art, showing the memorable scene in which these men participated.

In the absence of portraits you have family types preserved in the Johnsons, the Thompsons, the Converses, the Richardsons. I see them here in this audience and on this platform. You should utilize this great event. Remember that before you founded a town, the church was organized ; and close upon the incorporation of the town came the ordination of Thomas Carter ; and so the church and its leaders are a part of your religious and civic life.

I bring you the greeting of the sisterhood of churches in all the region round about, to whose needs you have always so generously contributed. Your pastors have been distinguished preachers, earnest thinkers, devout men. We all have an abiding love for you. What conference do we belong to ? The *Woburn* conference ? Why Woburn ? Because she is the mother of us all. We have considered you as such so long that we had come to think of you as a sort of Melchisedec, without visible parentage. We had overlooked the fact that you, too, were once a daughter, that you came from the church of Charlestown. We thank you for your noble help in time past. You have been to us what Ephesus was in the group of the seven churches of Asia. "These things saith He that holdeth the seven stars in his right hand, who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks : I know thy works, and thy labor, and thy patience, and how, for my name's sake thou hast labored and hast not fainted."

At the close of Dr. Porter's address, Rev. Henry C. Parker of the Unitarian church read the hymn "Fatherland," and audience and choir joined in the

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inspiring words, singing them to the tune of  
"America."

God bless our Fatherland,  
Ward off the hostile hand,  
Give rest and peace.  
May duty's voice be strong,  
None do his neighbor wrong,  
Nor selfish strife prolong ;  
Let discord cease.

May children learn in youth  
To heed thy ways of truth,  
And keep thy word ;  
May all together strive  
The noblest lives to live,  
And grateful offerings give,  
To thee, O Lord.

Let all have equal right  
To work with mind and might,  
For just reward.  
Let all together meet,  
And brother brother greet  
In peace and concord sweet,  
And plight their word.

While freedom is our pride,  
By law let all abide  
And order keep.  
May justice guard the State,  
And save both small and great  
From blind and bitter hate,  
And never sleep.

Let men of every race  
Hold equal rank and place  
Before the law.  
Let love of country rise  
Above all party ties,  
And all, where one flag flies,  
Together draw.





Rev. HENRY C. PARKER.



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Rev. Dr. Crawford pronounced the benediction, and with Mr. Hall's exquisite rendering of Lemmens' "Scherzo Symphonique" as a postlude, the First Congregational Church of Woburn closed its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

## UNITARIAN CHURCH.

At the Unitarian Church, the music for the service of the forenoon was of an appropriate character, and the pastor, Rev. Henry C. Parker, chose for his theme "Religion in New England Two Hundred and Fifty Years Ago." He said: —

This is to be for us a week of backward looking, a time when we are to tell over to ourselves and others the story of the struggles and achievements, the sayings and doings of those who were the first of our race to take up their abode on this soil where we now have a habitation and a home. It seems fitting that, on this first day of this jubilee week, we should give our attention to the religion of that elder day for, as Carlyle said, and I think he had the spirit of the Lord when he wrote it, "The chief fact with regard to a man, now and always, is his religion. Not merely what he professes or asserts, but the thing he practically lays to heart; the thing he thinks that he knows for certain concerning his vital relations to this mysterious universe, and his duty and destiny there; this is in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines all the rest. Tell me what a man's religion is, and you tell me to a very great extent what the man is, what the kind of things he will do is. Of a man or a nation we inquire, therefore, first of all, what religion they had." This was certainly true with regard to the Puritans. Religion was the one thing which dominated their thought and life, reaching to the minutest details of their daily experience. With them it was first, last, and always supreme. It was their religion that brought them to this country, and nerved them for the heroic

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task of establishing themselves in their wilderness home. I know it is claimed by some that a trading, mercenary temper mingled largely, and even overpoweringly in their bold enterprise; but the hypothesis is against human nature, and against the facts of history; commerce and trade have their splendid triumphs, but no enterprise requiring such courage and trust as theirs was ever yet animated by any less dignified and exalting motives than those of piety or patriotism.

I make no doubt that the spirit of adventure and discovery, of traffic and land speculation was a moving force in the minds of some; and various influences wrought upon them even as they play upon us, shaping our lives to the courses which we pursue. I have no doubt that they mixed their worldly ambitions with their spiritual aspirations, just as pious people are inclined to do now. They were not above the temptations common to man, and did not always rise to the level of their highest thought, any more than we always live up to the measure of our noblest ideal. But that the main motive of their life, the thing that worked most powerfully in their character and their career, was their religious faith, does not seem to me to admit of intelligent question. His acts as well as his profession show that the typical Puritan put loyalty to his God above every other consideration, and such as he conceived his God to be, such he tried to become. It was because he could not have his own way of worship unmolested in his own country that he cut himself off from the advantages of the civilization of the old world, for a home in the forest of the new, which, in the opinion of Matthew Arnold, was altogether too high a price to pay for the liberties which he gained. The English settlers began to come to New England in 1620. During the subsequent ten years, the immigration was slow and slight; but between 1630 and 1640 they came in great numbers, thronging every ship whose prow pointed to the new continent. At the end of this latter year, they had twelve independent groups of colonists, fifty towns, a total population of about twenty thousand souls. During the next one hundred and twenty-five years it is estimated that more people went back from here to England than came from there here. Why this change? Why did the year 1640 mark such a change in the fortunes of New England? Capt. Johnson, in his "Wonder-Working Providence of Zion's Sav-

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iour," says : "This year proved the last of the years of transportation of God's people, only for the enjoyment of exercising the ordinances of Christ, and the enlargement of his kingdom, there being hopes of great good opportunity that way at home." These "hopes of great good opportunity at home," — on what were they based? On the downfall of Bishop Laud and the tyranny of Charles I., and the opening of the Long Parliament. There was then no further need of the Puritans coming here, since the way was open for them to "cure the ills in Church and State which they had suffered at home." The facts of history, regardless of anything they said of themselves, indicate very clearly, it seems to me, that the main purpose and inspiration of their lives was their religious faith. They came through the "zeal of a godly worship" to plant what they believed to be the true church of Christ, to set up a visible kingdom of God on earth. They did not attempt to combine the sacred and the secular; they simply abolished the secular, leaving only the sacred. The State was the Church; politics, a department of theology; citizenship, the privilege of the "elect," of those only who had received baptism and the Lord's Supper. Religion, they said, was the chief thing, and they meant it, and acted according to their belief. "Let it never be forgotten," said one of the Fathers, "that our New England was originally a plantation of religion, and not of trade. And if there be a man among you who counts religion as twelve, and the world as thirteen, let such an one remember that he hath neither the spirit of a true New England man, nor yet of a sincere Christian." The place it occupied in their thought is shown by the fact that the founders of this town took pains, even before they had their town incorporated, to build a meeting-house and a parsonage, choose a minister, and fix the arrangements for his support, the foremost man among them saying : "It is as unnatural for a right New England man to live without an able ministry, as for a smith to work his iron without a fire."

In quite as literal a sense as ever did the ancient Hebrews, they felt themselves to be "the chosen people of God," and believed that he was ever at hand and more than willing to interfere in their behalf, in the smallest affairs.

For God away off in the distant heavens, ruling the constellations and galaxies, they had no thought nor care, but for the

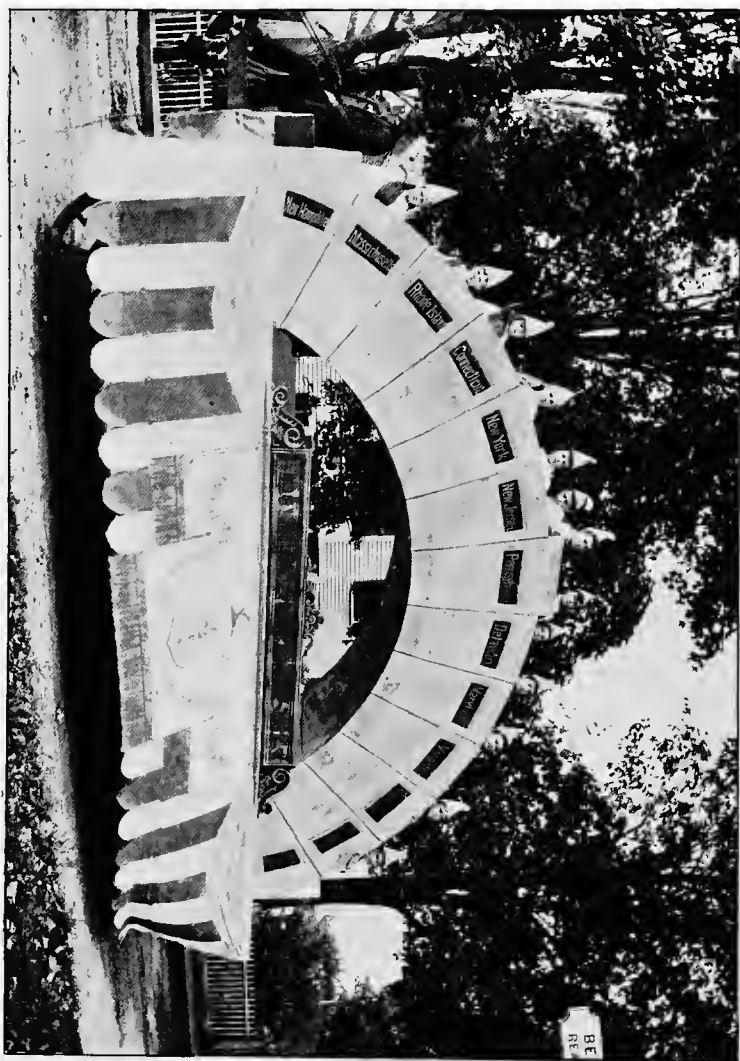
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patron deity always busy counting the hairs of their head, jogging their elbows, manipulating their fingers and toes, besetting them behind and before with his providential care, they had hearts full of allegiance and fear. In nothing were they more constant than in their belief in the particular and special providences whereby God looked after the interests of his chosen people, leading them forth by the hand to make their wilderness a habitation for the Lord fit and glorious. If the Hebrews, in the day of their deliverance, represented their God as entering into partnership with hornets, and making flies and frogs the ministers of his wrath, and mice and locusts the executors of his will, not less did the Puritans learn the mind of the Lord in the doings of such humble creatures, — frogs and mice, caterpillars and mosquitoes.

John Winthrop tells us, in his history, that one season the crops were imperilled by the caterpillars; the Lord had evidently sent them for the trial of the people's faith. What was to be done? There was but one answer: they must go to the Lord in prayer, confess their sins, promise a more strict obedience, and ask him to remove the curse. So all the people got together in their churches and spent several hours in earnest prayer and supplication. And presently afterwards, adds the historian, the caterpillars vanished away.

In the village of Watertown, there occurred one day, in view of many witnesses, "a great and notable combat between a mouse and a snake; and after a long fight the mouse prevailed and killed the snake." The Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Boston, a very sincere and holy man, thus interpreted this grave event: "The snake," he said, "was undoubtedly the devil; the mouse, the poor people whom the Lord had brought hither to overcome Satan and dispossess him of his kingdom forever."

Gov. Winthrop also tells us that his son had in a chamber a large number of books, among them one wherein the Greek Testament, the Psalms, and the Common Prayer were bound together. He found the Common Prayer "eaten with the mice, every leaf of it, and not any of the two others touched, nor any other of his books, though there were above a thousand." In the mind of the Governor, this extraordinary proceeding on the part of the mice in singling out the Episcopal prayer-book for destruction was, indeed, an ominous fact in which he saw clearly



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the divine disapprobation of this very objectionable book. A modern friend of the Prayer-book has suggested a different interpretation. He thinks it quite probable that "the mice, not liking psalmody, and not understanding Greek, took their food from another part of the volume." I mention these things simply as samples of the special providences in which the fathers believed.

They believed in the immediate answers to prayer as fully as they believed in their own existence. One relates how, when certain of them were at sea, they were carried by a violent storm among rocks where they could find no place to get out; but "they went to prayer, and presently there came a great sea and heaved their vessel over into a clear place." So one named Anthony Thacher, being shipwrecked along the coast, was cast upon a rock. He thus relates the event: "As I was sliding off the rock into the sea, the Lord directed my toes into a joint in the rock's side, as also the tops of some of my fingers, by means, whereof, the waves leaving me, I remained so, hanging on the rock, only my head above the water."

Probably some of you have read that very curious compound of theology and history, common sense and superstition, "The Wonder-Working Providence of Zion's Saviour in New England," by one of the seven founders of this town. If you want to know what Puritanism in New England was two hundred and fifty years ago, that is the book for you to read. I know of no other that will give you a better illustration of the religion of that time; of its pettiness and its greatness, its terrible grimness and its soul-sustaining power. It lets you into the mind and heart of the age, so that you can see how they reasoned, talked, thought, believed, and lived. It has the same kind of inspiration as many of the books of the Bible, that is, it is a theological treatise with a set purpose in mind. The author of the Fourth Gospel wrote with the avowed purpose of setting forth his belief that the Christ was identical with the divine Logos of the Neo-Platonic philosophy. Milton wrote his great epic for the purpose of "justifying the ways of God to man." Capt. Johnson wrote his "Wonder-Working Providence of Zion's Saviour in New England," to justify the ways of the New England colonists to their brethren on the other side of the "big ditch," as he in an

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unwonted frame of humor, facetiously calls the Atlantic Ocean. Certain ill-natured people, especially Sir Christopher Gardiner, Philip Ratcliff, and Thomas Morton, and others who had either been sent back for misbehavior or had returned of their own accord, not liking the new country, had spread abroad in England all manner of false and damaging reports respecting the people over here. It was necessary that some one should put down these falsehoods by the truth, otherwise the tide of emigration to this new Zion of the Lord would be abated. Being a typical Puritan, Capt. Johnson had the courage of his convictions; and though he was only an ex-ship-carpenter and a farmer, a plain unlettered man with no literary skill, wielding the pen very much as he did the beetle or the broad-axe, leaving his sentences rough-hewn and defiant of grammatical rules, he laid his hand to this very important task.

The one thing he was most assured of was that God was the prime mover in this whole matter of planting a church and state in this "howling wilderness"; that He was directly responsible for the movement, and so it was only necessary to give a history of his wonderful providences in the care of his "chosen people" to make all good Christians see that it was a divine privilege to live in this new land. He begins by setting forth the sad condition of the "faithful" in England at the time the Lord began to rescue his chosen ones. While they were in great distress and darkness, Christ, the glorious King of his churches, coming to their deliverance, began to stir up his heralds to make this proclamation: "All ye, the people of Christ, that are oppressed, imprisoned, and scurrilously derided, gather yourselves together, your wives, and little ones, and answer to your several names, as you shall be shipped for his service in the Western World, and more especially for planting the united colonies of New England, where you are to attend the service of the King of kings." Then he proceeds to tell how the Lord was with his people on the "dreadful and terrible ocean"; how their leaving home was not a secular but a sacred act; how he prepared for their life here by killing off a great number of the Indians by disease; how he aided them in their labors, answered their prayers, sent an abundance of good fish to their nets and hooks, and to the hands of such as were not provided with these, and



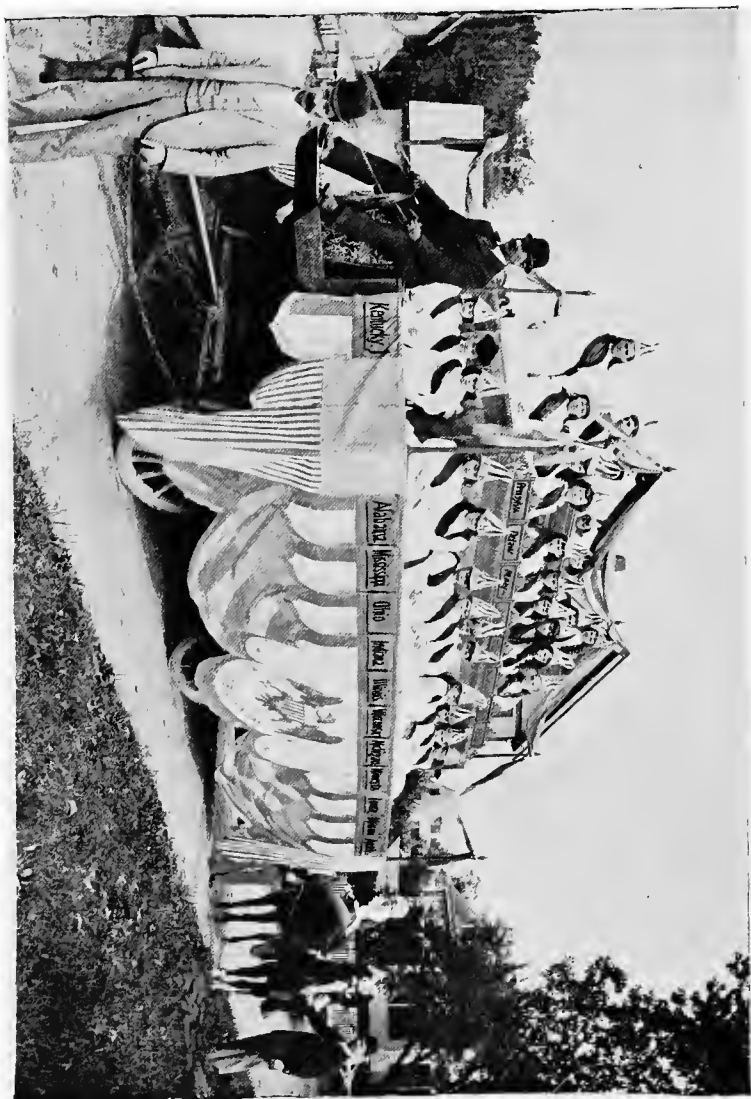
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how year by year Christ brought new soldiers to carry forward this great "battle of the wilderness." He spoke of the year 1632 as a year of sad distress, ending with a terribly cold winter, congealing Charles River insomuch that men might pass from one side to the other on the ice, and then adds, "Here, reader, thou must be reminded of another admirable act of Christ, in changing the very nature of the seasons, moderating the winter's cold very much of late, which some impute to cutting down the woods and breaking up the land, but let Christ have the praise of all his glorious works." The following summer was very hot, and when they saw their fields scorched by the sun, beholding therein the hand of the Lord stretched out against them, "like tender-hearted children," he says, "they fell down on their knees, begging mercy of the Lord, for their Saviour's sake, urging this as a chief argument that the malignant adversary would rejoice in their destruction and blaspheme the pure ordinances of Christ, trampling down his kingly commands with their own inventions, and in uttering these words their eyes dropped down many tears, their feelings prevailing so strong that they could not refrain in the church assembly. . . . For as they poured out water before the Lord, that very instant the Lord showered down water on their gardens and fields which with great industry they had planted; then to think God was so near their prayers, as the drops from heaven fell thicker and faster, so the tears came from their eyes by reason of the sudden mixture of joy and sorrow; and verily they were exceedingly stirred in their affections, being unable to resolve themselves which mercy was greater,—to have a humble, begging heart given them of God, or to have their request so speedily answered." He further adds that the Indians "seeing the sweet rain that fell were much taken with the Englishman's God."

If the ancient Hebrews believed that they were fighting the Lord's battles when driving the Canaanites and other tribes from the "promised land," even so did the Puritans believe that they were doing the Lord's will when exterminating the Indians who possessed the land at their coming. And in cruelty and blood-thirstiness of warfare they were not a whit behind those old-time soldiers of Jehovah. The typical Puritan delighted in war as his native element, and the scalp of an Indian, or better still, of a

heretic, was a trophy that would put a bright star in his crown of rejoicing. After describing the famous war of extermination against the Pequots, Capt. Johnson concludes thus: "The Lord in mercy toward his poor churches, having thus destroyed those bloody, barbarous Indians, he returns his people in safety to their vessels, where they take account of their prisoners. The squaws and some young youths they brought home with them, and finding the men to be deeply guilty of the crimes they undertook the war for, they brought away only their heads." For grimness you will hardly find anything in the Hebrew war record that surpasses that.

A very large part of this first book written in Woburn is given to denunciations of the different heresies and heretics that appeared, from time to time, to harass the Lord's anointed, and to eulogies of the ministers that came over to fight the Lord's battles. "There are those blasphemous Gortonists," he says, "who believe themselves to be Christ, and so have no use for churches and ordinances. Then there are those who divide between the Word and the Word, accusing the regular clergy of preaching a legal gospel, taking their texts and arguments almost entirely from the Old Testament, never preaching gospel sermons, whereas these new lights would keep to the New Testament, as if Christ and his Apostles did not preach good gospel out of the Law and the Prophets. There are some who separate Christ and his graces, pretending that the indwelling spirit of Christ is more important than the outward commands and observances. Others there are who divide between the Word of God and the Spirit of God, or the letter and the spirit, professing themselves to inspirations and revelations such as came to the inspired penman of the Bible. 'Come along with me,' says one of them, 'I'll bring you to a woman that preaches better gospel than any of your black-coats that have been at the Ninneversity, a woman of another spirit, who hath had many revelations of things to come.'" This woman was Anne Hutchinson, who was, in the mind of Johnson, the epitome of all that was odious in the unsanctioned preachers, sectaries, and heretics, who thrust their ugly and satanic faces into the presence of the holy and elect of Heaven. He rarely condescends to mention her by name, but points at her with scornful allusions as that "masterpiece of woman's wit, backed



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by the sorcery of a second, who had much converse with the devil, the grand mistress of them all who ordinarily prated every Sabbath Day."

The Puritan believed in a personal devil quite as firmly as he believed in a personal God; and the author of "Wonder-Working Providence" tells how Satan, perceiving that Christ was building up a kingdom here that was to be the light of the whole world, came across the ocean, and employed all these sectaries and heretics to defeat the better purpose of God in Heaven. Any doctrine that differed from the Puritan was regarded as the direct inspiration of his Satanic majesty, and so to fight that doctrine and the promoters of it was to wage war against the arch enemy of man. "Unworthy the name of a ruling elder," said Johnson, "is he who loses his lionlike courage when sound and wholesome doctrines, declared by pastor or teacher, are spoken against by any. Christ's soldiers should store themselves with all sorts of weapons of war, furbish up their swords, rapiers, and all other piercing weapons, for the Lord Christ intends to achieve greater things by his army in the wilderness than the world is aware of."

One of the questions often asked is, "Why did these people who came here to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, themselves the subjects of persecution in the mother country, turn round, and immediately begin to persecute those who differed from them?" But the answer is, "The Puritan never came here for any such purpose." The Pilgrim did, and he was always consistent with his ruling idea. He believed in religious liberty, and was ready to grant others what he asked for himself. In the Plymouth colony there was never any punishment for heresy, but as Gov. Bradford said, in his history of the Plymouth Plantation, the Pilgrims invited to their communion all "pious minded Episcopalians, Lutherans, Calvinists of various kinds, welcoming them as brethren of one great household. Already there are many among us not of the Separation, and we are glad of their company." But not so with the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

Under the reign of James I., the Protestants of England were divided into three classes: first the Conformists, or High Ritualists; second, the Non-Conformists, or Puritans; third, the

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Separatists, commonly called Brownists. The Pilgrims were of this last class, and believed that each congregation should be entirely independent of all others, and that every man should have the liberty of his conscience. And it is to be said that their practice accorded well with their belief. The Puritans, on the other hand, believed in a state religion, differing from the Conformists only as to the kind of religion that should have the sanction of the state. Their ambition was to get the power into their own hands and make the established church Puritan, instead of Episcopalian. They wanted to purify the service, not abolish it, and for this were called Puritans; and never for one moment did they dream of such a thing as granting religious liberty to those who did not think as they did. When they got control of Parliament they were quite as fierce in their persecution of the Brownists as the King's party. Toleration was with them a profligate and scandalous word. "It is so prodigious an impiety," said a leading member of the Westminster Assembly, "that this Parliament cannot but abhor the very meaning of it." It was a current saying in New England that "Anti-Christ was coming in at the back door by a general liberty of conscience." They regarded it, in the words of Thomas Shepard, as "Satan's policy to plead for an indefinite and boundless toleration." Another preacher, Nathaniel Ward, gave it as his opinion that "Every toleration of false religions or opinions hath as many errors and sins in it as all the false religions and opinions it tolerates." Thomas Dudley, the Lieutenant-Governor, undertook, like Capt. Johnson, to write verse. A typical Puritan could no more write poetry than a horse could sing "America." But there was nothing too great or difficult for him to attempt. Here is a sample of Dudley's genius:—

"Let men of God in courts and churches watch  
O'er such as do a toleration hatch."

The author of "Wonder-Working Providence" reminds his fellow-believers that their churches did not flourish under the toleration government of Holland, and tells them that it was the "great hods-podge and mingle-mangle of religion over there that caused the churches of Christ to stand still like corn among weeds." He urges his brethren to purge out all the sour leaven

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of unsound doctrine, and let none wrest the kingdom from them under pretence of liberty of conscience.

The right of private judgment was never any part of the Puritan teaching, nor adopted as a principle of action in either civil or ecclesiastical government. It was no part of the purpose of the Puritans in coming here to establish freedom of worship. The one thing that was uppermost in their minds was the establishment of the true religion and government of Jesus Christ, as they understood it. To tolerate dissent from their opinions would be to defeat the supreme purpose of their lives; hence, it was war to the nail with all who did not think and believe as they did. It was their ruling purpose that made them persecutors; and the religious liberty which we enjoy to-day is in no part the fruit of any principles or precepts advocated by them.

The contrary of this is often asserted. It is a part of our New England conceit that nearly every wise and good thing incorporated in our national institutions, all our rights and liberties, are traceable to the Puritan settlement here in New England. But when we remember that Massachusetts was the last State in the Union to grant religious liberty, the last to tax the people to support a creed in which they did not believe, while Catholic Maryland said from the first, "No person within this province, professing to believe in Jesus Christ, shall be in any way troubled, or molested, or discountenanced, for his or her religion, or in the free exercise thereof," and furthermore, remember that Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Paine the informing mind of the Revolution, and George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, Benjamin Rush, James Madison, Patrick Henry, and many another honored name of "the times that tried men's souls," were not New England men, nor of Puritan training, and that John Adams, the foremost man of Massachusetts at the time of the struggle for Independence, was already a Unitarian in religious belief, we shall be rather slow to believe that all our freedom, political and religious, is the direct outcome of Puritanism in New England. The Puritan never advocated religious liberty, as I have said, for the good and sufficient reason that they never believed in it; never, at least, believed in it for anybody but themselves. Luther did not believe in the right of private judgment for anybody but himself. He persecuted the Anabap-

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tists with unsparing hand, and would have made way with Zwingli, the great Swiss reformer, a man of far finer mould than himself, as eagerly as he drank his beer, if he could have got him into his hands. His treatment of this noble soul was insolent and unchristian in the extreme. But he did believe in free-thinking for himself, and his example was contagious.

It was this way somewhat with the Puritans. They believed in the right of judging for themselves, and in maintaining their own ideas. Thus unconsciously they sowed the seed which, taking root in the New England soil, sprung up and, nourished by these many years of sunshine and shower, is just beginning to present us with the ripened fruit. A free government and a free church are the natural outcome of what they *did* rather than of any principles or doctrines which they *taught*. It may still be questioned, however, whether any church, springing from the seed of the Puritans, has yet the spirit of toleration in such abundant measure that it would not if it could suppress all who do not think in accord with its traditions. I do not think there is a single denomination in Christendom to-day that it would be safe to trust the arm of the State with. I would not trust even the Unitarians with it. I would not trust myself with it. I very much fear lest, when I hear those who profess to have a call from the Infinite God to preach his eternal commandments preaching instead the silly doctrines of men, talking about ancient myths as if they were historical facts, consigning all who do not accept a scheme of salvation based on an oriental snake story to the dungeon of eternal despair, were power given me, I should be tempted to say to such, as did Cromwell to the papist priest who persisted in chanting the choral worship of the cathedral against his orders, "Leave off your fooling and come down, sir." I do not know that I blame the Puritans altogether for their attitude towards dissenters. My feelings, at times, at least, run with him who said, "Next to Servetus, who was willing to be burned for his religion, I honor John Calvin who was willing to burn him." I sometimes think that, as a corrective for religious flabbiness, flippancy, and indifference of this age, nothing would be better than a little infection of the Puritan spirit. I certainly honor the man who is so dead in earnest about his religious convictions and places such high value upon them that he is





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ready to exterminate all who differ from him, above one who does not know that he has any religion to speak of, no principles that he deems worth defending or making any sacrifices for, and is as much at home in one church or party as another.

The one thing admirable in the fathers was their earnestness, their steadfastness of purpose, their loyalty to their ideas. In all the religions of the world, from the lowest savages to the most advanced civilization, there can be found no form of faith more grim, bald, and terrible than the religion which they professed. It was as cold, bleak, and repellent as a boulder in a frozen sea. It was Calvinism in its sternest form. And when we think of it and the kind of life and character it fostered we feel tempted to say with Hawthorne, "Let us thank God for having given us such ancestors, and let each successive generation thank him not less fervently for being one step further from them in the march of ages." But grim and terrible as that religion was, rigid in doctrine, barren in sentiment, severe in practice, there were in it elements of strength which gave a certain dignity and power to its worshippers, and lifted them to performances which made their lives heroic and at times sublime. It gave them courage to meet the perils of the deep, when the deep was more of a terror than it is to-day, and brave the dangers which beset them on every hand in their wilderness home. The task of colonizing America was, under all the circumstances of the time, very far from an easy one. It was menaced by almost every form of danger, slow at the best, and full of awe for stout hearts. It required a powerful incentive for its achievement, and this the fathers found in their religion. They could not afford to be indifferent to anything that touched their welfare. Life was a grim battle which they hoped not to lose; a sacred opportunity which they would not throw away. With them there was no such thing as playing fast and loose with the oracles of God, crying good God or good devil as best served their turn. What they believed they believed with all the mind, heart, and soul, and were ready to defend their creed with their lives and all that they held dear. Never since the world begun was there a more earnest and devoted body of men and women than these who sundered themselves from home and native land and went out seeking a city that hath foundations whose maker and builder

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is God. And when I contrast the spirit of loyalty and devotion which was characteristic of the New England life two hundred and fifty years ago with the religious indifference and a lack-a-daisical piety so characteristic of our time, I feel like setting up a prayer for the spirit of the fathers to descend upon us in all the plenitude of its power.

It is said by some that there has been a marked decline in the intellectual life in New England since the fathers fell asleep. Of this I am not entirely convinced. Yet how many men and women are there in Woburn to-day, think you, who could sit, not in a well cushioned pew, but on a hard bench, and listen during two services of four or five hours each, of nearly solid prayer and preaching, not going to sleep nor letting their thoughts wander off to other subjects, and when the services were over, say without falsity or fiction, "I wish I could have more of the same thing?" How many, think you, are equal to such an intellectual effort, to say nothing of the piety? We read that when the first church was organized in Woburn, the Rev. Mr. Symmes continued in prayer and preaching for about the space of five hours, and still the people were hungry for more. Mr. Sewall, in his history of Woburn, gives the plan of a sermon by Rev. Mr. Fox, the second pastor of the church here, that contains over forty heads and subdivisions, the subject being, "Redeeming the time." Evidently, there was not much time left that day after the services to be redeemed.

A Harvard student of the seventeenth century wrote, "Mr. Torrey stood up and prayed nearly two hours, but time obliged him to close, to our regret; we could have heard him gladly an hour longer." Contrast that with the present students of Harvard who complain of attending prayers of an half-hour service. Gov. Winthrop mentions a discourse preached at Cambridge, by Rev. Thomas Hooker, when he was ill: "the minister at first preached in his sermon for fifteen minutes, then stopped and rested half an hour, then resumed and preached for two hours."

In truth it must be said that not all were desirous of such longitudinal services. When Gov. Hancock presented the Lexington church with a Bible on condition that it should be read from in the pulpit on Sunday, the members of the church, after much discussion, finally decided to receive it and allow it to be read

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with the understanding that the reading should not add to the length of the service.

The Rev. Nathaniel Ward was, perhaps, not so godly as some of the other ministers, and in his whimsical satire he makes a confession that is more than half in earnest. "We have a strong weakness in New England that, when we are speaking we know not how to conclude. We make many ends before we make an end. We cannot help it, though we can, which is the arch infirmity of all our morality. We are so near the West pole that our longitudes are as long as any wise man would wish — and somewhat longer. I scarce know any adage more grateful than, '*grata brevitās.*'"

This confession shows that the long services were not relished by all; but the intellectual ability of a people that could listen to a two-hour prayer and a four or five hour sermon, and the still greater power of the man who could deliver the same, command my unbounded admiration.

When these ministers of the olden time prayed, they verily believed that they moved the hand that moved the world; and there was such authority and power in their utterance that it was easy for their hearers to believe that the Lord in heaven would require even the forces of nature to pay considerable deference to such wonderful men. It was said of one that when he was doing his Master's work he put a king into his pocket. The Puritan elder was verily more than a king and swayed his people with a power that was more than regal. He spoke for the Great King of kings and Lord of lords; and to disobey this viceroy of the Almighty was to resist the ordinance of God. To speak aught against them was the very gravest of crimes. A certain woman, for "reproaching" one of them, had a cleft stick put on her tongue for half an hour. The Puritan minister rivalled the angels in being but little lower than God himself. Capt. Johnson said of John Cotton, "He hath the mind of God I do believe." And as for that "holy, heavenly, sweetly-affecting, soul-ravishing minister, Thomas Shepard," he could find no words adequate to set forth his praise.

But alas for the clergy! their day of supernatural authority is done; the spell is dispelled, the elder is but a man. Puritanism, in doctrine and in ecclesiastical and political authority, has gone

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for good and all. It has been shorn of its glory as completely as the Pope of his temporal power. But as there are those still in our city who have in their veins the blood of those who planted the town two hundred and fifty years ago, so we may believe that while the outer shell or form of that faith which colonized New England has passed away never to return, what was vital in it still abides, and is an upward moving force in the better life of our time.

“No accent of the Holy Ghost  
Hath the heedless world ever lost.”

We are glad and grateful for the courage of the fathers, for their loyalty, their devotion, their earnestness, their zeal, their mental robustness. We are glad that they lived ; glad, too, that they are all snugly folded away in their graves, that they may not molest us with their awful presence ; but above all do we rejoice in that broad stream of moral and religious purpose that has come down to us from their time, and which, if we are faithful to our heritage and our opportunity, we shall still further deepen and purify, as we send it down to the generations that shall come after us. God grant that we may be as faithful, earnest, and attentive to the divine meanings of life in our day as they were in theirs.





FRANCIS P. CURRAN,  
Chairman of Committee on Sports.



# THURSDAY.

## ATHLETIC SPORTS.

At ten o'clock, Thursday morning, a large crowd had gathered at the Park to witness the final ball game that should decide to which ward the championship belonged. A series of games had been previously played by nines representing the seven wards, and the contestants narrowed down to Ward 1 and Ward 3. The game between these two was full of interest, but Ward 1 was decidedly outclassed, and their opponents won by the score of 19 to 4. The intervals of the game were enlivened by music, and the audience was large and enthusiastic.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the programme was continued at St. Charles grounds near the Walnut Hill station. The following is a list of events and winners : —

One-mile bicycle race, open to all comers — Edward C. Leathe, first ; M. J. McCormick, second. One-mile bicycle race, open to wheelmen of Woburn only — Walter L. Dodge, first ; Edward C. Leathe, second. Five-mile bicycle race — W. L. Dodge, first ; James Haggerty, second. 220-yard dash — James McCarthy, first ; Patrick McLaughlin, second. Ball-throwing — Joseph Larkin, first ; Owen Reddy, second. Putting 16-pound shot — Samuel Hooper. Throwing 16-pound hammer — Patrick Feeney, first ; E. F. Young, second. One-mile run — J. H. Young, first ; M. McDonough, second. Running broad jump —

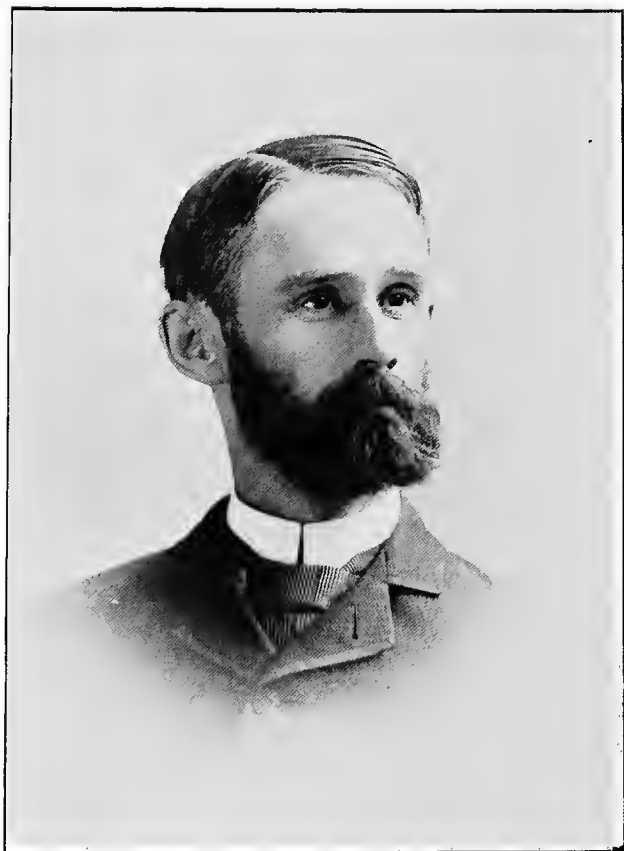
[Thursday,

Peter Weafer, first; Patrick McLaughlin, second. Standing broad jump—P. Weafer, first; J. McCarthy, second. Running high jump—J. McCarthy, first; P. Weafer, second. Hop, step and jump—P. Weafer, first; T. Beatty, second. Three-legged race—M. J. McCormick and T. Beatty, first; J. Queenen and G. Dwyer, second.

Such of the games as were not completed on Thursday, Oct. 6, were contested on the following Saturday, under the supervision of the Committee on Sports. These embraced the distinctive boys' sports and the winners were :—

Potato race—Michael Murray, first; George Munroe, second. Sack race—Edward McQuillan, first; Daniel Foley, second. Doughnut race—George Munroe, first; Thomas Dunningan, second. 100-yard dash—William Queenan, first; Charles Kelley, second; John Holland, third.

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JOHN W. JOHNSON,  
Chairman of Committee on Literary Exercises.

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## LITERARY EXERCISES.

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### I.

#### OVERTURE.

BY BALDWIN'S ORCHESTRA.

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### II.

#### PRAYER.

BY REV. FRANKLIN CARTER, D. D., LL. D.

Almighty and everlasting God, who seest the end from the beginning and dost guide the movements of human history for the good of man; with whom "a thousand years are but as one day and one day as a thousand years," we come into thy holy presence this morning to bless thee for thy gracious provision for the race, for the incarnation, life, and death of our divine Lord, for the descent of the Holy Ghost, and the inspiration of his presence that has never failed from the hearts of men. We bless thee that in all ages thou hast been with this race and that our fathers knew thy presence and listened to thy voice, and in the face of discouragements, trials, and persecutions "endured as seeing thee who art invisible," and overcame and at last entered into the full joy of fellowship with thy Divine Son.

We bless thee for the inheritance which they who are gathered here this day have received; for the patience, the faith, the learning, the godly life of those who laid the foundations of the settlements in this Commonwealth, and thus gave quickenings of wisdom and light to all the generations that have succeeded. We bless Thee for the purity and sweetness of the New England home, and for the joyful assurance that thou hast "mercy upon thousands of descendants of them that love thee and keep thy commandments."

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But, our Father, we would confess before thee this morning our shortcomings as a people ; we would acknowledge that we have, in the abundant blessings that thou hast bestowed upon us, grasped the gifts and forgotten the giver ; that in the wonderful march of our progress we too often undervalue “ the things that are unseen and eternal,” and put our trust in “ the things that are seen and temporal.” We acknowledge our neglect of thy holy law, and come now to beseech thee for forgiveness, and to ask that as thou wast a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night to our fathers so thou wilt be to us, and wilt so deepen in all our rulers and in all the people the sense of responsibility to thee that, with faithful allegiance to first principles and in loving obedience to thy commandments, we may continue to be and may become more fully than we have ever been “ that happy people whose God is the Lord.”

Almighty God, we commend unto thee the president of these United States and all his counsellors, the judges of the republic and of the separate States, the governor and all the officers of this Commonwealth, and beseech thee that all these may walk humbly and righteously before thee, discharging the great duties that have been committed to their trust with a single eye to the welfare of all the people, and with the self-sacrifice and simplicity that should mark the follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

We ask for thy continued blessing upon all the institutions of learning in this State and in this land, that all who teach may be taught of him “ in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge ” ; and that all who learn may consecrate their learning to the spread of sound doctrine and to the uplifting of the downtrodden, and to the faithful observance of law, to the end that these schools which thou hast so greatly blessed may conduce by all their influence to the harmony of all classes and to the permanence of this republic.

We beseech thee, our Father, to bless this ancient town ; to keep its magistrates loyal to every manly virtue, and its citizens true to the obligations which their inheritance lays upon them ; to purify and ennoble the life of every home, and to strengthen and uphold here every church that recognizes the sympathy and perfections of thy Son, and thus to cause streams of influence to go forth from this source even richer and fuller than in the past,



Rev. FRANKLIN CARTER, D. D., LL. D.





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to help establish that kingdom which is "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

To this end let thy presence be in all the exercises of these days, that reverence for thy holiness and gratitude for thy love and superintending providence may be increased in all our hearts, that we may consecrate anew all our powers to the honor of thy name and to the redemption and blessing of our fellow-men.

Thus may we run with greater patience the race that is set before us, and an abundant entrance be ministered unto us into thine everlasting kingdom through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil : for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever, Amen.

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III.

SINGING.

BY THE TEMPLE QUARTETTE.

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IV.

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDING OFFICER.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT THOMPSON.

*Ladies and Gentlemen,*—I am both honored and happy in discharging the duty devolved upon me to-day of extending to this assembly a hearty welcome.

You all know for what purpose we have convened. Beyond a doubt the founders of our now ancient town were rare men and well deserve a grateful remembrance. The better we become acquainted with their character and career the less we wonder at the success of their enterprise. Such men as Edward Converse,

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Edward Johnson, and their hardly less noted associates, were rare men even in their own day of moral heroism.

As we read the simple story of their lives we are impressed by their lofty aims, their fearless adventure, their unswerving principle, their unflinching faith, and their sublime superiority to all external difficulties and trials. Evidently they meant to succeed and with one accord they recognized their dependence upon God for the needed wisdom and strength in the great achievement of success.

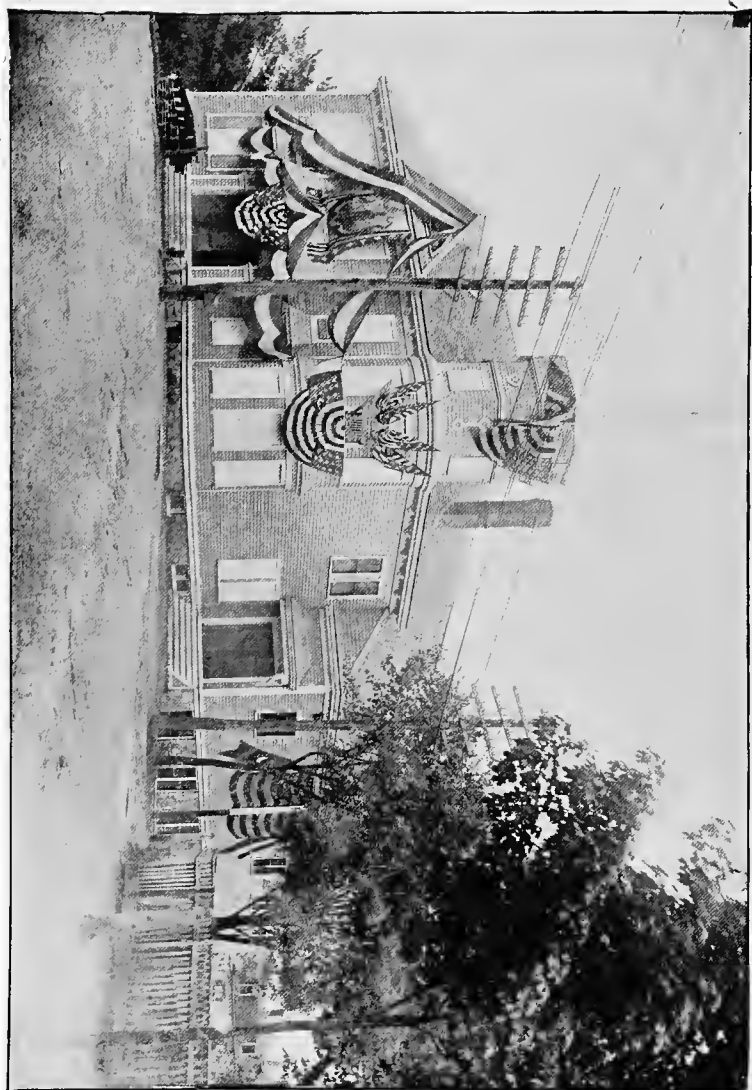
As, then, we rehearse the history of our town to-day, let us begin with fresh courage and zeal to make a history for the coming generations, which they may gratefully recount in the distant future.

I think that we may say that Woburn has thus far proved her right to exist, and, in a good degree, has fulfilled her mission. If, indeed, the men and events that have marked our history as a town in the past could be reviewed here in detail, I doubt not we should all feel that they compare at least favorably with those of any other of our oldest municipalities. However this may be, two hundred and fifty years ago our town, originally a part of Charlestown, was incorporated and received the name it still bears. Nearly two years before the date of this act, thirty-two of the leading men of Charlestown formally signed what were known as "Town Orders of Woburn"; but it was not till 1642 that the seven men were actually appointed by the church in Charlestown as commissioners to "erect," in the quaint phrase of the time, a town and church, and thus prepared the way for the consummation which we celebrate to-day.

Of the towns then embraced in the old Massachusetts colony, our town was the twentieth to be thus honored, and it was decided to adopt the name of an old and well-known town in Bedfordshire, England, which had been specially endeared to some of the fathers.

From that small beginning of history till now it is safe to say that the town has had a steady, though at no time abnormally rapid, growth.

In the main we have pursued the even tenor of our way and have enjoyed a full average of prosperity in our commercial, our moral, and our educational career. In the sphere of education,



ARMORY.



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Woburn has always, in one way or another, manifested a warm, and for many of the more recent years a prominent, interest.

Even before she had a regularly organized and settled plan for schools in her settlement, she contributed in aid of Harvard College, whose first class graduated the very year of her own incorporation, a larger amount of money than was given by any town in Middlesex County save two ; larger even than was given by Cambridge itself, and larger with only five exceptions than any town in the entire colony.

In subsequent years, two natives of our town became presidents of this ancient college, and many scores of our sons have, from time to time, received a collegiate education there or elsewhere, and have been prominent in all departments of professional life as well as in commercial enterprise. In the domain of science, Benjamin Thompson, better known as Count Rumford, was long without a superior, if, indeed, he had an equal, either in this country or Europe, and his intimate and life-long friend, Col. Loammi Baldwin, held high rank in various spheres, — patriotic, military, and industrial, as well as scientific.

In the less noted avocations of life, it gives us pleasure to say that the youths of our own schools have for many years been very efficient, and these schools have long held an honorable rank even when compared with much larger towns and cities. And of our public library it is perhaps enough to say that strangers and friends from all parts of our country often assure us that it has no equal outside our older and larger cities, and rarely even in them.

We hope and mean, with God's blessing, to go on in the future improving and rising in whatever can uplift society and ennoble individual character.

We deem it proper to say that though we cannot congratulate our town as the actual birthplace of a president of the United States, no less than three of the chief magistrates of our nation have descended from an ancestry well known to us as prominent through several generations of our citizens. I refer to President Harrison, Ex-President Cleveland, and the late Ex-President Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire. We had hoped and expected to have present with us on this occasion, President Harrison and Ex-President Cleveland, but owing to sickness in

[Thursday,

the family of the President and the pressing call of duties of Ex-President Cleveland in other directions we are debarred the pleasure we had anticipated. I am happy to state, however, that the President has kindly consented to be represented by sending to us his Secretary of State, the Hon. J. W. Foster, who we expect will be with us on the morrow, and we shall gladly extend to him our cordial greeting and welcome, as we shall also to His Excellency, the Governor, and to His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor of our Commonwealth.

It is somewhat remarkable that we have among our people so many family names in the direct line of descendants from the original settlers of the town, such names as Converse, Johnson, Richardson, Carter, Thompson, Wyman, and others.

And now, as the representative of the Woburn of to-day and in behalf of our city, I sincerely desire to extend warmest greetings to all, — to the old English Municipality to which we owe our name; to the dear old mother, Charlestown, who loved her children so well that she parted with them with reluctance, but, we are glad to add, with her blessing at last; to our three daughters, Wilmington, Burlington, and Winchester, who though they have set up housekeeping for themselves have never ceased to be dear to us and to be welcome to the old home; to our invited guests from every quarter, from President and Governor to all numerous officers, civic, military, professional and educational; and to friends in every honorable organization, position, and calling. We welcome all alike to our new city and to our homes that they may share in the enjoyments, the grateful memories, and the stirring scenes of this rare occasion. You will find our people a cordial, hospitable people, and I trust your stay among us will be as enjoyable to you as it will be an honor to us.

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V.

SINGING.

BY THE TEMPLE QUARTETTE.





FRANK B. RICHARDSON,  
Author of the Historical Address.



October 6.]

## VI.

### HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

#### THE INTRODUCTION BY MAYOR THOMPSON.

Among the first settlers of our town the name of Richardson was very prominent, no less than three persons of that name being included among the seven chosen by the Church in Charlestown to establish a church in Woburn. The name has always been prominent in the history of Woburn, and up to the year when Winchester was set off from us, no less than seventy-five persons bearing this name may be found in the tax-lists of our town. I am happy to present to you, as the orator of this occasion, Frank Brooks Richardson, a direct descendant of Samuel Richardson, one of the original seven.

#### THE ADDRESS BY FRANK BROOKS RICHARDSON.

The story of a life told in detail has always about it a certain charm. As one traces the order of events, the different situations often group themselves with an intense dramatic power, until the historical narrative seems almost like the original action. The humble beginning, the first feeble struggles, the slow growth, the accumulation of strength as years roll on, the youthful promise and its fulfilment or failure, are subjects which cannot fail to interest the passer-by who pauses a moment in the onward march and glances backward.

These periods of retrospection are most commonly taken when some individual is removed from the community after an honorable and useful career. Then the public mind instinctively turns back the pages and reviews the life that has gone, recognizing its dominant aims and purposes, and measuring more or less accurately their accomplishment. The evidence is all in, the case is closed, and the verdict goes forth for or against the individual. The character then relegated to history is finished, and the responsibility for its success or failure is correctly placed upon a single person, since under his control and his alone have been the actions for which he is judged. The verdict is final and conclusive. The life of the individual is thus presented to us as

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a picture, a photograph, if you will, where every feature, every angularity is portrayed with uncompromising fidelity. Each trivial fault or incidental virtue is set forth with bald exactness, and this intense personality makes it difficult to estimate the true value of a career or its real influence upon the world left behind.

There is, however, another and more subtle form of life than that which we associate with the body,—the life of an idea, the existence of an organization. This strange, incorporeal thing which we call a town is a being with character as real, with duties and responsibilities as insistent as those we lay upon humanity. Yet there is an essential difference. Where life assumes this impersonal form, the picture ceases to be individual and becomes composite, preserving only the strong, typical features, and discarding all occasional and temporary tendencies, which have little or nothing to do with the final result. In a community so many brains have planned, so many hands have wrought, it is difficult to fix responsibility for any particular success or failure. The generation that planted has passed away, and others have entered into their labors; times and opportunities have changed, rendering impossible early plans and purposes. Things which one age regarded as essentials have become mere adjuncts in the next, until it seems as if the original aim had been swallowed up and lost. The loss, however, is only apparent. Every trait of character, good or bad, has left its impress on the whole, even as every feature leaves its trace upon the composite photograph. These traits, repeated through generation after generation, by their cumulative energy, so stamp themselves upon the impersonal body politic that they become a living, motive power, an external force, moulding and shaping the various conflicting influences into a true and harmonious personality.

The career of the individual closes at a fixed period — death. The sudden wrench from time to eternity gives a tinge of sadness to the satisfaction with which the history of the life is reviewed; but in the case of a community like our own there is no such saddening influence. There has been a beginning but no end. The life has passed continuously from one group to another as it has pursued its endless journey, ever finding itself farther and farther from its birthplace, involved in paths more and more

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intricate, and burdened with responsibilities growing heavier day by day. It is thus particularly fitting that we should stop for a moment upon the vantage ground of our two hundred and fiftieth year, and look back across the intervening space to the far-away point whence the journey began. To look back, not with sadness or regret as upon a finished yet incomplete career, but to look back for encouragement, to estimate progress, and to contrast the dim, uncertain outlines, imperfectly traced through the distant haze, with the real and substantial attainments which Woburn can this day call her own.

It would be strange, indeed, if there had not arisen among us a desire, stronger than mere curiosity, to know what manner of men were these our fathers, what hardships they bore and what purposes were theirs when they founded this municipality. "What went they out in the wilderness to see?" A simple and almost instinctive query, but how great labor is imposed upon him who would answer it. Ten generations have passed away, leaving behind them such scanty records as the stern, practical business of the age permitted. A few necessary legal documents, an occasional book, a hundred or two headstones with their "Hic jacet" form the memorabilia of our first hundred and fifty years.

From this miscellaneous mass must come the material to build up our ideas of these men and their times. In order that these conceptions should be complete and well rounded, it is necessary to conduct an orderly and systematic search for facts beyond cavil or dispute. Localities must be identified, families must be traced, and a thousand minute and puzzling questions must be answered with scrupulous exactness. Each bit of evidence must present its certificate of character before it can enter the charmed circle. None but those who have made the attempt can realize the patience and labor required before any single statement can be rescued from the dusty archives of the past, tested to make sure of the genuine ring, and given its true position in history. Woburn has been fortunate in having had among its citizens those for whom such pursuits had almost the charm of a recreation. Having devoted themselves to this line of work, their labors have been painstaking and their search exhaustive. They have examined the records of this and other

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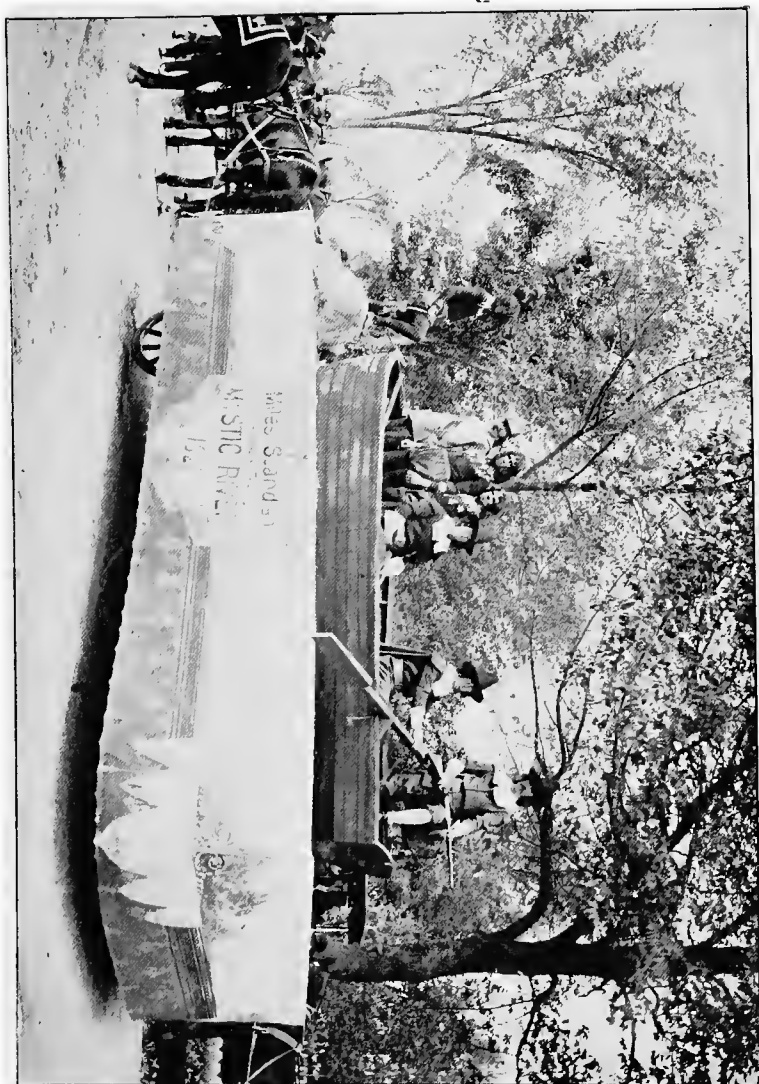
towns; searched the registers of churches; sifted contemporaneous literature; unravelled the mazes of courts; and even invaded the sanctity of private correspondence. Papers have been read, lectures delivered, volumes written, until to-day there remains scarcely a source or a subject that has not been thoroughly investigated. It is well for the unthinking public, at least once in two hundred and fifty years, to turn with a passing respect to the antiquary, for, by his patient toil, he has made it possible that we should have a brief and concise answer to the queries suggested by the events of to-day.

To most of us, however, this array of facts, precise and accurate though it may be, will bring little inspiration. The dead remains of a past age have small attraction to the average mind as mere things. They must be clothed with a living, breathing personality, so that behind the fact can be felt the thinking mind, the beating heart, moved by the same hopes and swayed by the same passions that we too feel and understand. Would there were some magic wand to wake to life the early pages of Woburn's ancient records with their time-scented, yellow leaves! Thirty long years embalmed in thirty-six brief pages! What a tale would they tell, what sacrifices, what toils, what hopes, what fears; yes, what tragedies!

"Perhaps in *this* neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

Let us then accept with profound gratitude all that the antiquary has garnered for us; but let us pass on and strive to transmute the cold, mechanical vibrations into the living voice that shall speak to us of days gone by, and bring to the children in the nineteenth century a clearer understanding of the difficulties encountered by their fathers in the seventeenth.

The coast line of New England has been the subject of history and tradition from earliest times. The Northman in his storm-driven bark felt his way along its shores and landed his wild warriors four hundred years before Columbus crossed the Atlantic. Following the Viking came explorer, trader, fisherman, searching out each harbor and headland, until the general outline of the



FLOAT — "MILES STANDISH ASCENDING THE MYSTIC."



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coast was well known and recorded. From the nature of their pursuits these parties made but few excursions inland. It was left for the settler to gradually open up the country behind him, and starting from the impassable barrier of the ocean on the east, he began that westward journey in which he never paused until the continent was crossed. Parties of venturesome men were continually feeling their way outward from these settlements, under the control of that restless spirit of curiosity which filled every breast, when fame and fortune might lie within reach of any man's hand.

Such a party set out from Plymouth on a midnight in the latter part of September, 1621, and, drifting down with the tide by Gurnet Point, headed northward. At noon on the following day an observer on Nantasket Beach could have seen an open shallop making its way along the shore, around Point Allerton, and up the broad opening into Quincy Bay. Ten white men and three Indian guides, under the command of Capt. Miles Standish, had come to explore the country around Massachusetts Bay and establish friendly relations with the inhabitants thereof. After landing near Quincy and making a treaty with the Indians who dwelt there, they re-embarked and holding along to the north by South Boston and Castle Island, they sailed up the main channel between Boston and East Boston to Charlestown, where they anchored in the mouth of the Mystic River.

If some prophetic finger could have touched the eyes of those ten Europeans and revealed to them "the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be," with what different feelings would they have viewed the scene. The green hills then so untenanted and still were destined to throb and pulsate with a mighty life whose heart-beat would be felt in the remote corners of the earth, while their own dear Plymouth, the town for which they had labored and suffered and from which they had hoped so much, would sink into insignificance and sleep away its years in dreamy, historic repose, undisturbed by the roll of progress by its doors.

Strange, indeed, that these pioneers, earnest, courageous, and clear-headed as they undoubtedly were, should have missed such locations as Boston, and Lynn, and Salem, and Gloucester, and chosen a spot which Fate had erased from the map of the future.

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With no suspicion of coming events, they slept that night in their boat, and on the following morning, Oct. 1, 1621, they landed and started up the river valley in search of Squaw Sachem, the widow of Nanepashemet who had been the chief of the Pawtuckets and controlled the territory north of the Charles River. This march of Capt. Miles Standish and his little army up the Mystic on that crisp autumn morning is of especial interest to us, because each step they took brought them nearer to Woburn. Slowly and laboriously they made their way through swamp and thicket, finding here and there the remains of an Indian's wigwam or a chief's stronghold; but the valley which to-day teems with the life of a million people was then primeval solitude. The hurrying railroad, the hum of machinery, the energetic cities and towns which are so familiar to our eyes, the mighty physical changes wrought by the feeble strength of man in the less than three centuries that have passed, would have seemed to this simple ten a wonderful, heavenly vision. But their eyes were holden and they saw only the natural beauties of our pleasant valley which so impressed themselves upon these explorers that they have left on record their appreciation, and regretfully wished that "they had been there seated." They were in search of Indians to trade with and found them somewhere in the vicinity of Mystic Pond; but not finding Squaw Sachem, who was said "to be a great way off," they retraced their steps and sailed back to Plymouth. Such was the first recorded excursion of white men toward the territory of Woburn, and while they stopped at the gateway and did not lift the latch upon which they had placed their hands, yet they left behind them footprints which the next comers found it easy to follow.

No record tells us who first actually traversed our territory, but in 1630, soon after the settlement of Boston and Charlestown, information became more general, and, as hunters and traders went to and fro, they brought back such accounts of the country that, on the maps of 1633, we find names of ponds and crude outlines of streams, not in their correct position it is true, but sufficiently located to show that our territory was recognized by the geographer of that day.

At the same time (1633) it is officially stated in the Charlestown records that:—





FLOAT—"ORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF WOBURN."



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"At a meeting of the inhabitants of this town, if was agreed and concluded that any of the inhabitants have liberty to go without the neck to build, and upon demand, provided it be in such place as may stand most convenient and be not a shortening the privilege of the town."

Again in 1635 :—

"Mr. Edward Converse, William Brakenbury, and Mr. Abraham Palmer, were desired to go into the country upon discovery three or four days, for which we agreed they should be satisfied at the charge of the town."

These votes indicate the spirit of migration that had seized upon the inhabitants of Charlestown with its narrow boundaries, and that sent its energetic citizens out into the country in search of farms to be had for the asking. This spirit finally culminated in a petition to the General Court, and we find it recorded that :—

"At General Court holden the 3rd of March, 1636, ordered that Charlestown bounds shall run eight miles into the country from their meeting-house, if no other bounds intercept."

Again in 1638 :—

"Edward Converse and Ezekiel Richardson are instructed to lay out a highway in the most convenient place over the meadow at the head of the north river."

In the same year was taken a true record of all homes and lands that were possessed by the inhabitants of Charlestown, whether by gift or purchase.

Next we find the surveyor busy laying out the land in this eight-mile grant. The lower part of it had already been assigned, but above Mr. Cradock's farm in Medford, lay the part of Charlestown now included in Woburn and Winchester. This territory, known as Waterfield, was cut up into slices and allotted to the inhabitants of the town, in the significant language of the records, "by joint consent." These so-called Waterfield lots included the broad stretch of land between the Aberjona River and the Lexington hills, with Church Street, Winchester, for its southern boundary, and Rag Rock for its northern. This territory was divided into ranges laid out with mathematical regularity, the lines running over rock, hill, meadow, swamp, and river with rigid impartiality. These ranges were then sliced up into lots

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with a greater or less frontage according to the quality of the land. Thus Richard Palgrave, to whom was assigned a considerable portion of Horn Pond Mountain and more than half of the pond itself, is given an unusually wide lot, while its next door neighbors, Edward Burton and Thomas Richardson, content themselves with more modest slices of territory not so copiously irrigated. The records of Charlestown go on from this date registering land grants outside of the peninsula, with here and there a name that has a familiar ring and which afterward figured in the settlement of our town ; but it is not until 1640 that the real work begins.

After a careful study of the early records, one is forced to the conclusion that most of the work previous to that date was done on paper, and that many persons asked for and obtained grants which they not only never cultivated but never intended to. It is frequently stated or hinted in the records of Charlestown that the land was divided by common consent, was given away, was assigned to such persons as would be most desirable, etc. The inference is plain. Land was to be had for the asking by any one who had influence in the community, and there was a scramble for lots in the eight-mile grant, which, for our simple ancestors, had all the wild excitement that a plunge in the wheat pit or a Western land boom has for their descendants. The lots cost nothing, consequently no questions were asked as to their quality. A well-watered section of Horn Pond or a stone quarry on Rag Rock was taken with the same cheerful alacrity as the most fertile meadow land. A few of the shrewd ones, among whom may be found most of the original seven, evidently had gone out to the ground and made a personal selection, for we find them decently equipped with lots that are at least inhabitable.

At the opening of the year 1640, about all the land within the boundaries of Charlestown had been allotted to various citizens, and far from being satisfied with their possessions, this free feast seemed only to whet their appetite for more. With quaint simplicity the record says : —

“In this year, 1640, in May, news was brought of the conveniency of land near adjoining to Charlestown. Forthwith a petition was framed to the General Court, then holden, for two miles square of land to be added at the head-line of Charlestown.”

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And so these original speculators in city lots sent up their petition, headed with a "whereas" and reinforced by a "firstly" and a "secondly." It was granted on May 30, 1640; but the shrewd, homely sense of the popular assembly was quite as keen as that of the petitioners, and a check was put on further non-resident land-grabbing by the quiet addition of the phrase, "provided they build within two years."

Two days later, on May 15, a committee consisting of Mr. Increase Nowell, Mr. Zachariah Symmes, Edward Johnson, Edward Converse, Ezekiel Richardson, Samuel Richardsou, and Robert Hale, together with Mr. Hubbard, artist (surveyor), searched the land lying within the two miles square. Nearly four months elapsed before the records reveal any further action in regard to the new territory, and then on Sept. 6: —

"Noble Capt. Sedgwick, Ensign Palmer, Thomas Lynde, Edward Johnson, Edward Converse, John Mousell and others went to view the bounds between Lynn village and this town."

This excursion, as described in the Woburn records, was not a pleasant one. It rained incessantly all night long, and the party vainly endeavored to make themselves comfortable under such shelter as the trees afforded. Some of the company took refuge under the trunk of a tree which had partly fallen over. In the morning it fell down completely, burying their provisions so that they were forced to dig them out, but fortunately no one was injured. This occurrence is solemnly entered in the official records of the town under the head of "a remarkable Providence."

On Sept. 30, 1640, the same committee went to Lynn and held a consultation with the authorities of that village in regard to the boundary lines.

Preliminaries having been duly cleared away, Charlestown takes its first official step, and on Nov. 4, 1640, appoints a committee of thirteen men "to set the bounds betwixt Charlestown and the village, and to appoint the place for the village." The names of these men are interesting: Capt. Robert Sedgwick, Thomas Lynde, Edward Converse, Ezekiel Richardson, John Mousall, Mr. Thomas Coytemore, Samuel Richardson, Francis Willoughby, Abraham Palmer, Mr. Thomas Graves, Ralph Sprague, Edward Johnson, and Robert Hale. They were to advise with Mr. Nowell,

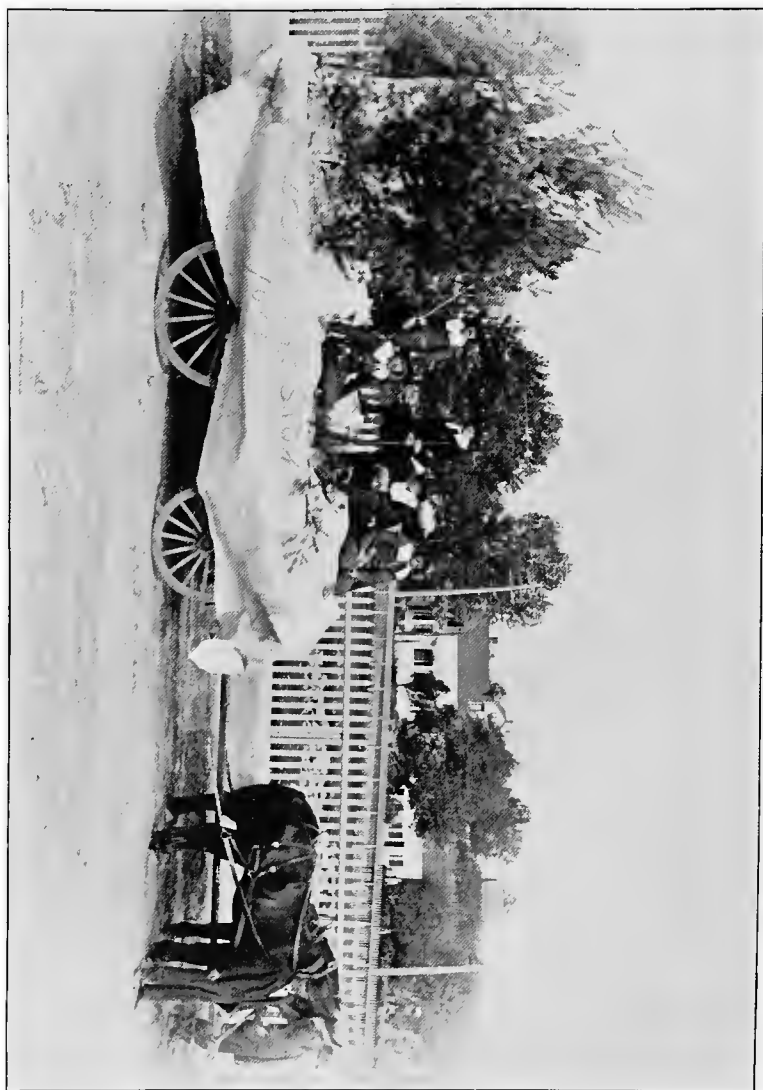
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the magistrate, and the elders, in any difficulties they might meet with. On the following day, Nov. 5, the church of Charlestown appointed a committee of seven men for the purpose of erecting a church and town in the new territory. Their names were Edward Converse, Edward Johnson, John Mousall, Mr. Thomas Graves, Samuel, Thomas, and Ezekiel Richardson. A comparison of the two committees will show that Edward Converse, Edward Johnson, John Mousall, Thomas Graves, Ezekiel Richardson, and Samuel Richardson were members of both. In other words, the church selected its committee (with the exception of a single name, Thomas Richardson) from the civil committee already appointed by the town.

The civil committee have left little on record by which to know their work ; but by their own statement their duty was to fix boundaries and choose a location for the new village. The church committee, by their own statement, were chosen for the carrying on the affairs of the new town. The function of the first body was transitory and soon accomplished, while that of the latter was continuous. To the civil authorities was given the dignity of formal settlement, the laying of the official corner-stone ; on the church was laid the burden and detail of the upbuilding. The civil committee accomplished its work with promptness and despatch. Appointed Nov. 4, on Nov. 7 they had secured from the General Court an enlargement of the last grant to "four miles square"; on the 17th they fixed the boundaries of the village and selected a site for the church on the lot of Mr. George Bunker, which included the present centre of the city.

The church committee proceeded with more deliberation. Having received their appointment Nov. 5, they made an attempt to explore the territory on Nov. 9. The General Court had specified in the last grant that the territory should not come within a mile of the Shawsheen River, and with that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, this committee immediately started up to the Shawsheen to view the land that they could not have. Winter had already set in, and "being lost, they were forced to lie under the rocks, whilst the rain and snow did bedew their rocky beds." On Nov. 17, they met with the civil committee and tacitly agreed to the boundaries and locations chosen by them ; this acquiescence was probably due to the fact that they

FLOAT — "LOST IN THE SNOW."







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knew little about the territory in question, for later on, after more explorations, they repudiated the agreement and selected another location for the village.

The Charlestown church became alarmed at the large number of its members that wished to cast in their lot with the new organization, and in the words of the ancient chronicler, "had a suspicious eye over them." But in the end they yielded to the inevitable, and gave them permission to go on with the work.

Dec. 18, 1640, was a memorable date in our history, for on that day the church committee met at the house of Mr. Thomas Graves, in Charlestown, and perfected their organization by choosing a town clerk and drawing up town orders to which all persons admitted to be inhabitants must voluntarily subscribe. It is also recorded that upon this occasion Capt. Edward Johnson drew a plot of the town. Would that we had it to-day! We could have easily spared his *Paulisper fui* and subsequent poetical effusions, if he had substituted this first plan of Woburn; but he was only too human, and gave thought and loving care to preserve the weak and feeble children of his imagination, while the priceless plan was left to perish. The town orders, or first by-laws, are so brief and present so accurately the temper and condition of our ancestors, that I venture to insert them in full. They were five in number and, omitting the preamble, which Poole says is almost an exact copy of the preamble to the "Liberties of the Massachusetts Collonie," they read as follows:—

[FIRST ORDER.] For the carrying on common charges, all such persons as shall be thought meet to have land and admittance for inhabitants shall pay for every acre of land formerly laid out by Charlestown, but now in the limits of Woburn, sixpence; and for all hereafter laid out, twelve pence.

[SECOND ORDER.] Every person taking lot or land in the said town shall, within fifteen months after the laying out of the same, build for dwelling thereon and improve the said land by planting, either in part or in whole, or surrender the same up to the town again; also, they shall not make sale of it to any person but such as the town shall approve of.

[THIRD ORDER.] That all manner of persons shall fence their cattle of all sorts either by fence or keeper, only it is required all garden plots and orchards shall be well enclosed, either by pale or otherwise.

[FOURTH ORDER.] That no manner of person shall entertain inmate, either married or other, for longer time than three days, without the consent of four of the selectmen; every person offending in this particular shall pay to the use of the town for every day they offend herein sixpence.

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[FIFTH ORDER.] That no person shall fell or cut any young oak like to be good timber under eight inches square, upon forfeiture of five shillings for every such offence.

The most striking points of these orders are their simplicity and their constant reference to the autonomy of the town. Here is a new organization detached from an older and incorporated body. It separates itself wholly and immediately into an independent existence, making its own laws and establishing its authority solely by the consent of the governed. It was the most absolute democracy that the world has ever seen. There is not the slightest whisper of any reserved power to be lodged in the parent town. No royal decree, no parliamentary sanction, is asked for or recognized. They sought, in the elevated language of the preface, "the free fruition of such liberties and privileges as humanity, civility and Christianity calls for, as due to every man with his place and proportion, without impeachment and infringing, which hath ever been and ever will be the tranquility and stability of Christian commonwealths."

The Commonwealth, the Christian Commonwealth, was their constant aim and endeavor, a place where every man might enjoy his own rights without interfering with those of his neighbor. With the Bible for his code of law, and the minister for his counsellor, the public magistrate was no longer the instrument of external tyrannical power, but became the head of the family, the arbiter of differences of opinion, and he was governed by principles which both plaintiff and defendant recognized and approved of. It is entirely in keeping with the spirit of the times to find it written down officially that three days after the adoption of the above orders this little band met at the house of John Monsall, and "considering the weightiness of the work and the weakness of the persons, this day was set apart for humble seeking of God by prayer and fasting for help in a work of so great consequence."

In February, 1641, active work on the new settlement began. On the 8th, the committee searched for two days to discover a suitable place for the village, and the majority "thought meet it should be laid out in the eastern end of the land granted to the town." On the 10th a bridge was laid over the Aberjona River,

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against Edward Converse's house, and near what is now known as Whitney's Mill. The scene is then abruptly changed to Charlestown, where on the 12th a meeting is held at Samuel Richardson's to consult in regard to a minister for the infant church. In the morning of the 13th, the entire company came together at Ezekiel Richardson's and "appointed to meet at the new laid out town the next third day following." Every detail seems favorable for the new venture, when suddenly we read that "on the afternoon of the same day, they had a meeting before Mr. Nowell, Mr. Symmes, and others, who gave them no small discouragement." This comes like a thunder clap from a clear sky. Why should Nowell and Symmes, who were two of the three patrons of the undertaking, give them discouragement? No reason is assigned; simply the statement is made that when this new settlement needed all its enthusiasm to sustain the members through the hard labor of breaking ground, when it might reasonably look to its patrons for cheer and support, then those persons, who were influential citizens of the parent town, gave it no small discouragement. He who reads between the lines of the records must come to the conclusion that the patrons were influenced to their opposition by others who disliked the location chosen by the church committee. The records state that the location in the east end of the town was "thought meet by the greatest number," inferring that there was a minority who preferred some other place. The Charlestown committee of thirteen, headed by Capt. Sedgwick, had previously chosen a location which had been partially accepted but afterwards abandoned for another one deemed better by the majority. The minority probably preferred the Sedgwick site. Mr. Nowell and Mr. Symmes threw the weight of their official authority on the side of the minority, and gave discouragement not to the enterprise itself but to the site selected. The question why they should do so is easily answered. Capt. Edward Johnson and a number of others, according to the Waterfield allotments, owned land in the western part of the town, and would suffer considerable inconvenience and loss if the village were located in the extreme east. Johnson was a near neighbor of Sedgwick in Charlestown, eulogizes him in the "Wonder-Working Providence," and refers to him in the Woburn records as the "Noble

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Capt. Sedgwick." It is very possible and even probable that the minority made use of Johnson's acquaintance with Sedgwick, and through him secured the opposition of Nowell and Symmes. That this was the ground of opposition, and that these were the means used, is further evidenced by the entry in the records under Feb. 29 : —

"Mr. Nowell, Capt. Sedgwick, Lieut. Sprague and some others, by Charles-town appointed, advised to remove the house lots and place for the meeting house to the place where they now stand."

When we remember that these records were written up after the removal, we see how potent was the advice of the above committee, and we understand more fully the Homeric strain in which Johnson sings : —

"To view my land place, compiled body rear,  
Nowell, Symmes, Sedgwick, these my patrons were."

Soon after this these three patrons pass off the stage and their names are found no more on the pages of the town history. The dignified magistrate and the titled gentleman had played their parts. The one by his official position influenced the selection of a site ; the other gave to the new town the name of his birth-place. With the latter we have no quarrel. Woburn is a name that we all cherish and respect. It has come down to us with an honorable record behind it, and we trust that our children will receive it unsullied from our hands. I am convinced, however, that the former, by his interference with the will of the people, has done our city an inestimable injury.

Stop for a moment and consider what would have been our condition had the judgment of the majority been sustained. Woburn Centre would have been at Montvale, in the valley of the Aberjona, where meadow land was rich and plentiful. The new community must subsist largely by cultivating the soil, and here were the best and most suitable circumstances. Means of communication with the towns below was important, and the river valley furnished a ready outlet. When the country to the north was developed, the valley would become the natural thoroughfare, as was subsequently shown by the location of the railroad. Had it not been for interference we should see to-day the space from the Merrimac Chemical property to the Glue Works dotted with

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the smoking chimneys of our industries and resonant with the clatter of our machinery.

Acres of tan would line the tracks of the main road between Boston and the great north, and proclaim to every passer-by the accumulating wealth and tireless industry of Woburn. Business would have been where business belonged, in the valley, on the natural highway of intercourse between man and man. The increase of manufacturing would crowd the householder out of the lowland and compel him to climb the hillside, where each step would add new beauties and yield ever-increasing delight as the landscape unfolded beneath. Business in the broad, eastern valley; on the hills, and over their crest toward the setting sun, the quiet homestead, with that full sense of rest and security for which the worker so often longs. To-day the best class of residences would occupy the land which we are devoting directly to business, or have abandoned because of its proximity to business. With our beautiful wooded hills standing over against each other like the seats of a vast amphitheatre, with our lake backed by the stately mountain "bearded with moss and in garments green," and our rugged sentinel rock standing above us like a grim keeper looking out far and wide upon the unbroken circle of the horizon; with these and other attractions of natural scenery, Woburn could offer to the intending citizen a home unmatched by any other city in our Commonwealth. We could have united the wealth, the energy, the push of a business community with the quiet retirement and seclusion of a residential city. In the location which was finally chosen, the settlers have ever found themselves fighting against nature, destroying her grateful shade to make room for their farms, torturing her picturesque hills into mathematical streets, or hollowing out their sides to build their stores, coaxing refractory railroads and canals with infinite pains into places never intended for such. The opposition of Mr. Nowell, the magistrate, had a power which he himself little realized. Put forth to move the cradle of an infant hamlet, it has perhaps changed the history of three towns.

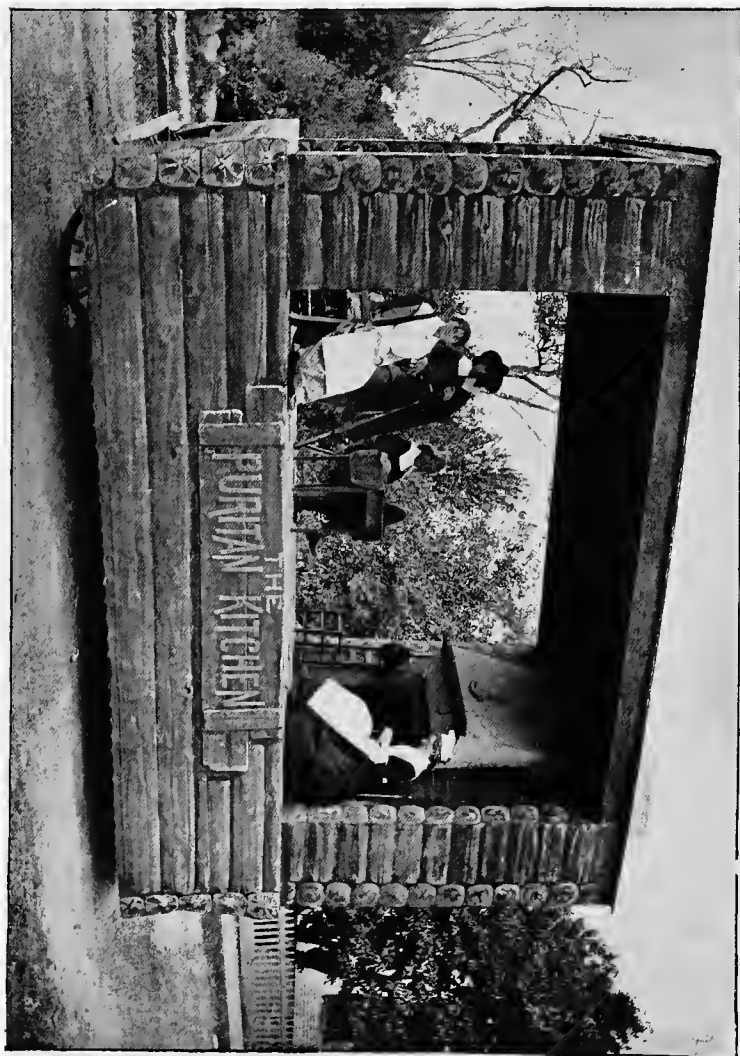
Hardly had the new site been occupied before the commissioners began to look about them for a minister, and the records of the next six months are almost exclusively devoted to their endeavors in this direction. At length they secured the services

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of Mr. Thomas Carter, who came to them several times for special services, and was finally prevailed upon to cast in his lot with Woburn.

A house was built for his accommodation, and suitable land was set apart for his use. A church was gathered on Aug. 14, 1642, although the pastor was not ordained until Nov. 22 of the same year. It may seem to some that these are matters which should more properly be omitted from an occasion of this character, and left to the consideration of the church itself. They are undoubtedly of especial interest to that body, but they are also so considerable an element in the social problem of the times that the historian is forced to give them more than a passing mention. It was plainly stated by one of the seven founders of Woburn that "it was as unnatural for a right New England man to live without an able ministry, as for a smith to work his iron without a fire." With such sentiments as these in their minds, their actions must to a considerable extent be governed by them, and to understand their situation we must consider the probable influence of the spiritual as well as the physical forces.

Abandoned by those who had promised to be their patrons, confronted by unexpected obstacles, and without the aid of wealth, it was the church committee that persevered in the original endeavor and established a municipality. Under these circumstances it was not strange that the church should assume large proportions in their eyes, and that her authority should be well-nigh supreme. It was not unnatural that a subscription to her doctrines should be of paramount importance, and that the officers of the town from selectman to pound-keeper should be chosen with reference to their religious standing, or that she should claim the right to pass upon the character and conduct of all who desired to reside within her borders. Times have changed; and with the changes have passed away the circumstances which permitted, almost necessitated, this exclusive authority; but in the rigid and underlying moral sentiment of Massachusetts, which is a greater safeguard against the encroachments of evil and a stronger defence against lawlessness than courts of justice or rows of bayonets, we find, to-day, the results of this spiritual domination. It behooves us not to sneer at the



FLOAT—"PURITAN KITCHEN."





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narrow bigotry of our ancestors, for the stern, uncompromising fidelity of the old New England conscience has left behind it an influence which makes our lives safer, our homes more secure, and our community a more desirable one to dwell in.

With its church established and minister chosen, the new settlement needed only a name and the official sanction of the civil government to enter upon its dignities and responsibilities. This sanction was given on Sept. 27, 1642, or, according to the present style of reckoning, Oct. 7, 1642. The action of the civil authority was a matter of such slight moment that it is not even mentioned in the Woburn records, which are filled with references to ecclesiastical events, giving the texts of sermons and synopses of their arguments. The name, Woburn, was probably chosen in honor of Capt. Robert Sedgwick, who was born in Woburn, Bedfordshire, England, as it was common in those days to name a new town not after the individual whom it was desired to compliment but after his former abode.

Down to this point, the day from which we date our existence as a corporation, it has seemed necessary to trace the course of events somewhat minutely and adhere as closely as possible to the wording of the ancient record where it could be followed.

To-day we close our quarter millennial. To-morrow will be our two hundred and fiftieth birthday, and it is fitting that as our thoughts go back to the day that we celebrate, they should go back to the details that make up the picture. Some of the finer touches of color are gone beyond recall, yet many remain. The strong, broad tones, the outline of light and shade are still visible to him who shall shut out the blinding glare of to-day, and accustom his eyes to the more sombre hues of the past. Still, it is neither desirable nor possible, in the time allotted to these exercises, to continue this method of tracing the course of events through the two and a half centuries since elapsed. Much must be omitted by design, some possibly by accident, and if the selection is not such as each listener would prefer, or if topics are omitted which he might wish to have included, I shall crave his indulgence and ask each for himself to supply the deficiencies. In the few minutes that remain let us, without attempt at consecutive historical narration, consider the personality of

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our predecessors as revealed by their words and their works that have come down to us.

Hand down the ancient volume, brush the dust from its vellum, and read. As leaf after leaf is turned there is built up before our eyes a new historical conception — the dignity of the individual. A conception so commonplace to us that we forget it has not always existed. On European soil the citizen was a cipher, with none so low as to do him reverence. The king by right divine, the noble by inherited prerogative, ruled the common people with a rod of iron, and bound upon them burdens which they themselves scorned to touch with the little finger. Out from this network of tyrannical power, this conspiracy against mankind, came these bold and restless spirits. The reaction was intense. Landing upon the unbroken shores of New England, untrammelled by laws or law-makers, they asserted a liberty that would have been license but for the restraining influence of their stern religious creed. The individual assumed a prominence in his own eyes and those of the community that placed him on a level with kings, and paved the way for the declaration a little more than a century later, "that all men were created equal; that they were endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that to secure these rights governments were instituted, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

While Woburn's early settlers made few proclamations of their rights, they acted practically upon the same ideas that their children subsequently embodied in the Declaration of Independence and defended with their lives. We are told that in the distribution of their land they did it without any "respect of persons," and that "they refused not men for their poverty." Character was the measure of worth, and personal rights were not dependent upon the rank of the individual.

We cannot but admire the superb egotism with which Edward Converse and Isaac Cole declined to publish the king's missive, as was their manifest duty, because, forsooth, they disagreed with certain sentiments contained in it.

The law courts played an important part in the development of this individualism. It was every man's right and privilege to claim the protection of the law, and the hall of justice became a sort of debating ground where were argued out differences of

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opinion. If two persons disagreed about any matter concerning land or money they promptly went to law, not apparently with feelings of bitterness, but for the pure pleasure of a contest. In reading over the proceedings of the courts one is strongly reminded of the sparring of two boxers who give and take each other's buffets with imperturbable good nature. In this way the people of this and sister municipalities taught themselves to be close and logical reasoners, so that when the time of fierce trial came they were able to set forth their opinions and their demands for their "inalienable rights" in language so forcible and arguments so convincing that the world has not yet ceased to wonder at and admire them.

The rights which they claimed as individuals they further claimed for the town. During the arbitrary administration of Sir Edmund Andros, the right to hold a town meeting for election of officers was denied unless the said meeting was called by warrant of the county or the governor's council. Our stiff-necked ancestors, resenting this abridgment of their rights, calmly ignored Sir Edmund, called their meetings and elected their officers in the time-honored way. Although they were finally compelled to hold a second meeting to comply with the new law, they simply ratified their former choice and outwitted the governor by holding two meetings in a year where he had declared they should hold but one. The next year they repeated their stubborn conduct and brought down upon their devoted heads an order of the governor and council. Again the third year they called their own meeting in their own way, but before there could be any interference the people had deposed the haughty ruler, re-established the General Court, and Woburn held her town meetings at her own sweet will without let or hindrance.

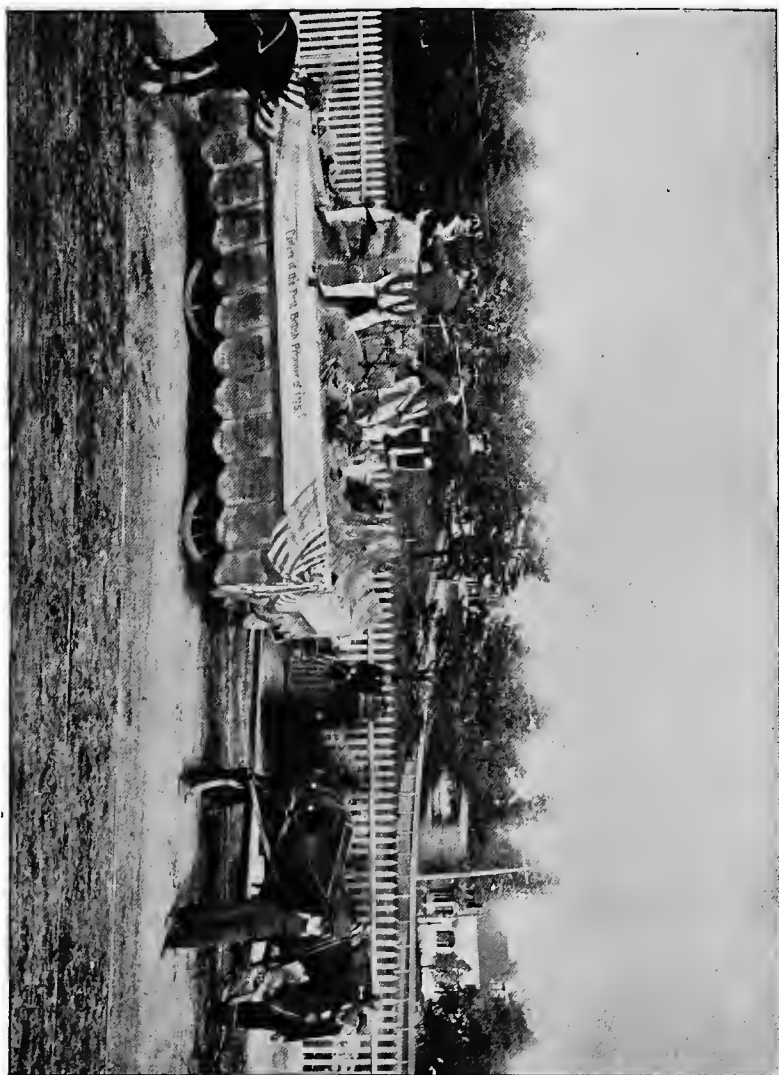
Thus they went on from year to year, never failing to protest against any infringement of personal or municipal rights. They waged sharp legal warfare over the text of a letter, the repairing of a bridge, or three pennyworth of land — matters in themselves insignificant but involving principles which needed to be established. To-day we are enjoying the results of these hard fought battles, and our code of law and judicial system are the direct outgrowth of these efforts of our ancestors. They laid the foundations of that self government which has preserved order and

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safety in the midst of the friction incident to popular institutions, and made it possible for their descendants to maintain a government of the people. The social, legal, and political equality, which has been our most precious inheritance, is the natural and logical consequence of the intense individualism of the past.

In spite of their individualism they were strong in political unity and devotion to the Commonwealth. The early history of New England had its dark hours when ruin and disaster stared the colonists full in the face. Starvation sat by their firesides and watched with grudging eye the preparation of the scanty meal; the Indian, more cruel than death, poured down upon them his hostile host in a war of extermination; and, finally, their brethren beyond the sea sought to rob them of the freedom which they had so hardly earned. These difficulties and dangers, this pressure from without, served only to solidify the colonies and bind them into a closer relationship. Individual differences passed out of sight and they made common cause against the common foe.

The loss and suffering in the Indian wars were not confined to the towns which were pillaged and burnt, but the victory was finally won by the combined forces and contributions of the Commonwealth. Philip's war began in June, 1675, and in the year previous Woburn's share of the county tax had been about one hundred and fifty dollars. Within the fourteen months from the commencement of hostilities until the death of Philip the expenditures were enormous and taxes rose to an appalling figure. Without entering into details it is sufficient to say that the General Court called upon Woburn for about twenty times the usual amount, which they raised and paid over without a murmur or a protest. When we consider the rugged independence of these men and their blunt refusal to obey official mandates that did not meet their approval, we can easily see how pressing was the necessity and how devotedly they supported their own Commonwealth. One hundred years later they rose in arms against a trivial tax of a few cents on tea, and chased the collector from their doors; but whether they paid or refused to pay, it was the same spirit that animated them. Debts of their own contracting they would pay with scrupulous exactness; other burdens no man, be he king or councillor, might lay upon them.



FLOAT — "CAPTURE OF BRITISH SOLDIER. 1775."



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In 1775, Boston was the mouthpiece, and her soul-inspiring utterances had an important influence upon the result, but it was the silent countrymen of towns like Concord and Lexington and Woburn, who, with bared arm and set teeth, stood behind the bold words and made them good before the world. Individualism did not hinder or diminish their patriotism.

The original Woburn was a farming community, making within her borders only such articles as she needed for home consumption ; to-day she is a manufacturing city, sending her products to the ends of the earth. This evolution is interesting to us and must not be passed over without a word. The original town orders were signed by thirty-two names, and it is probable that the whole number of inhabitants, men, women, and children, did not exceed one hundred and fifty. Three years afterward, in 1645, there appear in a county rate forty-five names of taxpayers, which would indicate a total number of less than two hundred. One hundred and fifty-five years later, in 1800, the population was 1,228. In other words, it had taken one hundred and fifty years to gain a thousand people, an average of about seven per year. At the beginning of this century there were in town one hundred and fifty-six houses, two or three stores, and two curry-shops. The showing might have been more favorable for the old town had she not met with a serious loss. Two of her daughters, as daughters sometimes will, had changed their names, one to Wilmington, one to Burlington, and moved away from home, taking with them a considerable portion of their mother's possessions. The bereaved parent loudly bewailed this desertion, but soon became reconciled to the new order of things, and ended, as the old folks often do, by being secretly pleased with the new households and their prosperity.

In 1803, the Middlesex Canal was opened, and the additional facilities thus afforded for transportation increased the prosperity of Woburn and brought more trade to her borders. In 1844, the branch railroad was finished and added still another means of growth. Meanwhile the foundations of the leather business had been slowly and thoroughly laid, and when transportation was furnished the industry grew with surprising rapidity. From 1850 to 1860 was Woburn's money-making period. In spite of the loss of another daughter and more territory, her factories built

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up, her population increased, and her wealth rolled on with a constantly increasing volume. During the next decade came the war period with its tremendous destruction of life and property. The demand for leather was greatly increased, prices rose, and, in 1870, Woburn found herself suddenly transformed into a manufacturing town with eight thousand five hundred people within her borders. Farming was incidental now and tanning was the principal industry.

This change brought with it a modification in the character of the town. The slow, cautious bargaining of the farmer gave way to the energetic methods of the business man. The manufacturer who saw the busy workmen that thronged his large establishment, where every moment ran itself in golden sands, realized that prompt action was as necessary as sound judgment. These ideas gradually infused themselves throughout the growing community and entered into its government. Taxes were higher because there was more money to pay with; schools were improved because the people demanded more education; stores increased because the larger population had more varied wants. In a word, Woburn, rising up, shook off her agricultural garments and took her place among men,

“ Men the workers, ever reaping something new;  
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.”

These changes in policy brought in their train changes in population. The increase was no longer natural; it became artificial. Immigration set in and large numbers came hither seeking employment. It was a heterogeneous mass, some good, some bad, and much indifferent. As a legitimate consequence labor was divided into departments, where each workman learned only his own little part, instead of mastering the entire trade from beam house to measuring table. Skill and intelligence sought and found its level. The ignorant and inefficient workman went in at the bottom and crowded out his more intelligent and skilful competitor. Paradoxical as this may seem it is strictly true; crowded him out, but forced him up higher. The bright workman became an overseer, the overseer became an employer, and thus the strife rolled on, intelligence



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and skill ever finding a higher and a higher place, and commanding its premium in the open market.

It must not be supposed that these great, even radical, changes took place without considerable opposition in the community. Land-owning classes are generally conservative. The farmer moves with his seasons in slow but methodical order, without haste, without rest. To him the hurry and the bustle of the factory was "flying in the face of Providence"; new faces in the community disconcerted him, and habits and customs different from his father's were to him an abomination. To-day this feeling has almost wholly passed away. The common sense of the majority prevailed, and Woburn held out her hands to the laboring man, however lowly he might be. If he was ignorant, she gave him bread in exchange for the work of his hands, and freely educated his children that they might be better equipped for the struggle than he. If he brought with him any measure of ability or ambition, she gave him the fullest opportunity for its accomplishment.

Well may those who bear the names of Woburn's early settlers look back with pride and reverence toward the ancient town; but with even greater love and veneration should she be regarded by those to whom she has been a generous foster-parent. Her success has meant their success; and in her prosperity, to a marked degree, has been wrapped up their fortunes. The city is not the possession of any class or race, all can unite to-day, and the sole contention shall be in paying honor to the common mother of us all.

If upon this occasion some intelligent citizen of Woburn, England, should visit us, we would all take a personal pride in unfolding to him, step by step, our progress. We should read to him the record of our past and dwell upon the different stages of our growth; we should spread before him the best that our present could afford, showing him the perfection of our machinery and the marvellous ingenuity of our industries. When he had seen and heard all that we could do or tell, what would he say was the strongest and most marked characteristic of the people upon whom he has chanced?

Character is revealed by deeds, and motives can best be judged when crystallized into actions. What was it that tempted

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our fathers up into this wilderness which they themselves thought hard to traverse? Was it a religious motive, and were they sustained in their labors by the zealot's faith that drove the Pilgrims across the sea to Plymouth sands, or that afterwards upheld Roger Williams as he fled through Massachusetts forests, an outcast from her borders? No, their religion was that of their neighbors; hard, uncompromising, iron-bound, if you will, in creed and catechism, but linked in spirit to the parent town. No difference of opinion, no rebellion against dogma was the cause of their removal to this territory.

Did they come haunted by visions of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, mountains of gold and valleys of gems, as did the Virginians, or were they searching for the fountain of eternal youth, the miraculous spring that tempted the Spaniard through the malarial swamps of Florida? No, the hard-headed New Englander was not led astray by any such chimeras. Was it simply the spirit of adventure which, urged on by curiosity, ever goes about to hear or tell some new thing? Adventurers did not lay bridges, build houses, enact codes of law, install ministers, and establish churches and schools.

Religion, wealth, and adventure; no one of these was the controlling motive, although all three entered into the work. Their dominant thought was development, development of territory, of resources, of self. Your true New Englander loves not a crowd. As soon as he feels his elbows pinned to his sides, he resents the pressure and looks about him for more room. The spirit of organization is hot within him, and where his natural eye sees only forest and swamp, his imagination plans villages, builds houses, plants farms, and starts the wheels of civilization. Horace Greeley seized upon and epitomized this spirit, and his curt advice, "Go West, young man," aptly hits off the disposition of our ancestors. Two hundred and fifty years ago the land where to-day we stand was the West, the far frontier, and here began the development which has resulted in a mighty nation. New England men with stout hearts and New England women with helping hands have resolutely pursued their westward way, surmounting every obstacle. The fathers plunged into the forest and left behind them the roar of the Atlantic upon its storm-beaten shore; their children crossed the mighty Father of

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Waters, and their children's children stand on the surf-smitten sands of the Pacific, where with longing eyes they look out through the golden gateway, and send forth their argosies of trade to lands beyond the sea.

Such development as they planned called for work,—hard work; and they were willing to meet the issue. They did not quail before work, providing the final reward was success. “Will it pay?” became their watchword, and every proposition was met with that incisive question. They did not hesitate to face themselves or their neighbors. Every man's action was exposed to the most searching criticism. Nothing was left to chance or dealt with in glittering generalities. He who aspired to lead in the community must be sincere in his motives, dispassionate in judgment, and able to show a reasonable probability of success before he could secure a following. The cautious free-man and voter did not blindly commit himself on any question of the hour. He sought light and detail. Convinced, he was a tower of strength; unconvinced, he was a foe to be feared indeed.

All through our history has run this trait of character. “Will it pay?” is the question oftenest on the lips of our fathers and ourselves, and has built up in our midst a spirit of materialism, a desire for success in visible things, and a measuring of endeavor by the fruit that it produces. Is this characteristic to be cherished and cultivated, or is it to be discouraged as sordid and base? Does it stamp out the finer feelings, the more elevated sentiments of our nature? Will culture languish under such a stern censor? Let us see. “By their fruits ye shall know them.” What have we have been the fruits?

In the early days when toil was hardest and time could ill be spared for anything which did not directly concern the material progress of the settlement, it was proposed that a church should be founded and a minister called. What! is a church material? Will a minister help in laying bridges and breaking up the soil? Will it pay for a feeble and struggling community to burden itself with the machinery and expense of an ecclesiastical establishment? The community answered back as one man, “It will pay,” and rested not until it had accomplished its purpose. Whatever may be his opinion upon their doctrines, there is not a man within hearing of my voice who would venture to question their

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judgment and declare that the investment had not been a good one.

Again in 1861, when a bit of bunting had been torn away from Sumter's flag-staff, Woburn heard the call of her country to help put it back for Honor's sake. Honor! what is Honor? Can a man buy Honor or sell it? Will it pay to lay aside business, to bear hardship and hunger, nay, to risk life itself for Honor? Again the community gave back its solemn answer, and sent forth its money and its men. It fed the hungry widow and clothed the orphan; it gave without murmur, or repining, or stinting hand, until the flag was again unfurled in peace from the lakes to the gulf, and Honor was redeemed. Who will challenge their decision that it paid, and who will declare that the investment of life offered up and blood poured out in those four dreadful years has not already paid dividends as real as those of any bank stock or railroad bond?

This same material spirit has been prominent in our municipal expenditure, and yet it has not held Woburn back from a progressive policy. Half a million dollars was a large sum for her to invest in a system of water works, but we say that it has paid. The education of her children draws heavily upon her purse, year after year, but as she looks with pride upon the product, estimates their worth to herself, and reads of their honorable achievements elsewhere, with a smile of calm content she declares that it has paid.

Yes, business judgment and lofty sentiments, religious, patriotic and liberal, can and ought to go hand in hand. An individual or a corporation is not necessarily sordid and grasping because of a desire to examine the accounts and find the balance on the right side. Future generations will do well to bear in mind the example of the past, and as they advance along Time's highway, lined with ever increasing opportunities for expenditure, let them, like prudent shoppers, count well the cost, and ask, as did their fathers, "Will it pay?"

Such are some of the reflections which most naturally arise as we turn and gaze backward over the course we have run. Behind us lie the fruitful fields of the past and over them winds a long procession. Two hundred and fifty years come marching in

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single file up the height on which we stand, each bearing its load of achievement. As year after year drops its burden at our feet and vanishes away into the past from which it came, what a mighty offering is gathered! What infinite patience and labor has it cost! When the days of all these years are gathered together and each is multiplied by its weary hours of toil, the product assumes such huge proportions that even the most frivolous must be sobered by its contemplation.

The self-denial, the sturdy honesty, the patriotism of other men in other times, speak to us with eloquent words and say:—

“The past has a lien on thee; the future has a right in thee.”

To-day and to-morrow we shall be prone to dwell upon the past, and it is fitting that this should be so. Let us have the fullest and most complete conception of the tiny hamlet and its brave struggle for existence; but then, having learned all the lessons it can teach us, let us set our faces resolutely to the future.

This is our Woburn. Ours is the joy of possession; ours will be the burden of responsibility.

Standing here on this occasion I could wish for the skill to portray each scene from our early history in such vivid dress and color that it might seem a living reality; I could wish for the ability to speak such words of eloquence as should thrill you with their appropriate dignity; but higher far should I count the power to stir the heart of a single listener to a deeper and truer sense of his duty toward the city of his birth or adoption, and arouse within him a determination to act for her intelligent advancement and honor.

We know not what the future has in store. No human hand may part the curtains that hang before us; but whether there be prosperity or adversity in our pathway, duty remains the same. It is still true that “honor and shame from no condition rise.” If our city is to maintain a municipal reputation for high character and lofty achievement, it will be through the co-operation of all her citizens of every class and party. The city is ours indeed, but it is ours in trust,—a trust upon which labor and agony and life have been expended,—a sacred trust, for which we shall be held strictly accountable. We shall be expected to fittingly supplement the work of those who have gone before, and that we

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may bring our task to a successful close, let us hold fast to this central truth of personal responsibility ; let us remember that "no mere forms of government, no machinery of laws can give dignity to society without unspotted purity of public faith, and without sacred principle, fidelity, and honor among the common people."

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VII.

ORCHESTRAL SELECTION.

BY BALDWIN'S ORCHESTRA.

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VIII.

COMMEMORATIVE HYMN.

BY FRANK EUGENE WETHERELL.

Music by HON. C. C. CONVERSE, Erie, Pa.

Within the unknown wilderness,  
'Mid scented fern and tangled wood,  
Glorious types of fearlessness,  
Our fathers stood.

They halted near the wooded height,  
Where flows the placid, winding stream,  
And hills and dells were all alight  
With autumn's gleam.

A land of promise here they found,  
A restful calm for lives well spent,  
Where homes might rise, and peace abound,  
And sweet content.

Like beacon ray from darkest shore,  
Straightway the glow of fireside flame  
Shone brightly from each humble door  
In welcome's name.



FRANK E. WETHERELL,  
Author of Commemorative Hymn.





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No wav'ring doubts, no fear assailed  
These men of grand, heroic mould ;  
Of purpose strong, their faith prevailed  
And made them bold.

To-day, with rev'rence let us turn  
Unto the faithful toiling few,  
Who wore beneath a visage stern  
Warm hearts and true.

Sung by the TEMPLE QUARTETTE.

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IX.

POEM.

THE INTRODUCTION BY MAYOR THOMPSON.

Mayor Thompson then introduced the poet of the day in these words :—

When the late rebellion broke out, and our town among others was called upon to send to the front large numbers of men to defend and uphold the grand old flag, there were none who responded more earnestly and courageously than those who had come from older countries and had made our town their home by adoption. If you will examine the tablets on our soldiers' monument you will find among the names there inscribed many who fell in battle having Celtic blood within their veins. The Celtic race has ever been ready to defend its rights, to act the part of the patriotic citizen, and its poets have sung in praise of heroic devotion to duty and sacrifice. We have with us to-day a gentleman in every way representing that brave people, and one who is a fit successor to that friend of humanity, John Boyle O'Reilly. I have the pleasure of introducing to you, as poet of the day, James Jeffrey Roche.

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THE POEM BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

Need we tell the stirring story of the builders of the town,  
Where the record of their glory every stone hath written down?  
Do we look beyond the ripeness, to the sapling or the root?  
Nay, we know the tree is healthy — we have tasted of the fruit.  
Fair and stately is the city, from the lowly hamlet grown;  
But its strength is ruled and measured by the hidden corner  
stone.

Not in darkness, but in wisdom, wrought the prescient pioneers,  
Hewing pathways, building bridges, for the marching of the years,  
For the glorious procession, that their eyes might never see,  
Of the serried ages moving to the light of liberty;  
Moving slowly, footsore, weary, for the road is dark and long,  
Every passage barred by power, every hilltop held by wrong,  
Till the dawn of freedom breaketh, with the promised land in  
view,

Where the simple many toil not for the strong and cunning few,  
Where the worker knows no master, and the thinker takes no  
heed

Of the morrow, lest he perish in the selfish game of greed.  
Naught the fathers wrecked of hardships, naught of triumphs  
sorely won;

They but saw the day's endeavor and the duty to be done,  
For they said: "The sum we know not, but God keeps the score  
in sight;

Every cipher makes it tenfold, if you place it to the right."  
Who hath faith may move a mountain. Aye, for faith shall move  
the man,

And the strong arm of the righteous carry out the heavenly plan.  
So in sacrifice and travail, as a coral island grows

With the builders for its ramparts, line by line the structure rose.  
Not on perishable columns be their faithful names enrolled;  
Not in fleeting song or story be their valiant actions told.

But by sons who stand for honor, in the council, on the field;  
By unspotted civic virtue, freedom's sword and spear and shield;  
By the simple faith and courage left in heritage and trust,  
Shall the city hold its charter when the parchment turns to dust!



JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE,  
Author of the Poem.



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X.

SINGING.

BY THE TEMPLE QUARTETTE.

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XI.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

BY REV. DANIEL MARCH, D. D.

Tune: "AMERICA."

*(The hymn was read by REV. HENRY C. PARKER, and the audience joined in the singing.)*

God of our fathers' days,  
To Thee glad song we raise,  
With voices free.  
For their brave deeds of might,  
For their firm faith in right,  
When girt with cloud and night,  
All thanks to Thee.

Through Thee they won this land,  
They saw Thy guiding hand,  
And followed Thee.  
Thy might did make them strong,  
Through Thee they conquered wrong,  
To Thee they raised their song,  
When they were free.

For this good land we hold,  
More precious far than gold,  
For shore and sea,  
For mountain, hill, and flood,  
For fields where forests stood,  
For freedom bought with blood,  
All thanks to Thee.

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Let peace pervade our land,  
And duty brace our hand,  
    For deeds of right.  
Let every nation see  
The truth that makes us free,  
And error's darkness flee  
    Before Thy light.



XII.

ORCHESTRAL SELECTION.

BY BALDWIN'S ORCHESTRA.





**JOHN R. CARTER**

**Chairman of Committee on School Children's Entertainment.**



## CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT.

In the preparations for the celebration the school children were not forgotten. A committee of ladies and gentlemen under the able leadership of John R. Carter, Esq., vice-chairman of the school committee, laid out an excellent programme for the twenty-five hundred pupils of the Woburn schools. In the afternoon, in Lyceum Hall, the younger children were delighted by a miscellaneous entertainment of instrumental music by Sawyer's Orchestra, a Punch and Judy show, and Prof. Mohr, the magician and caricaturist. The shouts of laughter and exuberance of applause testified to the little ones' appreciation of the committee's efforts.

The evening entertainment, also in Lyceum Hall, to which the pupils of the upper grammar, and high schools were invited, was of an appropriately higher character, as the following numbers show:—

ANNIVERSARY GRAND MARCH (original),	Miss Belle Menard.
SELECTIONS FROM "ERNANI" (Verdi),	Woburn Orchestra.
TABLEAU: "Spirit of '76."	

Mr. John Johnson, Mr. Edward F. Johnson, Master Edward Johnson.

DAVID GARRICK . . . . .	Mr. Leland T. Powers.
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Act I. — "Ingot's Drawing-Room before the Dinner."

SAILOR'S SONG. (Arranged) . . .	Apollo Quartette.
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DAVID GARRICK . . . . . Mr. Leland T. Powers.

Act. II. — "Ingot's Drawing-Room after the Dinner."

SNEIDER'S BAND. (Jordan) . . . Apollo Quartette.

DAVID GARRICK . . . . . Mr. Leland T. Powers.

Act. III. — "Garrick's Study."

THE LITTLE BEARD. (Riley) . . . Apollo Quartette.

TABLEAU : "America, Liberty and Peace."

Mrs. Nellie T. Gilbert, Miss Ida Ellard, Miss Frances S. Jones.

The programmes were daintily designed, the front cover showing a beautiful view, in tint, of the Public Library, and were treasured up by the children as a souvenir of their own particular part in the great celebration.





WILLIAM F. DAVIS,  
Chairman of Committee on Ball.

## RECEPTION AND BALL.

The general programme of the celebration was substantially determined upon before it was decided to add a reception and ball, but the committee in charge, under the efficient chairmanship of Wm. F. Davis, Esq., made up for the shortness of the time at their disposal by their indefatigable efforts. A wise choice was made in Alonzo T. Young, Esq., as floor director, who selected the following representative corps of aids: —

MARCELLUS LITTLEFIELD.

H. EUSTIS SMITH.

WINTHROP HAMMOND.

J. LAMBTON SKINNER.

ELLIOT F. TRULL.

THOMAS J. FOX.

J. H. PARKER, JR.

H. M. ALDRICH.

E. B. BLANCHARD.

DENNIS DOHERTY.

C. H. ARNOLD.

J. F. DELORIEA.

H. B. CLEWLEY.

R. J. W. PHINNEY.

JOHN I. FRENCH.

THOMAS J. FEENEY.

E. J. GREGORY.

PATRICK KELLEY.

H. H. YOUNG.

CLARENCE PIERCE.

JOHN DUNCAN, JR.

GEORGE L. TEBBETTS.

F. F. DODGE.

D. W. BOND.

A. T. WEBBER.

On the evening of Oct. 6, 1893, the guests assembled in the reception rooms of the new armory, from which a covered canopy across Montvale Avenue lead to the Skating Academy. As they entered the spacious academy a picture of fairy

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beauty greeted their eyes. The walls, the galleries, the broad canopy of the roof were hidden by the masses of bright festooning softened by feathery draperies of lace, while suspended from the lofty arches eight arc lights of largest size lent an indescribable splendor to the scene. A little after eight o'clock, the familiar strain of "Hail to the Chief" announced the approach of His Excellency Gov. William E. Russell. During the brilliant reception that ensued, Baldwin's Boston Cadet Band rendered the following choice programme: —

- |   |                    |
|---|--------------------|
| 1. MARCH, "Forward" . . . . .             | <i>Gungl.</i>      |
| 2. OVERTURE, "Raymond" . . . . .          | <i>Thomas.</i>     |
| 3. CONCERT WALTZ, "Sweethearts" . . . . . | <i>Strauss.</i>    |
| 4. CORNET SOLO, "Frolics" . . . . .       | <i>Waldteufel.</i> |
| Mr. Frank E. Partridge.                   |                    |
| 5. GRAND SELECTION, "Amorita" . . . . .   | <i>Wiegand.</i>    |
| 6. GRAND FANTASIA, "American" . . . . .   | <i>Bendix.</i>     |
| 7. FINALE, "Scherzo" . . . . .            | <i>Baldwin.</i>    |

At half past nine o'clock was started the grand march led by Floor Director Alonzo T. Young and Mrs. Russell, followed by Gov. Russell and Mrs. Young, Mayor and Mrs. Thompson, and others to the number of three hundred. The order of dances was an exquisite piece of art, in white and silver, with the seal of the city blazoned on the cover and bits of local scenery in half tone scattered throughout the order. The numbers were as follows: —



BALL ROOM.





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1. GRAND MARCH AND CIRCLE.

"But old recollections are active to-day."

2. QUADRILLE, "ANNIVERSARY" . . . . . *Strauss.*

3. WALTZ.

4. POLKA, "WOBURN."

"How fading are the joys we dote upon."

5. VIRGINIA REEL.

"Oh, call back yesterday; bid time return."

6. SCHOTTISCHE, "NEWPORT."

7. LANCIERS, "PHALANX."

8. PORTLAND FANCY.

"When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war."

INTERMISSION.

"Let good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both."

9. GALOP, WALTZ.

"Like angels' visits, short and bright."

10. FANCY MEDLEY.

"Mirth shakes the hopper in the mill of digestion."

11. SCHOTTISCHE, POLKA.

"Strong friendships cannot live without little graces."

12. QUADRILLE. "LEAP YEAR." LADIES' CHOICE.

"If music be the food of love, play on."

13. DOUBLE LANCIERS.

14. QUADRILLE, SCHOTTISCHE.

15. WALTZ.

"Eyes, look your last! Arms, take your last embrace."

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At intermission an elegant lunch was spread in the broad drill hall of the armory, which had been made bright and beautiful by the hand of decorator and electrician. Dancing continued till one in the morning, when the last strains of the final waltz brought to a brilliant close the first day of the celebration.





EDWIN F. WYER,  
Chief Marshal.

# FRIDAY.

## THE PROCESSION.

The most striking feature of the entire celebration and the one about which centred the greatest popular interest, was the grand military, civic, and trades procession on Friday morning. Its composite character called for an almost endless amount of perplexing detail. Each division received full attention and thoughtful consideration, and, as a result, the following order of the Chief Marshal appeared as early as Sept. 30, 1892:—

### OFFICIAL ORDER OF THE CHIEF MARSHAL.

All organizations and societies intending to participate in the parade Oct. 7, 1892, are requested to report in writing to Chief of Staff Horace N. Conn, on or before Oct. 1, 1892.

The Escort—Fifth Regiment of Infantry, M. V. M.—will form on Main Street, the right at junction of Lowell Street.

The First Corps of Cadets—escort to his Excellency the Governor—will form on Lowell Street, the right at junction of Main Street. Carriages containing city officials and guests of the city will form on Lowell Street, the right at junction of Wyman Street. The High School Battalion, escort, and the G. A. R. Posts will form on Clinton Street, the right at junction of Main Street. The section of Battery C, Light Artillery, will receive special orders for formation.

The Civic Division will form on New Boston and Beach Streets, the right resting at junction of Main Street. Floats and special features will form with the civic division. Positions in line of societies and floats will be hereafter announced in special orders.

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The Woburn Fire Department will form on Wyman Street, the right at junction of Lowell Street.

The Trades Division will form on Wyman Street in rear of the Fire Department and extend down Winn Street if necessary. This division will take position by the way of Winn Street.

As the time is limited in which we can have the services of the "Escort," it will be necessary that all divisions and sub-divisions should report at their rendezvous not later than 9 o'clock A. M.

The Chief Marshal will establish headquarters (in the saddle) at 9 o'clock on Main Street, junction of New Boston Street. Chief of Divisions will report at this time and place for further orders.

The procession will start at 10.30 A. M., *sharp*, and move through Main, Pleasant, Warren, Fowle, Highland, Mt. Pleasant, Prospect, Montvale Avenue, Broad, Main to Church Avenue, where the parade will be dismissed.

His Excellency the Governor will review the procession at the Common.

By order of the Chief Marshal,

EDWIN F. WYER.

Official: HORACE N. CONN, *Chief of Staff*.

The various divisions formed as directed, and at ten minutes of eleven the bugle sounded, and the procession moved out in the following order:—

Platoon of Police. 20 men. WILLIAM R. MCINTOSH, *Chief*.

*Chief Marshal.*

CAPT. EDWIN F. WYER.

<i>Chief of Staff</i>	.	.	.	.	Capt. HORACE N. CONN.
<i>Bugler</i>	.	.	.	.	WILLIAM W. CROSBY.
<i>Adjutant</i>	.	.	.	.	Lieut. EDMUND C. COLMAN.

*Aids.*

WILLIAM E. BLODGETT.	NATHAN W. EATON.
DANIEL W. BOND.	FREDERIC A. FLINT.
J. WINN BROWN.	JOHN D. GILMAN.



HORACE N. CONN.  
Chief of Staff.









WILLIAM R. McINTOSH,  
Chief of Police.

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ROBERT CHALMERS, M. D.	JOHN S. JAQUITH.
RICHARD H. CHAMBERLAIN.	FRANK C. NICHOLS.
HEBER B. CLEWLEY.	Capt. WILLIAM C. PARKER.
ALBERT F. CONVERSE.	NATHAN J. SIMONDS.
JAMES H. CONWAY, M. D.	JAMES R. WOOD.
WILLIAM H. DOYLE.	ARTHUR B. WYMAN.

ALONZO T. YOUNG.

*Escort to the Column.*

Martland's Fifth Regiment Band, of Brockton. 24 men.  
Fifth Regiment of Infantry, M. V. M., Col. WILLIAM A. BANCROFT  
commanding. Lieut.-Col., GEORGE F. FROST.

Major JOPHANUS H. WHITNEY, commanding First Battalion.

Major GEORGE H. BENYON, commanding Second Battalion.

Major WILLIAM H. OAKES, commanding Third Battalion.

Field and Staff: Officers, 10; men, 21.

FIRST BATTALION.

Company M. 3 officers; 45 men. Capt. ADELBERT M. MOSSMAN.  
Company L. 3 officers; 49 men. Capt. ELMORE E. LOCKE.  
Company G. 2 officers; 45 men. First Lieut. JOSEPH C. LAROCK.  
Company E. 3 officers; 50 men. Capt. THOMAS C. HENDERSON.

SECOND BATTALION.

Company I. 3 officers; 55 men. Capt. WILLIAM H. GOFF.  
Company F. 2 officers; 47 men. Capt. MURRAY D. CLEMENT.  
Company C. 2 officers; 44 men. First Lieut. DAVID C. SCOTT.  
Company B. 3 officers; 49 men. Capt. RICHARD W. SUTTON.

THIRD BATTALION.

Company K. 3 officers; 51 men. Capt. WALTER E. MORRISON.  
Company D. 3 officers; 53 men. Capt. WILLARD C. BUTLER.  
Company H. 3 officers; 45 men. Capt. FRANCIS MEREDITH, JR.  
Company A. 3 officers; 56 men. Capt. WILLIS W. STOVER.

Headquarters wagon. Ammunition wagon.

[Friday,

FIRST DIVISION.

*Marshal.*

FRANK W. GRAVES, M. D.

<i>Chief of Staff</i>	. . .	CHAUNCEY B. CONN.
<i>Bugler</i>	. . .	CHARLES H. BUSS, Jr.
<i>Adjutant</i>	. . .	Lieut.-Col. ALONZO L. RICHARDSON.

*Aids.*

Rev. WILLIAM C. BARROWS.	ALBERT B. DIMICK.
EDWIN B. BLANCHARD.	GEORGE F. FOSDICK.
WILLIAM H. BOWERS.	BENJAMIN HINCKLEY.
HARRY J. BREWER.	CHARLIE A. JONES.
WILLIAM J. BROWN.	CHARLES G. LUND.
WILLIAM BEGGS.	JOHN C. MEEHAN.
EDWARD CALDWELL.	Dr. DANIEL F. MURPHY.
JOHN R. CARTER.	FRANK A. PARTRIDGE.
HENRY E. CHASE.	JAMES L. PINKHAM.
WILLIAM I. CLEWLEY.	EVERETT G. PLACE.
Rev. GEORGE A. CRAWFORD.	LAWRENCE READE.
WILLIAM S. WHITFORD.	

Baldwin's Cadet Band.

First Corps Cadets (escorting his Excellency the Governor),  
Lieut.-Col. THOMAS F. EDMUNDS commanding.  
Major GEORGE F. ROGERS.

Company A . . . .	Capt. FRANCIS H. APPLETON.
Company D . . . .	Capt. HENRY B. RICE.
Company C . . . .	Capt. ANDREW ROBESON.
Company B . . . .	Capt. WILLIAM H. ALLINE.

His Excellency, WILLIAM E. RUSSELL, Governor of  
Massachusetts, and Staff.

Carriages containing his Honor Mayor Thompson, Secretary Foster of President Harrison's cabinet, Admiral Belknap, U. S. N.; John G. Maguire of Woburn, Congressman Stevens, J. A. Wiley; ex-Mayor George F. Bean of Woburn, Mayor Babbitt of Taunton, Samuel J. Elder of Winchester; ex-Mayor Johnson of Woburn, George Hayward of Concord, Congressman Morse, John W. Kimball, State Auditor;



FRANK W. GRAVES,  
Marshal of First Division.



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Mayor Converse of Chelsea, James F. Hunnewell of Charlestown, Marcellus Littlefield, Edward H. Lounsbury of Woburn ; Albert Ayer, George W. Parker, M. H. Dutch of Winchester ; Aldermen Brown, Dearborn, Daley and Walsh of Woburn ; Aldermen Ham, Richardson, Councilmen Simonds and Bowers of Woburn ; Councilmen Cutler, Kendrick, O'Donnell, and Phillips of Woburn ; Councilmen McAvoy, Quigley, Meagher, and Kelley of Woburn ; Samuel Sewall, Burlington, A. E. Whitney, Abijah Thompson of Winchester, W. F. Davis of Woburn ; Edward M. Nichols, Howard Eames, Justin L. Parker, Mr. Smith of Wilmington ; Stephen Thompson of Winchester, Charles B. Osgood, President Somerville Aldermen, Rev. W. J. Murphy, John I. Munroe of Woburn ; Charles H. Drew, Walter S. Keane, George F. Butterfield, Selectmen of Stoneham, Patrick Donahoe of Stoneham ; William E. Carter, E. A. Bennett of Burlington, Louis J. Harris of Boston, A. S. Wood of Woburn ; C. W. Abbott, R. Dexter Temple, James P. Clement, Selectmen of Reading, J. J. Mahern ; George W. Fowle of Jamaica Plain, Horace N. Hastings, John L. Parker of Lynn, W. F. Kenney of Woburn ; Senator McEtrick of Boston, Rev. Mr. Harmon of Wilmington, David F. Moreland of Woburn ; E. W. Hall, Sen. Vice-Commander G. A. R., W. A. Wetherbee, Jun. Vice-Commander G. A. R., Capt. J. P. Crane, James H. Carton of Woburn ; H. C. Moore, Adj. Gen. G. A. R., Albert P. Barrett, Capt. L. R. Tidd of Woburn ; H. W. Thompson of Bellows Falls, Dr. C. R. Walker and Mr. Walker of Concord, N. H., Leonard Thompson of Woburn ; Maj. W. T. Wilson and L. H. W. French, Principal of the High School.

American Fife, Drum, and Bugle Corps.

Woburn High School Battalion (escorting the G. A. R. Posts),

Capt. CHARLES T. O'BRIEN commanding.

Company A. 39 men. Lieut. PHILIP M. BROWN.

Company B. 39 men. Capt. CARL S. DOW.

Post 33 G. A. R. of Woburn, Commander WILLIAM T. KENDALL.

Post 75 G. A. R. of Stoneham, Commander MYRON W. MESSER.

Post 161 G. A. R. of Woburn, Sen. Vice-Commander HENRY C. HALL.

[Friday,

Section, Battery C., M. V. M., Lieut. WILLIAM L. STEDMAN  
commanding.

Second Brigade Ambulance Corps, Sergt. WHEELER commanding.

## SECOND DIVISION.

### *Marshal.*

JACOB M. ELLIS.

<i>Chief of Staff</i> . . . . .	ELISHA F. HAYWARD.
<i>Bugler</i> . . . . .	EDWARD H. CUMMINGS.
<i>Adjutant</i> . . . . .	BENJAMIN H. NICHOLS.

### *Aids.*

FREMONT S. BASSETT.	JOHN J. GATELEY.
ADAM BUSTEAD.	FORREST HOOPER.
HENRY L. CARLTON.	PERCY W. LINSOTT.
ROBERT CARTON.	HERBERT E. LORD.
MORRIS W. CARROLL.	JOHN MALONEY.
ARTHUR S. DELORIEA.	JAMES W. McDONALD.
ANTHONY A. DOHERTY.	MARTIN MERRILL.
TERENCE DOLAN.	DANIEL MURRAY.
ARTHUR C. ELLIS.	EDWIN G. PIPER.
GEORGE W. ELLARD.	FRANK S. SARGENT.
PARKER C. FOWLE.	WILLIAM J. SINGER.
JAMES GRAHAM.	THOMAS A. STEWART.
WILLIAM G. GRAHAM.	DANIEL WATERS.

### ROY WENTWORTH.

Germania Band, 21 pieces, Benj. Bowran, leader.

Float, "Original Inhabitants of Woburn." — Characters by F. W. Page, Daniel Williamson, George Irving, Robert Hunttons, James Whittie, all of Shawsheen Tribe, I. O. R. M.

Crystal Fount Lodge, No. 9, of Woburn, I. O. O. F., 60 men ;  
Benj. L. Trull, marshal ; G. W. Fish, N. G.

Bethel Lodge, No. 12, of Arlington, I. O. O. F., 20 men ; J. Bitzer, N. G.

Float, Miles Standish, "On the Mystic." — Characters : E. T. Brigham, F. S. Ellard, Stillman Shaw, J. W. Waters, W. B. Wyman, H. G. Wyer, all of the Innitou Canoe Club.

Sheridan Guards, 32 men, Capt. John A. O'Donnell.

Division 3, A. O. H., 200 men, T. J. Fox, commanding.





JACOB M. ELLIS,  
Marshal of Second Division.







CHARLES W. AMES,  
Marshal of Third Division.

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Float, "Lost in the Snow."—Characters by James M. Weldon, John A. McLean, Peter B. Caulfield, J. F. Caulfield, William S. Frazer.

Malden City Band, 25 men, James Jennings, leader.

Orangemen, "No Surrender Lodge," No. 110, 250 men.

Carriage containing Rev. Hugh Montgomery; Rev. W. P. Warren, of Cameron Lodge; Andrew McEleney, commander; Alex Bustead; followed by delegates from Somerville, Lowell, Boston, Cambridge, Malden.

Float, "Old Puritan Kitchen."—Characters: J. Fred Leslie, Miss Grace Leslie, Miss Etta Pushee, Mr. Arthur Platts.

Bagpipes, Duncan McLean, leader.

Clan McKinnon, 75 men, H. Murray, chief; guests, John G. Black, acting grand chief of Massachusetts clans; Joseph Farquerson, first chieftain of Calendonian Club.

Float, "Going to Church by Saddle and Pillion."—Characters: Masters J. Frank Hale and Charles Hardy.

Float, "Capture of the First British Prisoner by Sylvanus Wood of Woburn."—Characters: Chas. W. Carlisle, prisoner; Continentals, I. H. Jackman, R. W. King, M. B. C. Cummings, of Liberty Council, O. U. A. M.

Naval Brigade Band, 25 men, E. N. L'Africane, leader.

"Spirit of '76."—Characters: A. L. Berry, H. M. Ellis, and Master Fred I. Ham.

"Eight Minute Men on Their Way to Lexington."—By members of Liberty Council, O. U. A. M.

Liberty Council, No. 38, O. U. A. M., D. H. Eaton, marshal; C. F. Spear, adjutant; 250 men.

State Board of Officers from Massachusetts and Rhode Island: delegates from Stoneham, 36; Beverly, 22; Waltham, 14; Attleboro, 41; Monson, 40; Councils 1, 2, and 29 of Rhode Island.

Coach showing old-fashioned methods of travelling, by Martha Washington Council, D. of L.—Characters: Misses Ada Brooks, Carrie Ordway, Alice Nichols, Grace Flanders, Mrs. G. H. Sutherland, Mrs. O. W. Stevens, Mrs. Charles E. Richardson, Mrs. Austin A. Fish, Mrs. George W. Dinsmore, Mrs. F. S. Bassett, Misses Bertha Bassett, Blanche Dinsmore, Mary Richardson, Masters Earl Bassett and Baby

[Friday,

George W. Dinsmore, Jr.; drivers, John Lynch and Ira Wallingford.

"Modern Way," a fashionable drag.—Characters: Misses Helen Nichols, Florence York, Bessie Clement, Helen Cook, Anna Seely, Anna York, Ada Carter, Grace Clement, Mabel Ferguson, Carolyn Crane, Adelaide Richards.

"George and Martha Washington."—Characters: Masters Albert Wellman and Rodney Wood.

Float, "Thirteen Original States," showing an arch and forum with Georgia, Libbie Carpenter; South Carolina, Lizzie Grammer; North Carolina, Florence Clemson; Virginia, Ethel Carlton; Maryland, Lizzie Graham; Delaware, Hattie Marshall; Pennsylvania, Edith Ham; New Jersey, Bessie Green; New York, Lizzie Richardson; Connecticut, Edith Tufts; Rhode Island, Lizzie Ansart; Massachusetts, Louisa Bowe; New Hampshire, Lidie Hurd; driver, D. A. Thorne.

"Uncle Sam's Family," 44 schoolgirls, from as many schoolrooms, representing the States of the Union, and attired in liberty caps and blue sashes.—Characters: Mary Walsh, Alice Blake, Amelia Sheehan, Helen Gray, Elsie Beggs, Charlotte Rollins, Florence Richardson, Louisa Henchy, Lucy Moran, Helena Mulkeen, Cora Kentie, Lena French, Daisy Curtis, Flossie Buck, Lilian M. Conole, Mary E. Breslin, Rose E. Doherty, Grace Peppard, Hattie M. Allison, Nellie Desham, Nellie Henchy, Mamie Porter, Nellie Reynolds, Delia Clancy, Della Down, Eva Langill, Mabel Rosenquist, Susie E. Tidd, Mary McSheffery, Annie Scalley, Jessie M. Stevenson, Lizzie Moreland, Grace Wallace, Kate M. Hanlon, Minnie C. Davis, Blanche Curtis, Bessie Kendrick, Alice Adams, Barbara Marlow, Jennie Golden, Annie Scanlon, May Hooper, Hattie Marshall, Lydia Morse.

Hope Degree Lodge, No. 39. D. of R., in barge.

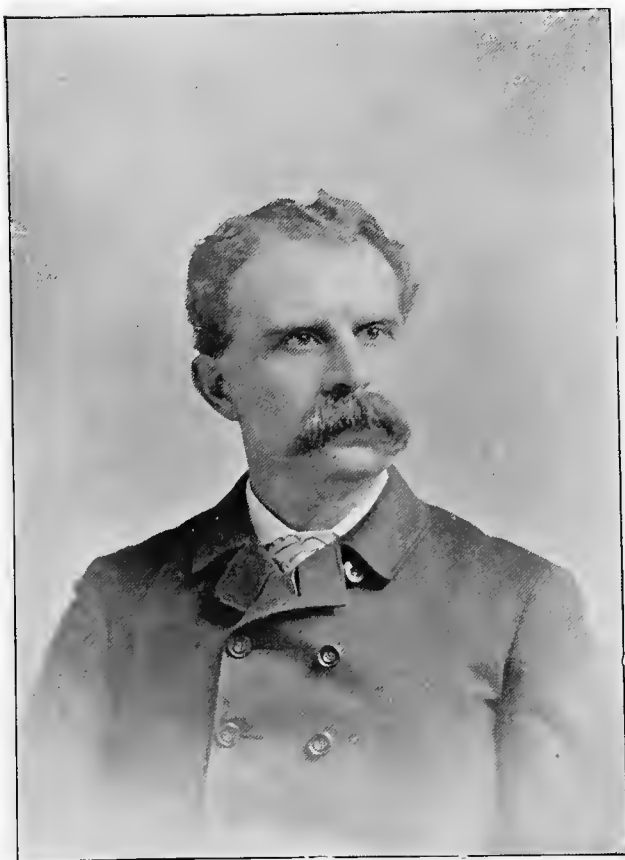
### THIRD DIVISION.

*Marshal.*

CHARLES W. AMES.

*Chief of Staff.*

WALTER A. HANSON.



ALBERT A. FERRIN,  
Marshal of Fourth Division.









CHARLES M. STROUT,  
Marshal of Fifth Division.

October 7.]

*Aids.*

EDWARD F. BUTLER.	WILLIAM S. HOPKINS.
GEORGE A. CLARK.	FRANK MENCHIN.
WILLIAM T. DOTTEN.	GEORGE R. MENCHIN.
HORACE T. EAMES.	CHARLES W. MESSER.
JOHN F. GIVEN.	JOHN E. OSBORNE.
ALBERT F. QUINN.	ALPHONZO T. WEBBER.

Bedford Brass Band.

Stoneham Fife and Drum Corps.

Shawsheen Tribe, Woburn, W. C. Colgate, marshal, 100 men.

Great Council of Massachusetts, 500 men.

Quinobequin Tribe, 25 men.

Malden Tribe, Warren Goldthwaite, 80 men.

Waltham Tribe, Warren P. Richardson, 80 men.

Reading Tribe, J. M. Page, 75 men.

North Cambridge Tribe, John Barker, 20 men.

Cambridgeport Tribe, G. A. Brady, 50 men.

Medford Tribe, C. A. Powers, 500 men.

Stoneham Tribe, C. E. Johnson, 45 men.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Woburn Brass Band.

Chief Engineer A. A. Ferrin, of the Fire Department.

Assistant Chief Engineer, Frank E. Tracy.

Engineer Wagon, Neil Reddy, driver.

Hose 1, Charles Stewart, foreman, 8 men.

Hose 2, C. E. Eaton, foreman, 8 men.

Hose 3, J. H. Doherty, foreman, 8 men.

Hose 4, L. Martin, foreman, 8 men.

Hose 5, J. H. Bates, foreman, 8 men.

Hose 6, G. H. Newcomb, foreman, 8 men.

Hook and Ladder 1, E. E. Stowers, foreman, 10 men.

Steamer 1, P. McCarron, driver.

Fuel Wagon, Edward Shanley, driver.

FIFTH DIVISION.

*Marshal.*

CHARLES M. STROUT.

*Chief of Staff.*

C. WILLARD SMITH.

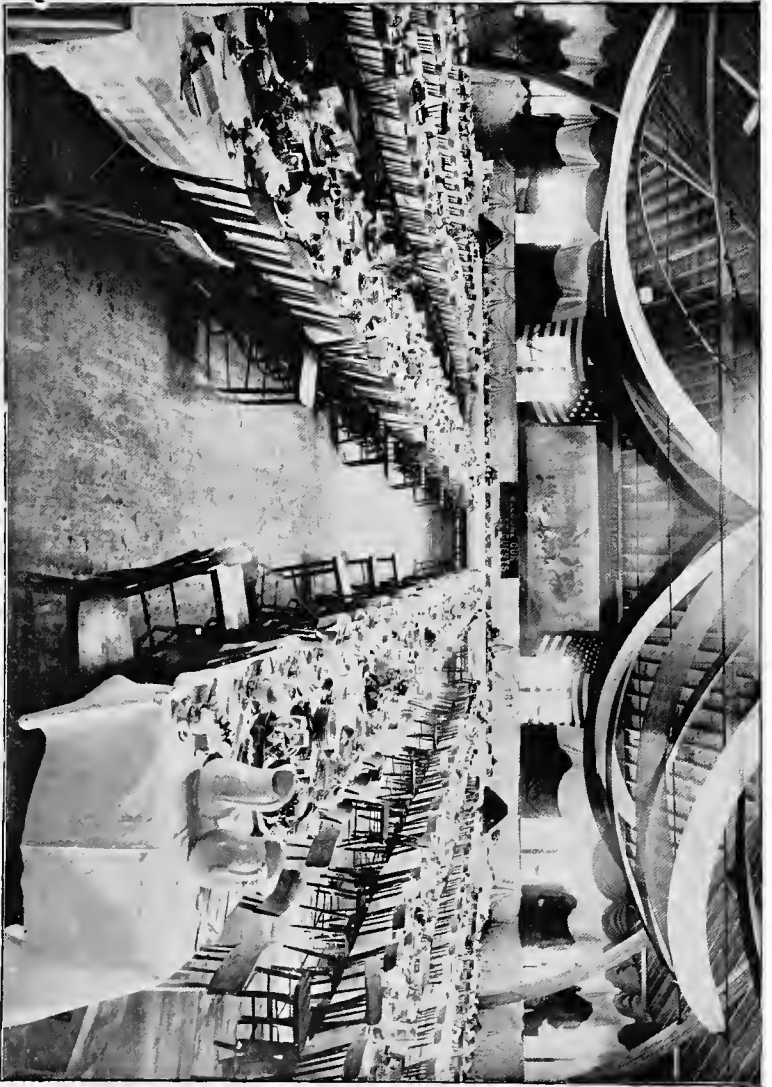
*Aids.*

FRED BARTLETT.	WILLIAM T. GREENOUGH.
GEORGE A. BLAISDELL.	A. LUNDQUIST.
ASA W. BOUTWELL.	J. F. MCKENNA.
EDWARD BANWELL.	——— MEEHAN.
PRVOR W. CHUTE.	JOHN K. MURDOCK.
ROBERT CORRY.	GEORGE A. PRATT.
ARTHUR CLARIDGE.	T. I. REED.
JAMES H. DOHERTY.	A. J. SIMONSON.
JAMES DURWARD, Jr.	DR. N. A. SPRINGER.
WILBUR FELCH.	ASA G. SHELDON.
EVERETT P. FOX.	JOHN F. SCALLEY.
P. J. GOODRICH.	CLINTON C. STONE.
AUSTIN A. FISH.	ARTHUR N. WEBSTER.
A. L. HOLDRIDGE.	EDWARD WINN.

Woburn National Band, 30 men.

## TRADE TEAMS.

Among the features were the following: French Laundry Soap, Suburban Land Improvement Company, M. Stevenson, Jr., Maloney Bros. (two teams), The Woburn *News* and Parker the druggist, Woodside Farm, E. C. Colman, F. C. Nichols and P. J. Goodrich, Alexander Ellis (three teams), Bishop & Loomer Woburn Clothing Company (two teams), S. H. Patten & Son (two teams), T. Moore & Co. (three teams), C. Willard Smith (two teams), J. R. Carter (fifteen teams), J. Simonson, T. I. Reed (six teams), Boston Branch Grocery (three teams), C. M. Strout, John Reardon (five teams), Cummings, Chute Company (seven teams), E. G. Barker (three teams), John Winn, G. E. Pratt, E. Caldwell (six teams), Standard Oil Company, B. F. Flagg, C. E. Marion, Burlington Navy Yard, Board of Health, E. P. Marion, L. W. Marion, W. H. Winn, M. Bancroft, Union Ice Company, W. B. Ward, Ebenezer Reed, J. P. McKay, Woburn Steam Laundry (A. L. Richardson & Bro. 12 teams), Amos Cummings.



BANQUET HALL.



## THE BANQUET.

The formal exercises of the week closed with a banquet in the new armory, on Friday afternoon. The skating academy was utilized as a reception room where the seven hundred guests gathered at two o'clock. Here the distinguished national and State officials held a reception which lasted until three o'clock, when the party marched to the new armory through the covered passageway across Montvale Avenue.

At the table of honor, with the chairman of the banquet committee, Hon. Edward F. Johnson, were seated Secretary of State Foster, Gov. Russell, Admiral Belknap, Mayor Thompson, Ex-Governor Ames, Mrs. Martha E. Sewall Curtis, of Burlington, Samuel J. Elder, Esq., of Winchester, Rev. Elijah Harmon, of Wilmington, Philip J. Doherty, Esq., of Charlestown, Rev. E. G. Porter, John G. Maguire, Esq., Rev. Cyrus Richardson, Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, Hon. Edward D. Hayden, Hon. Elijah A. Morse and others. From the screened gallery the orchestra rendered appropriate music as the guests filed into place.

After the company was seated, the chairman called upon Rev. Cyrus Richardson, of Nashua, N. H., to invoke the divine blessing.

[Friday,

## THE INVOCATION.

We give thanks unto thee, Almighty God, for this beautiful day, this great gathering, and the gifts of thy bounty which load these tables. Thou dost open thy hand to satisfy our wants. We recall with gratitude the toils and sacrifices and triumphs of the early settlers of this historic town. We bless thee that through them thou didst grant us a rich legacy. They labored, and we have entered into their labors. Make us worthy of so illustrious a parentage. Bless us in these festivities. Help us to gain from this anniversary such inspiration as shall make our lives nobler and truer. May the words spoken be channels through which thy thoughts come to us. As we receive this food to nourish and strengthen our bodies, so may we gratefully receive that food which comes down from heaven. Guide us all while we live upon earth, and gather us at last with the fathers in glory through riches of grace in Jesus Christ, our Lord.

At the end of an hour the chairman, Hon. Edward Francis Johnson, called the audience to order and addressed them as follows : —

## WELCOME BY THE CHAIRMAN.

*Ladies and Gentlemen,* — Two hundred and fifty years ago to-day, the General Court of Massachusetts, with a brevity which seems not to have formed a precedent for modern legislation, passed the following simple act of five words: "Charlestowne village is called Wooborne."

Of the history of this unique enactment we know nothing. What hearings were had before legislative committees, what hospitality, if any, was dispensed to the members of the General Court, what retainers were retained by eminent counsel and





EDWARD F. JOHNSON,  
Chairman of Committee on Banquet.



October 7.]

“legislative agents,” — on all these subjects which form so many chapters in the history of the birth of the municipal child of to-day, the records are silent. Enemies of the legal profession might argue that the negative evidence was quite conclusive to show that a law of only five words was never drafted or approved by any first-class, high-priced legislative counsel. But such an argument has no basis of fact or positive evidence on which to rest. The first page of the town records, written in Johnson’s “rude verse,” begins the historic narrative by telling us how the babe Woburn “gane drest,” who her nurses were, and further informs us that

“A neighbour by hoping the babe wold bee  
A pretty Girle, to Rocking har went hee.”

It is sufficient for us to know that we were born of good, sturdy, honest parents; and we are here to-day to celebrate the quarter-millennial anniversary of our existence as a corporate being.

To this birthday party we have invited our respected mother, Charlestown, who, some few years ago, was persuaded to give her hand and her *Neck* to a wealthy and aristocratic neighbor named Boston.

We have invited our kind foster-mother, the Commonwealth, under whose benign laws we have been educated, and beneath whose strong right arm we have been assured of quiet peace with liberty. We have invited our aged grandmother, who, unable to leave her *Beds.* in England, has sent her blessing. We have invited our three daughters, Wilmington,

[Friday,

Burlington, and Winchester, the youngest and prettiest of whom, woman-like, is quite sensitive about her age. We have invited Uncle Sam over whose large estate and in whose great *white* house, three sons of Woburn, Franklin Pierce, Grover Cleveland, and Benjamin Harrison, have been chosen to preside. We have invited our neighbors, Lexington, Reading, and Stoneham; our sisters, the cities of this Commonwealth; and we should certainly have invited our cousins and our aunts if we had any.

We have present here to-day the old and young members of our household: those whose remote ancestors felled the forest and hewed the timber for our first rude dwelling; those whose fathers or grandfathers joined the family when some of the buildings on the old farm were first turned into currying shops; and those who in more recent years have come within our gates, taken up their abode with us, and helped to swell the circumference of the family circle.

To one and all of you, whether kindred in near or remote degree, whether friends of her infancy, her youth, or her womanhood, Woburn extends her most cordial greeting and bids you welcome at this birthday festival. And having first offered you a feast

“With simple plenty crowned  
With all the ruddy family around,”

she now desires to regale you with what the poet calls

“Sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind.”

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In the olden time, next to their God, our forefathers acknowledged the supremacy of the king whose subjects they were. As a law abiding people it was to him they offered their first tribute of respect in their public gatherings. While we are no longer subjects owing fealty to a royal power beyond the sea, we are yet citizens giving allegiance to the United States Government of which we are a part. It is eminently right and proper, therefore, that the first toast on this occasion should be to the representative of that government, "*The President of the United States.*"

For a response I will read the following letter from that distinguished grandson of Woburn, our honored chief magistrate, Benjamin Harrison:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,  
September 27th, 1892.

*Honorable Edward F. Johnson, Woburn, Mass.:*

*My Dear Sir,*—The celebration of the 250th anniversary of the incorporation of Woburn, which is to be held on October 7th, is an event of such interest that I would have been glad to accept the invitation of the Committee to participate in the exercises which your citizens have planned, had the circumstances been such as to make it possible for me to leave Washington. I very much regret that it will be impossible for me to be present, as your people will understand without more particular reference. The brave and intelligent founders of our early civil communities are worthy of honor; and this generation will derive profit from a study of the influences and principles from which have grown our civil government and our great increase and development as a nation.

Very respectfully yours,

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

[Friday,

The circumstance, so delicately alluded to in this letter, which deprives us of the honor of having the President of the United States as a guest at this table, will awaken a thrill of responsive sympathy in the heart of every citizen of Woburn. We sincerely regret his absence, but we appreciate the high compliment he has paid Woburn in sending to represent him on her Anniversary Day that distinguished diplomat, Hon. John W. Foster, Secretary of State, who will now address you.

#### ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN W. FOSTER.

*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,*—It is not for me to respond to-day for the President in his relation to you as a son of Woburn. I can boast of not a drop of New England blood in my veins. My only right of kinship to this interesting anniversary is a brief residence at your near-by venerable university. But as the early inhabitants of this ancient town loyally honored their king beyond the sea, so may we all, as American citizens, with even greater propriety, pay our tribute of respect to the Chief Magistrate whom by our free choice we have placed in the supremest post of authority of this nation. The freemen of this ancient town and their compeers, through the principles they engrafted into their society and government, and which their progeny disseminated throughout this broad land, in the fulness of time wrought a change of allegiance. But, if I have read aright the history of the momentous movement which peopled these colonies, it was not a desire to escape the domination of royalty, but rather an earnest longing for religious liberty which brought your forefathers to the shores of the New World. The early citizens of Massachusetts were loyal to their King. But the principles of liberty and self government which were incorporated in the town orders of Woburn, and put in practice through its town meetings two hundred and fifty years ago, was the seed, planted by earnest, God-fearing men, sedulously cultivated by their descendants, which bore its fully ripened fruit in 1776, when,



JOHN W. FOSTER,  
Secretary of State of the United States.





October 7.]

under the inspiration of Otis and Patrick Henry, and through the courage of Adams, Ben Harrison, and their colleagues, allegiance to King George and royalty was forever sundered. How wisely our fathers acted may be judged by the line of Presidents from Washington to Harrison, and by a comparison with the royal personages who have in the past century ruled the nations of Europe.

While in the enforced absence of the President from these festivities it may have been expected that I should respond to the manifestation of respect to him and to his high office which you have so heartily offered, it would not on this occasion be becoming in me as a member of his official household to enter upon any commendation of his administration. The record which he has made and the manner in which he has discharged the high trust confided to him are known to you all, and you can judge how worthily he is entitled to rank in the illustrious line of American Presidents. I may, however, be pardoned, as one to the manner born, for saying that I and my neighbors take pride in pointing to him as a typical son of Indiana. And when I make this allusion, it leads me to reflect upon the influences which have moulded the character of the present and last generation of men of that broad region of the Ohio and Mississippi valley, where now rests the seat of empire of this republic.

The northwestern territory, far greater in extent, than most of the nations of Europe, was rescued from the blight which had been fastened upon the territory to the south of it, and was forever dedicated to freedom, mainly through the influence which emanated from the political and religious sentiments of New England, and which had its worthy exponent in Nathan Dane, a son of Massachusetts. And when this territory was opened up to settlement, no portion of the sea-board States was more active in populating it than New England; and while Massachusetts sent its colonists in great numbers, no part of it made more worthy contribution than the ancient town of Woburn. The Puritan who made this second journey in search of a new home a century ago was somewhat changed from the Plymouth Pilgrim of a century and a half anterior, modified somewhat in his religious practices, but he was essentially the same God-fearing, liberty-loving, enlightened man. As your ancestors who went out

[Friday,

from Charlestown, so he carried with him the church, its ordinances and its teachings. He established the school-house. He instituted local self-government. He inculcated morality and sobriety in the community. The essence of his political creed was hatred of slavery and opposition to its domination.

While it must be recognized that Virginia, New York, and other of the original States contributed much to the development of the Northwest, the impress of no other portion of the old Confederation was comparable to that of New England; and the present generation of that vast region is indebted to it more than to all others combined for the influences which mould character for good citizenship. In no era of our history has the truth of this been made more manifest than in the political turmoil and agitation which preceded, and the intense patriotism which attended, the great uprising of 1861. The Free-soil Crusade which pervaded the Northwest in the decade closing with the election of Lincoln was pre-eminently a New England movement. And when the great test of patriotism came, because of the armed rebellion to dissolve the Union, it was the spirit formulated in the words of Massachusetts' most eloquent son, a generation before, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable," which found expression in a popular manifestation never before witnessed in any age or nation.

I trust I may be pardoned the personal allusion if I illustrate the point I am endeavoring to make by citing the example of Benjamin Harrison in that crisis. The date of the firing upon Fort Sumter found him, a young lawyer, struggling to maintain a wife and two little ones by close attention to his business. Having been an outspoken Free-soiler, his party at the last election had conferred upon him an office of some responsibility. When the thrill of indignant patriotism flashed throughout the North with the announcement that the flag had been fired upon, young Harrison's first impulse was to volunteer at once. But he found the war quota of Indiana more than doubly filled and there seemed no necessity for his services, in view of the responsibilities which rested upon him at home. The herculean task before the North was not then realized. Even so astute a statesman as Mr. Seward predicted that the rebellion would be over in ninety days. Young Harrison had inherited some of the

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characteristics of his Woburn maternal ancestry. He was a man of peace, of domestic habits and studious tastes. He was willing to let the men of martial spirit, who delighted in the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," fill up the first regiments from Indiana, as there was a contest for precedence. But as the great struggle progressed and it became evident that the nation's resources were to be taxed to their utmost to maintain the Union, the young lawyer felt that the call of duty was to him also. In that crisis of his life did it occur to him that some one else could do his fighting for him? No. With a sense of personal responsibility which has always marked his conduct in private and public life, he proposed to go in person and share with his fellow-citizens, in the dangers and the honor of saving his country from dismemberment and ruin. He was no longer the man of peace. It was the spirit of the hero of Tippecanoe and of the Thames which now animated him. Under a commission as second lieutenant from the Governor he set to work to raise a company. With a fifer, a drummer, and a flag he paraded the streets of Indianapolis and called his neighbors to arms, and under the inspiration of such example, not only the company, but a regiment, was soon made up; and as its commander he marched to the front and there remained till the last enemy of his country had laid down his arms, and peace again smiled on a united nation.

The history of Benjamin Harrison in this respect was that of thousands, yes, of tens of thousands, of the young men of the Northwest, whose characters had been so greatly moulded by the influences which went out from Woburn and its neighboring towns and cities. And it is because these influences have so greatly permeated the States which were framed out of that vast domain of freedom, that we in Indiana call our President a typical man of his home and generation; and we are pleased to be assured by the people of this ancient corporation that he is worthy to fill the exalted post first occupied by Washington. In his name and on my own behalf, I heartily thank you for this manifestation, and pray that the spirit of godliness, of morality, of intelligence, of liberty, and of patriotism, which for two hundred and fifty years has dwelt with you, may here abide and pervade the whole Republic for generations to come.

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THE CHAIRMAN. If you examine closely the seal of the city of Woburn, a *fac-simile* of which is on the menu cards, you will observe that above the mural coronet, which is emblematic of the city, there is placed the uplifted arm of the Commonwealth with sword in hand. Her attitude seems to threaten our peace. There is no cause for apprehension, however. That arm is raised above not to injure, but to protect and defend us. To quote the words of Massachusetts' poet Governor,

"This hand, the tyrant smiting, ne'er will sword release  
Till liberty assure the quietude of peace."

We certainly owe much to our beloved Commonwealth. Under the protection of her laws and institutions, wisely administered, our municipality and her citizens have prospered and been blessed. And I propose, as the second sentiment on this occasion, *The Commonwealth of Massachusetts*.

I invite his Excellency William E. Russell, the young, able, and eloquent Governor of the Old Bay State, to respond.

#### ADDRESS OF GOVERNOR RUSSELL.

*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,* — As this old town and city to-day joyfully, with praise and thanksgiving, celebrates the passing of another milestone in its long and honorable life, it certainly is most fitting that the mother State should come with her love and greeting to join in your festivities and rejoice in your rejoicing. She recognizes that such celebrations are more than local in their significance or temporary in their influence. Your history is her history, your strength and growth are her prosperity.



WILLIAM E. RUSSELL,  
Governor of Massachusetts.



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The celebration to-day recalls the past — your past and her past. It takes us back to the days of our early beginning, to the settlement of our towns, and the founding of our Commonwealth. As we note the work and spirit of our early founders, their courage and perseverance, their devotion to religion, education, and freedom, their resistance to unjust and oppressive laws, their willingness to suffer for conscience' sake, as we see them in the midst of a wilderness creating a commonwealth, planting churches, schools, and colleges, and founding institutions to last as long as men fear God and love liberty, we, the generation of to-day, reaping the fruit of their foresight and labor, from their example gather courage and inspiration sacredly to guard the Commonwealth they founded and loved, and to hand her down to our posterity, broadened and strengthened by a like devotion and patriotism. So, in the contemplation suggested by these anniversaries, come to the State a quickening of public spirit, renewed devotion to her institutions and consecration to her service.

When Lewis and Clark, early in the century, made their celebrated exploration, they followed the great Father of Waters up to its fountain head and there they reverently knelt and drank of its limpid stream. To-day, standing by the broad river of our prosperity, we trace its ever widening current up to its fountain head and there we reverently kneel in grateful acknowledgment. Not unlike these explorers the historians of New England trace its progress and prosperity, its liberties and glory up to their original source, and find them in that primary unit of New England civilization and government, the town organization. That organization, if not original with us, at least found here its full development and maturity. It grew out of the church, and at first was limited by its control. But as the stream of our life ran on, ever growing and broadening as other influences flowed into it, there came greater freedom and toleration, and Massachusetts was emancipated from early restrictions and freed from early prejudices. To-day she stands before the world as broad as she is great, just as she is patriotic, with love for all her children and with no place in her motherly heart for any spirit of intolerance.

Distinguished and prosperous as has been the progress of your town and city, it is not widely different in its history from its

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many associates which make up the aggregate life and prosperity of our Commonwealth. Here first came the church in 1642. Then followed the incorporation of the town. Then in its very infancy we find it making liberal grants for school and college. Hardly a generation old it showed its hatred of tyranny by defiance of the royal governor and afterwards by taking a hand in his capture and imprisonment. In all the early wars with the Indians and French, Woburn did her full duty. But though loyal to king and governor as long as they were just to her, she was more loyal to the liberty and rights of the people. In the great agitation preceding our Revolution she uttered her indignant protests against unjust taxation and tyranny. When agitation ripened into revolution she sent her sons to fight at Lexington and on many a battlefield for liberty and independence. So, three generations later, when there came a glorious struggle again for liberty and for the preservation of the Union our fathers had welded together with labor and with love, again went forth the sons of Woburn ready to suffer for Freedom's sake and to die for love of country.

So, too, in her later life is found constant evidence of the enterprise, patriotism, and public spirit of her citizens. It is seen in the great industries which have brought fame and prosperity to the town, in its many public improvements and in the watchful care of the attractions which Nature with lavish hand has given you and which make Woburn a pleasant place in which to dwell. It is strikingly shown in your magnificent public library, which, as it educates and uplifts the people, tells of the generosity and public spirit of a son of Woburn. All these things, so creditable and honorable in your history, are also typical of the life of our Commonwealth. As you early planted the church and school, and organized the town meeting, so she throughout her life, has ever been devoted to religion, education, and self-government, and from these have sprung an intelligent, liberty-loving, God-fearing people. As here there have been resistance to tyranny, struggle for independence, and suffering and sacrifice for union and liberty, so, too, has Massachusetts, marshalling these forces out of all her towns, stepped forth to lead in every great agitation for the rights of a people, the maintenance of their institutions, and the preservation of their country.



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With vigor and fidelity she watches over the interests of her citizens ; with a strong arm she guards their rights ; with a loving heart she relieves their suffering ; with wise and progressive legislation she seeks to lessen the toil of labor and to benefit and uplift the masses of her people. The power, prosperity, and progress of the Commonwealth rest upon her cities and towns. In them she lives and moves and has her being. May the time not come when anything is done to destroy their autonomy, infringe their rights, or impair that system which was the foundation of the Commonwealth, has been for two hundred and fifty years the bulwark of our liberties, and is to-day gratefully recognized as the source of our independence, prosperity, and happiness.

THE CHAIRMAN.— We are all familiar with the name Mishawum. It is not, however, as is generally supposed, the Indian name for the territory embraced within the limits of Woburn. Indian names are always descriptive of the places to which they are applied. The word Mishawum means *near the great neck*, and is applicable only to the original territory of Charlestown, just as Shawmut, the Indian name for Boston, has reference to its *nearness to the neck* originally formed by the waters about Copp's Hill. But although, by a strict interpretation, Woburn may not be entitled to the designation of Mishawum, its use with us has an historical value as a link serving to keep up the connection with the old mother town of Charlestown, from whom we have been politically separated just two hundred and fifty years. Within that time, Mishawum, the Great Neck, has been embraced, as it were, and made one with Shawmut. And in these days of

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talk about the "Greater Boston," it does not require the vision of a prophet to foresee that the word Mishawum may have for Woburn a future as well as a past historic significance. Be that as it may, however, I now propose as a sentiment, "*Mishawum, or the Mother Town of Charlestown.*"

I request the well-known Charlestown boy, Philip J. Doherty, Esq., to respond.

#### ADDRESS OF PHILIP J. DOHERTY, ESQ.

*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,* — Charlestown tenders to her daughter, Woburn, her sincere congratulations. With fond, maternal pride she looks upon Woburn's history and finds no stain on her civic honor and no faltering in her patriotic devotion to the beneficent principles of free institutions.

From the earliest days Woburn's sons and daughters have been a source of joyful pride to the mother town. Charlestown has the warmest admiration for the resolute and sturdy men who assumed the mighty burden of the establishment of Charlestown Village, as Woburn was then called, and for their earnest and faithful successors who have made Woburn the thriving city she is to-day.

The historian tells us that in 1640 this territory was "a remote land whose roads were Indian pathways. To explore it or occupy it was viewed as a 'great labor,' not to be undertaken without prayer, not to be accomplished without danger."

Undeterred by difficulties and undaunted by dangers, the first settlers courageously determined to build their houses and establish their little community upon a solid foundation of justice and equity. Their purpose was declared in a paper signed by thirty-two persons at the house of Thomas Graves in Charlestown, Dec. 18, 1640, to be "the full fruition of such liberties and privileges as humanity, civility and Christianity calls for as due to every man."

The first signer of this document was Capt. Edward Johnson,



PHILIP J. DOHERTY, Esq.



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the illustrious ancestor of our worthy chairman who so well exemplifies in his daily life as a magistrate and as a citizen the sterling qualities of sturdy honor and love of justice which characterized the early settlers of the town.

With patient industry and unremitting toil Woburn's pioneers felled the forests, built their modest homes, laid out their roads, cleared their farms and established their local industries. At first their success was so marked that dwellers in the mother town were inclined to jealousy, for we read that "many fearing the depopulation of Charlestown had a suspicious eye over the villagers."

While all jealousy at Woburn's growth has long since died away, yet as long as Charlestown uses the Mystic water she will still, "fearing a depopulation of Charlestown," have a suspicious eye on Woburn.

But seriously, Woburn's marvellous growth and prosperity, her expansion in wealth, in population, in education and refinement, and in all that contributes to the comfort and happiness of her people, are only one illustration of the progress and advancement of our country.

Two hundred and fifty years ago there were only a few colonists scattered along the coast, subjects of a foreign power. To-day we are sixty-five millions of free people in a land standing among the nations of the world first in wealth, in agriculture, manufacturing, in the general diffusion of education among the people. Town, state, and nation are all partakers in the triumph of free institution and the success of popular government.

May the citizens of Woburn ever be loyal to their city, to our state, and to our country.

May her children never forget the glorious and patriotic lesson of her history.

Boston, of which Charlestown is now a part, bids to her thriving sister city God-speed and continued success and prosperity.

THE CHAIRMAN. I have already referred to the seal of the city of Woburn. Although we are all familiar with its appearance, and often express our admiration of its artistic features, we seldom stop

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to consider that on it is engraved an epitome of our history. I do not refer simply to the dates written on the outer circle. I call your attention to the sprigs of sumac on each side of the coat of arms and to the skiving knife, both of which represent the business life and history, the *industria* of our motto. Below is the library, emblematic of the growth and advancement of our city in education, in intelligence, and in those refining influences which mark the progress of civilization, the *virtute* of the motto.

I love Woburn for what she has been and for what she is. I was educated in her public schools, I have studied her history and traditions. I am familiar with her intellectual, social, and business life. I have tramped through her valleys, climbed her hills, and wandered up and down her streams. I despise her detractors and her apologists, and it is with feelings of patriotic pride that I announce the next sentiment, *The old Town and present City of Woburn*. I ask his Honor Edward E. Thompson, Mayor of Woburn, to respond.

#### ADDRESS OF MAYOR EDWARD E. THOMPSON.

*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,*—As a representative of the town of Woburn and in behalf of our new city, I desire to emphasize what has been said by you, Mr. President, in your words of welcome on this occasion.

This is a proud day for Woburn, a day which our people have looked forward to with pleasant anticipations. There have been many pleasant things said already and much more may be said

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truthfully about our town. Our historian in his admirable address yesterday has told you of the town's early history, its trials and struggles, and its final triumph over all obstacles ; and we are to-day permitted to celebrate the results flowing out from these victories.

Our people have always been ready to respond promptly to the calls of our country to uphold and maintain the dignity and honor of the stars and stripes, to respond promptly and cheerfully to all calls made upon us by our dear Commonwealth.

We have sent out from our borders many men who have become eminent in their various walks of life.

In the matter of education few towns, if any, excel us. Although the industries of our town have called together large numbers of people dependent upon their daily toil for subsistence, yet these people have always been found ready to aid in making ample appropriation for maintaining our public schools, the bulwark of our defence.

We also point with just pride to our magnificent library, free to all, and patronized by a large percentage of our population.

Up to 1888 we continued under the form of a town government, but the growth of population became so large it was found somewhat unwieldy to manage as a town, and consequently a municipal form of government was adopted, which, under the judicious and wise guidance of my predecessors in office, has given general satisfaction.

In 1730, the northeastern precinct of our old town was set off and incorporated as Wilmington, and sixty-nine years later the second daughter wished to leave the old home, and set up housekeeping for herself under the name of Burlington. Fifty years after, the third daughter asked the old mother for privilege of changing her name to Winchester. This last request was rather more than the mother felt she could grant, feeling (as mothers usually feel) that she wanted to keep the youngest daughter in the old home, but, as is usually the case, the mother reluctantly yielded.

Did the time allow, Mr. President, there are many good things which might be said about all these fair daughters of the old town, but they are all here at this reunion, they are of age, are ably represented, and can speak for themselves.

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THE CHAIRMAN. A letter has just been passed up to me which I will read as a further response to the last sentiment.

WOBURN, MASS., Oct. 7, 1892.

MR. EDWARD F. JOHNSON,

*Chairman of the Banquet Committee,*

*Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary :*

*Dear Sir,*—It is proper that we should make public announcement to-day of the public spirit and generosity of one of our citizens, and the banquet gives us our opportunity, through you as its presiding officer. Supplemental to our free public-school system and our free public library, provision has been made for the establishment and maintenance in Woburn of a course of annual lectures, free to the public, on historic, scientific, or other educational subjects. At the request of our justly esteemed townsman, Leonard Thompson, Esq., we have associated ourselves together on this anniversary day, with the intention of constituting a corporation in Woburn to be known as the "Burbeen Free Lecture Fund." Toward the endowment of this corporation, Mr. Thompson has made a gift of the sum of six thousand dollars (\$6,000), of which the income is to be forever used in carrying on the purposes of this corporation, for the benefit of the inhabitants of this city.

Very respectfully yours,

(Signed) JOHN W. JOHNSON.  
JOHN G. MAGUIRE.  
S. FRANKSFORD TRULL.  
FRANK W. GRAVES.  
MARIA E. CARTER.  
JENNIE K. ADAMS.  
E. MARIA BEAN.  
WILLIAM R. CUTTER.  
EDMUND C. COTTLE.

Actions speak louder than words, and I have but one word of comment to make on this letter. From the inception of the present celebration a good deal



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has been said, mostly in a facetious vein, about the respective honors which should be paid the old names of Richardson, Thompson, Converse, Wyman, Johnson, and those of other early family names. But whichever one of these may be entitled to the most prominence in this celebration, it must be conceded by all that for the next two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, the name of Thompson has taken the lead.

One hundred and sixty-two years ago yesterday (Oct. 6, 1730), the old town of Woburn was obliged to give up her oldest daughter to a son of Reading. The young couple were married by the General Court, who bestowed upon them the name of Wilmington. Previous to this our daughter had been called, or rather nicknamed, Goshen. Goshen was the name originally applied to that part of ancient Egypt which Pharaoh gave to the kindred of Joseph. They were a pastoral people and the land was adapted to their wants. Change of name does not effect a change of life or character. Wilmington is still a Goshen, her people are farmers, and her chief attraction to the outside world is the annual agricultural fair.

But if her material prosperity has not kept pace with that of her mother, Wilmington is none the less welcome at this festival gathering. The cordiality of our greeting is not measured by dollars and cents. She left us for no mercenary motive, but

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that she might have the privilege of attending worship without travelling full five miles to the meeting-house. She organized a church near the homes of her people, and in proposing the health of *Our Daughter, the Town of Wilmington*, I invite the pastor of that church, the Rev. Elijah Harmon, to respond.

#### ADDRESS OF REV. ELIJAH HARMON.

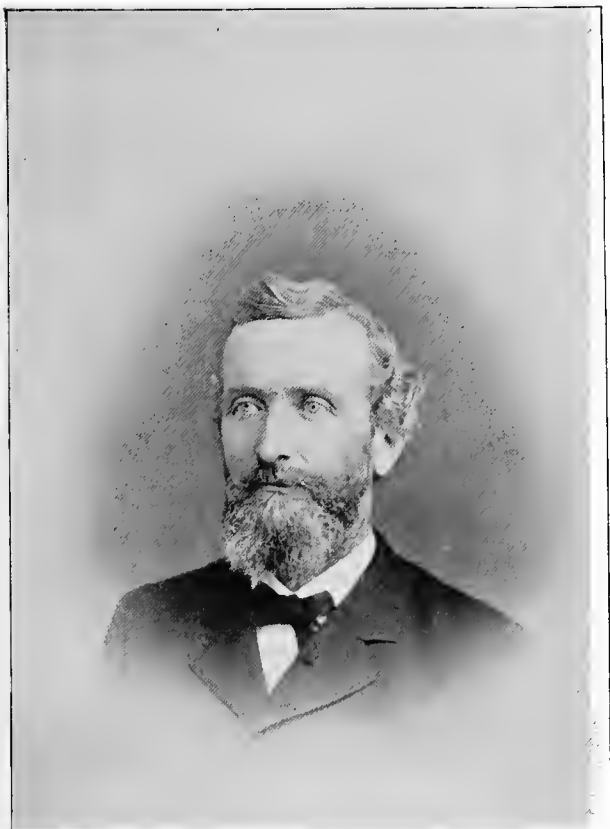
*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,*— I am very happy on this occasion to respond in behalf of Woburn's eldest daughter, the good old town of Wilmington. She brings this day her warmest salutations and well-wishings to her revered mother, so aged, and yet so young; so crowned with honors, and yet so tenderly mindful of her first-born child. .

I am not a little surprised, Mr. President, that, according to your testimony, which I am quite sure none for a moment would think to call in question, this daughter was married on the day that history has recorded as the day of her birth.

Hereafter let us do justice to this vigorous child in recording the fact that she was born, married, and settled down to house-keeping all in one day. The nick-name "Goshen," still adheres in the western part of the town, appropriately enough, as it would seem. But why the northern part received the appellation "Nod" (meaning wandering), none can tell. Some are beginning to fancy that the name got misplaced, and really belongs to Andover Hill near by.

Wilmington is still an agricultural town as of old. But we have changed front somewhat. We have given up the raising of hops, and have taken to cranberries instead. The Baldwin apple, originating on one of our farms, and of world-wide reputation, is still cultivated, but its glories are beginning to be eclipsed by more promising youngsters. And various other products of the farm have come to fare in a similar manner.

And yet, Mr. President, you have hit the nail on the head in referring to our annual fair as indicating that the farming interest



Rev. ELIJAH HARMON.



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still prevails. The annual fair of the Farmers and Mechanics' Club is on a broad basis, and is intended to represent all the industrial interests of the town. Seventeen years it has held on its prosperous way, and next year, if Deacon Sheldon and Mr. Porter Pearson and a dozen more like them hold on their good way, it will be better than ever, and you all will do well to stick a pin in your almanac against the date so as not to forget it.

Farming in Wilmington is well buttressed by other interests. For many years a large leather manufacturing industry has prospered without the drawback of strike or failure. It is just now under a cloud, but will doubtless be in the sunshine again ere long.

The products of our forests are large, and bid fair to continue an important element of our prosperity. From twenty to thirty of our most resolute and enterprising men are in the meat business; some of them doubtless coining good honest money in selling good honest meat at your doors. Quite a number of our people are clerking or doing business on their own account in Boston, and others are in railroad work of various grades.

Wilmington has had the reputation of being staid and non-progressive. But from all that I can gather, I see not why she may not be clearly identified as a genuine chip of the old block.

You have gotten on a little more polish, but it is one and the same substance underneath. You are conservative, so is she; you are progressive, so is she; you are growing rapidly, and she will be doing so long before she comes to wear the crown of two hundred and fifty years as you now do. You had the start of us by ninety years; give us ninety years more and you shall see great things.

We will be having, by that time, our City Charter, with the omnipresent policeman striding on his beat from Goshen to Nod, our population rounding up a full fourteen thousand or more, instead of a scant thirteen hundred, our business blocks, our palatial residences, our doctors of divinity, our electric lights and motors, our horse cars and electric cars, our banks and law offices, our superb dry goods and boot and shoe stores, — everything that you have now, we will have then, except your saloons and things akin which God grant we may steer clear of forever.

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You look incredulous, but you must come to know that Wilmington is moving. We have gained about three hundred inhabitants in six years. Within seven years, we have built seventy dwelling houses, an average of ten a year. We are getting the taxes up to fifteen and one half dollars per thousand; is not this a sign that we are moving? The number of school children, now five hundred and fifty, is steadily increasing, and we are expending upwards of three thousand dollars annually in their education.

The grading of the schools is being perfected. We have recently built a high school building, heated by steam and furnished, at an expense of seventy-five hundred dollars. We have a public library of nearly two thousand volumes. We are getting a solid reputation for good roads, and for a beautifully kept cemetery, with land recently bought on adequate to our need for burial purposes for hundreds of years.

We have a vast acreage suitable for building lots, and remarkable railroad facilities. Within the limits of the town we have sixteen miles of railroad track belonging to four different lines; two of them main lines, and two of lessor note, and five passenger stations. At the three principal stations, viz.: Wilmington, North Wilmington and Wilmington Junction, no less than ninety-five passenger trains stop daily, a few of them on signal, but most of them regularly.

The traits that may be noted as characterizing the people of Wilmington are their industry, honesty, intelligence, common-sense, and faculty of minding their own business. They are as yet comparatively free from the whirl and excitement of the city or large village. We are all on a level; none rich, none poor. Wilmington is a good town in which to take breath, find elbow-room, move moderately, live long, and die happy.

Your reference, Mr. President, to dollars and cents has puzzled me somewhat, but possibly I have the clue in calling to mind the fact that when Wilmington was set off as a town by itself, her people had just paid over their minister tax to the treasury of Woburn for the year ensuing. They immediately made effort to get that money back again for church purposes in the new town, but history, if I am rightly informed, makes no record of their success. Now, Mr. President, if this is the matter to which you so enigmatically referred, be assured our people are not the kind to

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keep hard feelings over a small matter, for a century and a half ; in fact they had forgotten it altogether. But if your people are uneasy about it, and want to get rid of the load, we are willing to receive the money with compound interest, and use it as far as practicable for the purpose intended.

Your very appropriate mention of the religious motive which called for the setting off of the new town of Wilmington brings me, in conclusion, to remark that the early fire of consecration to Sabbath observance and public worship, as exhibited by our forefathers, has proved a marked feature in all the history of the town ; and to this day, it is the choicest legacy to the people. We have not altogether departed from the good old ways. We, like the good mother town whose child we are, would be tenacious for the things that make for the kingdom of God, and the blessings of the hereafter through Jesus Christ our Lord.

God bless the grand old town of Woburn and her daughter-towns, to the latest generation.

THE CHAIRMAN. In the same year that our oldest daughter, Goshen, set up housekeeping for herself, our second child, whom we had named Shawshin, was given the privilege of attending church away from home. She continued to stay with us on week days, however, and remained one of the family for many years after her church was organized. Finally, in 1799, she built a town-house beside her meeting-house, adopted the name Burlington, and became a full fledged township. Her progress since then has not been exactly phenomenal, and her title to fame in the past has rested principally on the size of the democratic majority which she can be depended upon to furnish on every election day. But if Burlington has made little history for herself in the last ninety-three

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years, she has done the next best thing in giving us the historian, to whose labors we are indebted for "The History of Woburn." I propose as the next sentiment *Our Daughter, the Town of Burlington*, and I invite the granddaughter of Rev. Samuel Sewall, Mrs. Martha E. Sewall Curtis, to respond.

#### ADDRESS OF MRS. MARTHA E. SEWALL CURTIS.

*Mr. Chairman, Relatives, and Friends,* — It is accounted one of the delights of childhood, to pay a visit to grandmother, because there we can have all we want to eat, and do as we please. You will excuse my being personal, as we are all of one family, when I say this is a notable and honorable event in my life, this home-coming to the old folks, because I have certainly had all I wanted to eat, and have done exactly as I pleased, until just now when our revered grandpapa called me up to "say my piece."

With due respect to old age, I would like to say that the daughter Burlington did not build her town-house until forty-five years after the date that Grandpapa Johnson has mentioned, but held her town meetings in the old meeting-house that still stands on the hill. It was a queer place with its unpainted walls and dark old beams, its sounding board over the pulpit, its rude seats, and the loose boards in the gallery, convenient for the boys to rattle on solemn occasions.

One of our older citizens used to relate that once at a town meeting, many years ago, when a man went up to deposit his ballot, a big owl flew down from among the rafters and hit him in the face. It is to be inferred that he might have been voting in opposition to the Democracy, for the good citizens seemed to take warning by this literal "slap in the face," and have been careful, even to this day, as our President has told us, to give a Democratic majority at every election.

In the list of toasts given at the celebration of the incorporation of Burlington, in 1799, we find this sentiment, "The town of Woburn, although a part has been taken off, yet may ye re-





MARTHA E. SEWALL CURTIS.



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mainder increase in number, wealth and beauty." The daughter gave a glance backward as she quitted her old home ; she had a tender solicitude for the mother she left behind. She has always given proof of that feeling by sending her supplies of fresh vegetables and fruit, and milk, with cream at the top, while the mother still provides her daughter with gowns, groceries, and shoe leather.

It seems impossible that there could have been any need of solicitude, but in 1730, when the separation as a parish came, there was mourning in Woburn, because eighty-two of the three hundred and twelve tax-payers were set off to the Precinct, and they were troubled about raising the minister's salary. The line between rural Burlington and the city of Woburn was not drawn in those days. Both were simple farming communities.

When the last stage was driven through our village, and the crack of the whip died away over the hill, our means of communication with the world were straitened to narrow limits, and a great quiet settled over the place. Life has stood still with us on our green hills, and over our broad fields and fertile farms. Yet we love our country home. We may leave it, but we return, and are always thankful that we can come back to its rest, and peace, and beauty. We think our mother must be thankful also that her daughter has a country house close by where she can sometimes visit.

When, by and by, your "streets become too wide, and your lanes too narrow," we will welcome you to find your homes among us. Then our town will be the residential suburb of Woburn. And you, in these Anniversary days, have another reason to be thankful for Burlington. In the Puritan simplicity of our farming community, where the home remains in the family for generations, and the men till the soil and eat the fruits of their own planting, we are brought into touch with the life of the fathers. Let us be glad that Burlington remains as a representation of old Woburn, a century or more ago.

His Excellency the Governor said, at our country fair last week, that it was his duty to visit Burlington once in a while in his official capacity as Admiral of our Navy. There is where we have an advantage over Woburn. Your good people must sleep with a greater sense of security, because your frontier is defended by Burlington Navy Yard.

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It is my privilege and pleasure to extend to you, to-day, the greetings and congratulations of our town. In behalf of all her citizens, in the name of fathers who sleep in the Precinct burying ground and on the green hill slope of old Woburn, in the memory of the past, in the joy of the present, and the ardent hope of the future, Woburn, our Mother, we salute you. We rejoice that, in the words of the old toast, you have "grown in numbers, wealth, and beauty." We rejoice that you have kept the faith and courage of the fathers; and the school-house, the town house, and the meeting-house are still your most valued institutions. Well indeed, have you emulated the thrift and industry of our forefathers, and your prosperous city is the best proof of your success. May your prosperity still increase with the march of the years, till the city of Woburn is known and noted through the length and breadth of the land.

Our President has referred to the historian of Woburn. My earliest knowledge of the mother town was acquired, while holding fast my hand, he conversed with men whose names are still revered among you, concerning the history of Woburn. He was interested in all that pertained to your community, and its civic and sacred institutions. To the preservation of its history he gave freely of his time and powers of research and study. The results of his toil are treasured in his book, which has interested many, even strangers, and is an inspiration to-day to the student of local history. Permit me to extend to you, in his name, the congratulations and best wishes and blessing of Father Sewall. In the collection of relics in your Public Library, none is more sacred than that cradle in which some mother of old Woburn rocked her baby while the wolves howled in the forest, and the warwhoop thrilled through the wilds of Shawshin. Let us remember there were mothers as well as fathers among the founders of Woburn, women who bravely encountered the hardships and perils of frontier life that they might light in the wilderness the holy fire of home. Their history is unwritten, their names unsung, yet to-day we would pledge in silence and with tears, "The Foremothers of Woburn."

It is an inspiration to our daily life, to our homely tasks and duties, to feel that the worthy men of old still have an interest in the city they founded; that by inheritance, by transmission of

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fine traits from one generation to another, the spirit of the fathers always lives and moves among us. It is joy to-day to remember that we are of one blood, and on our quiet hills and in your busy streets, we are all guided by the same "Wonder-Working Providence."

THE CHAIRMAN. In the introduction of the next sentiment, I do not intend to revive the genealogical conundrums with which we were so familiar two years ago, when the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Charlestown Village was so successfully celebrated under the auspices of the ancient town of Winchester. As the official representative of the city of Woburn, and a guest on that interesting occasion, I was then allowed the courtesy of making the closing argument. If Winchester, like the Prince of Denmark, "still harping on my daughter," desires to reopen the case to-day, she is peculiarly fortunate in the selection of the advocate who represents her before this jury. Indeed, he must have a personal knowledge of all the facts; for it so happens that he was born and christened the very same year that Winchester was created and named. As we were officially informed, two years ago, that the latter was then two hundred and fifty years old, it is mathematically certain that this *elderly* gentleman must be two hundred and fifty-two years of age at the present time. Therefore, in announcing as the next sentiment, *Old South Woburn, or present Winchester*, it is with great expectations of learning many new historic facts that I introduce to you this gentleman who is coeval with

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a town that has already observed its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, — Samuel J. Elder, Esq.

#### ADDRESS OF SAMUEL J. ELDER, ESQ.

*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,*— So many presiding officers have worked off on me that Shakespearian conundrum, "How much Elder art thou than thy years?" that it is a profound satisfaction to have my great age fitly recognized. You are quite right, sir. Centuries have passed over my head. But I do not think even you realize how old I am. You ask me for "new" historic facts. Let me give you one or two. The last time I saw Methuselah, he was getting to be a very old man. There are, no doubt, scientific gentlemen present who will confirm me when I say that it is well ascertained that a man's stature decreases in a fixed proportion as he gets older. And it has been figured out that our old friend was very short of stature when he died, which confirms what I have to say. I said to him, "Good morning, Mr. Methuselah." He said, "Good morning." I asked him how he was, and he said, "Oh, I am all right, only my shoestrings keep blowing in my eyes."

It is equally true that I remember the time when Winchester was founded. Being nearer to Boston than Woburn, it is no disparagement to the latter to say that Winchester was settled earlier. I know how sensitive you are upon the subject, and I should not have alluded to it if you had not opened the old controversy. But since you do, and since you admit my right to speak as an eye-witness like the veracious and unimpeachable oldest inhabitant, I will settle the question once for all. After Winchester had become a flourishing village of several inhabitants beside myself, Woburn, the place where we now stand, was still part and parcel of the howling wilderness. I am free to say that after the delightful entertainment to-day I do not wish it was so now.

I remember very well that Deacon Converse, after he finished his house in Winchester, used to hunt wolves with me up through these parts. You know there was a reward of ten shillings for every wolf killed, and they were very thick about Horn Pond Mountain. This is all true, and if Bill Jones was alive I could prove it.



SAMUEL J. ELDER, Esq.





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While I am settling these historic questions let me dispose of another, — the Baldwin Apple. I know, as seven cities claimed Homer dead, so Woburn, Wilmington, and Medford claim the Baldwin. But the original Baldwin apple-tree grew in Winchester. I remember it very well. It was about forty rods south of the Black Horse Tavern on Main Street, that it lived and flourished, and, in 1815, blew over. I remember the day that Col. Baldwin's father and Count Rumford came along, returning from Harvard College, and helped themselves to their pockets full. Samuel Thompson owned the tree, and as the boys passed along he called out, "Hi, there! whose apples are those?" And the future Count, equal as usual to the emergency, sung out, "Them 's Baldwins." I trust you will pardon an old man for falling into these veracious memories.

If any doubt should arise in your mind as to the exact verity of what I have said you must remember the license granted the oldest inhabitant. A friend of mine, travelling in the West, was told at a country inn that a man named Ricker had a milk farm near by where he made one thousand tons of butter a week. My friend expostulated, but the man said he would leave it to a gentlemen standing there who was the oldest resident in these parts. "Well," said the old resident, "I can't tell exactly to a pound how much butter Ricker gets, but I know he's got three saw mills on his place that he runs with buttermilk."

Mr. President, two hundred and fifty years is a long time; it is longer than most of you have lived. Perhaps I am warranted in saying that it is longer than any one of you has lived.

And it is these two centuries and a half which comes to us now. Seven men as brave as ever shouldered gun and carried Bible came out from Charlestown to found a town. I do not care where they struck the first blow or fixed their first lodgement! They founded both towns, planted the school and built the church. The good-natured rivalry of to-day is well enough, but what I care for is that both were one in that early day. Shoulder to shoulder, and side by side, the men of both localities met the dangers of the forest and knelt in the house of God. The last stroke of the Indian's tomahawk fell alike upon the two sections, two settlers being massacred in each. In the Indian wars of that and a later period the names of Converse and John-

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son are enrolled side by side with Richardson and Symmes. Together they assembled, despite the Royal Governor Andros, elected their town officers and asserted the right of the town meeting ; together they were roused on an April day and hastened to Lexington where, side by side, fell two of their young men. In the Revolutionary War they nobly did their part, enrolling more men during the seven years than the entire male population in any one year. Worshipping together till 1840, the growth of old South Woburn called for its separate place of worship. And when ten years later it seemed that the time had come for a separate town, it is pleasant to remember that the mother town entered upon no harassing opposition but voted that it was "willing that the prayer of the petition should be granted."

Going out from your midst, then, with your good wishes and your God speed, we come back on your natal day to partake of your good cheer, to rejoice in your great prosperity, to invoke upon you the blessings of peace and good government, to assure you that, though separated by legislative enactment, we are not estranged, and that Winchester never forgets that she was once Old South Woburn.

THE CHAIRMAN. Woburn has always enjoyed a special and almost exclusive right to her name. Indeed, the name is not duplicated by that of any municipality on this side of the Atlantic, and there are but one or two Woburns in England. To those of us who have had the good fortune to visit the old English town from which our own town was named, the simple mention of Woburn, Mass., has been the "Open Sesame" to the most cordial greeting and hospitality. In recognition of these civilities, and more especially of the kindly interest which Woburn, Bedfordshire, England, has always evinced in the welfare and growth of her American namesake, we extended to the official representative of the Eng-





Rev. EDWARD G. PORTER.

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lish town the freedom of our city, and invited him to be an honored guest at this table. That invitation was most cordially accepted, but the gentleman who had expected to attend, Mr. Geo. W. E. Russell, M. P., Under Secretary for India, has unfortunately been detained at home. His absence, however, shall not deprive us of the pleasure of proposing, as the next sentiment on this occasion, *Old Woburn, Bedfordshire, England*. To respond to this sentiment, I present to you a gentleman who has visited and been entertained there, and one who has always been a welcome guest here, — Rev. Edward G. Porter of Lexington.

#### ADDRESS OF REV. EDWARD G. PORTER.

*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,*— It would have given us all much pleasure if some representative from the English Woburn could have responded to this toast. The committee had reason to hope that their invitation would be accepted by George W. E. Russell, Esq., M. P., a relative of the Duke of Bedford, whose seat is at Woburn Abbey ; but as I hear that he has recently been appointed by Mr. Gladstone Under Secretary for India, it is natural to suppose that public duties forbid his coming so far at present.

I should certainly hesitate to take his place here to-day were it not for the fact that, a few years ago, I had the pleasure of visiting the elder Woburn and the demesne which has made its name so famous.

The precise connection between the two towns has always been obscure. The records do not tell us why the little settlement planted here in 1642 received its name. The Act simply says : "Charlestowne Village is called Wooborne," and no contemporary has told us why. But the painstaking Edward Johnson, your first town clerk, to whom Woburn owes an incalculable

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debt, gives us a clew at the very beginning of his records where he speaks of Nowell, Symmes, and Sedgwick, as patrons of the new town.

The latter was Capt. Robert Sedgwick, an influential citizen of Charlestown, and at that time a member of the General Court and commander of the castle. As he had come from Woburn, England, he may be supposed to have suggested the name. And his right to do so is confirmed by the fact that he was an early proprietor here, that he helped to select the present site of the village, and was chairman of the committee of thirteen appointed to set the bounds for the town.

Our fathers were glad to perpetuate the names of their homes in the mother country. It is rather remarkable that not one of the first sixty towns in the Colony received an Indian name, and only one or two were honored with Scripture names, although the Puritan element was then so strong.

Old Woburn in England has come down to us from Saxon times, although very little is known of it before the founding of the Cistercian Abbey there in the twelfth century. The name (Wóh, Wó = crooked, winding; and burnē, burna, burn = a brook or stream) means a narrow, winding stream and was probably the original name for "Crawley Brook" (as it is now called), which rises near by and flows into the river Ouse. Like all other old English words, there have been many ways of spelling it, viz.: Woburne, Wouburne, Wooburn, Whooburn, Houburn, Ooburn, Uburn, etc., etc. Doubtless your postmaster could add a still longer list from some of the amusing addresses upon letters which find their way thither through the mails.

In 1145, Henry Abbot, of Fountains, in Yorkshire, "consecrated to divine uses a certain little village, Wooburne by name in the diocese of Lincoln, with its adjacent lands"; and fourteen monks with Allan their abbot moved to their new quarters near the "burn" which furnished them with mill facilities and fish ponds, two sources of income which the monks always looked after.

At the dissolution of the monasteries, in the time of Henry VIII., Woburn Abbey reverted to the crown, and its last abbot, Robert Hobbs, was hung as a traitor. Edward VI. bestowed the estate upon John Russell who had received many honors from the house of Tudor and who was now created Earl of Bedford.

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The story of young Russell's rise to favor is one of the most interesting in the history of the origin of the great families of England. And when we remember that the founder of this famous house was a contemporary of Columbus, we must allow that his successors — four of whom have been Earls, and ten Dukes — have had a long continued as well as prosperous inheritance at Woburn Abbey. It is still called "Abbey," though there is no longer any trace of the religious establishment. The present mansion is an enlargement of the one built in the seventeenth century by Inigo Jones. It stands in a park of 3,500 acres, enclosed by a high brick wall twelve miles in circuit. The old fish ponds of the monks are now beautiful sheets of water, enlivened by ducks and swans. Herds of deer are seen quietly grazing over the sloping lawns, shaded here and there by the stately oak, the Scotch fir, and the dark cedar of Lebanon.

Many famous pictures hang upon the walls of this lovely residence. I remember seeing portraits of Queen Elizabeth and her treasurer, Lord Burleigh, Lady Jane Seymour, Mary, Queen of England, Sir Philip Sydney, and Oliver Cromwell. Two large historical subjects attracted my attention, as I had often seen the engravings taken from them. I refer to "The Trial of Lord William Russell" by Hayter, and "Lady Jane Grey refusing the crown" by Leslie. The family portraits are numerous and largely illustrative of English history since the Reformation.

Among the choice treasures of the collection are paintings by Salvator Rosa, Titian, Van Dyck, Rubens, Rembrandt, Teniers, Cuyp, Murillo, Poussin, and Claude Lorraine. In response to my request a large and finely printed catalogue of these works was recently presented by the Duke of Bedford to our public libraries in Woburn, Lexington, and Bedford.

The sculpture gallery, too, is well worthy of a visit. The collection is widely known as "The Woburn Abbey Marbles," and has a number of classical antiques, besides several fine modern works by Canova, Westmacott, and Thorwaldsen.

I was also taken to the gardens and stables, the dairy and the aviary. A model farm is maintained within the park, and equipped with every agricultural improvement. The annual sheep-shearing festival in June has always attracted large numbers of visitors.

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Near one of the entrances to the park stands the village of Woburn, built of stone and brick, close upon the street, in irregular blocks after the old European fashion. There is an air of quietness and respectability about it, very agreeable to one who had just come, as I did, from some of the noisy manufacturing towns of the north of England. The two large churches, one old and the other new, well deserve a visit. The market-house, the charity schools, and the almshouses will also attract attention. The principal inns are the Bedford Arms, the Wheatsheaf, the Magpie, and the Cock, which are always thronged on Friday the market day. There are four great fairs held here annually when the visitors pour in by every road and footpath to sell or to buy a great variety of supplies. The people are largely farmers and tenants of the Duke. Formerly the chief industry was straw braiding and thread lace.

Woburn is forty-two miles from London on the old mail coach road leading to Northampton and Leicester. The railway keeps at a respectable distance, as was the case here, the nearest station being Woburn Sands three miles away near Bletchly Junction.

There is no resemblance whatever between the two Woburns, except in name. At the beginning of this century the elder town was the larger in population, but to-day the younger has far outstripped her ancient prototype. I believe there are no other Woburns in America. I wonder at it, but the good name seems to be your peculiar inheritance, on this side the water. It is for you, fellow-citizens, who succeed to their grand municipal dignity to maintain the honorable character which the mother town has always borne, and so to prove yourselves worthy of the dear old name of Woburn.

The chairman then requested the company to rise and respond to the closing sentiment by singing "Our Fathers," to the tune of "America." Mr. P. Elverton Bancroft conducted, and the patriotic words ended the formal exercises of the anniversary celebration.





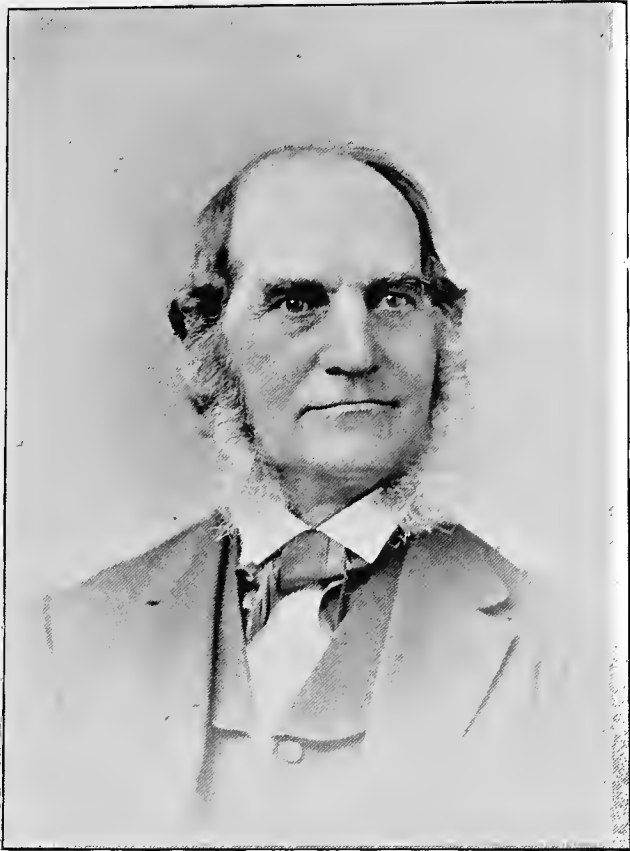
P. ELVERTON BANCROFT,  
Chairman of Committee on Music.



# APPENDIX.







LEONARD THOMPSON,  
Chairman of Committee on Historic Sites.

## HISTORIC SITES.

The Historic Sites Committee prepared the following inscriptions, which were placed at the spots designated:—

On estate No. 23 Montvale Avenue:—

SITE OF  
**FIRST HOUSE**  
IN PRESENT CITY, THAT OF  
DEA. JOHN MOUSALL.

1641—1833.

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On Messrs. Maloney Brothers' store, No. 473 Main Street, between Broad and Salem streets:—

HOUSE FAMOUS AS THE  
**FLAGG TAVERN,**

ABOUT 1827.

FORMERLY THE HOUSE OF MAJOR JOHN FOWLE WHO DIED  
IN 1775.

BUILT, IT IS SUPPOSED, ABOUT 1730.

On Common, opposite Municipal Building:—

SITE OF THE

## FIRST MEETING HOUSE

ON THE

FIRST TRAINING FIELD.

1642—1672.

---

On house, No. 23 Pleasant Street, occupied by  
Mr. Charles H. Taylor:—

SITE OF

## House of Rev. Thomas Carter,

FIRST MINISTER.

BUILT BY THE TOWN.

1642.

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On Park Street:—

## FIRST BURYING GROUND.

1642.

IN WHICH ARE BURIED THE ANCESTORS OF  
PRESIDENTS

PIERCE, CLEVELAND AND HARRISON.

198



On Montvale Avenue : —

## SECOND BURYING GROUND.

1794.

---

On Common, northeast side : —

## MAIN STREET

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT WAS THE COUNTY  
ROAD OR THE

GREAT ROAD OF THE FATHERS.

THE MAIN TRAVELLED ROAD.

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On Common, westerly angle : —

## MILITARY LANE.

1644.

LEADING FROM THE TRAINING FIELD TO

UP STREET

NOW

CAMBRIDGE STREET.

199

On grounds of Unitarian Church :—

SITE OF

## FIRST SCHOOL HOUSE.

1713—1808.

BUILT BY SUBSCRIPTION OF THE CITIZENS.

---

On Main Street, in front of Post-office :—

SITE OF THE

## FIRST STORE.

ESTABLISHED AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

---

On Central House, No. 442 Main Street :—

SITE OF THE

## 1691—FOWLE TAVERN.—1840

ONE OF THE MOST ANCIENT AND

FAMOUS IN WOBURN.

HERE THE MINUTE-MEN FIRST MET TO FORM A  
COMPANY ON Jan. 4, 1775.



DANIEL W. BOND,  
Of the Executive Committee.



On Independent Baptist Church, 446 Main  
Street:—

**POWDER HOUSE, 1812.**

HILL CALLED MOUNT SEIR, 1675.

AND

**SITE OF FIRST BELL TOWER**

IN REAR OF THIS SPOT.

1678.

---

On Mr. Thomas Salmon's store, No. 480 Main  
Street:—

HOUSE CALLED THE

**ACADEMY HOUSE OR HALL**

IN 1808.

USED AT THAT PERIOD AS A PLACE FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP, AND  
AS A PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. THE HOUSE BUILT  
BY THOMAS HENSHAW ON FOWLE LAND BEFORE 1740.

---

At late Daniel Richardson's Place, 616 Main  
Street:—

SITE OF THE

**ARK TAVERN**

IN WOBURN.

1674—1828.

201

On house occupied by Mrs. M. A. Briggs at No.  
649 Main Street, corner of Clinton Street:—

HOUSE OF  
**DANIEL THOMPSON**  
WHO WAS  
"SLAIN IN CONCORD BATTLE"

APRIL 19, 1775.

---

On tree near S. H. Church's store, No. 2 Lowell  
Street:—

SITE OF  
**FIRST TANNERY.**

1642.

THE VATS ARE BURIED IN THE VALLEY IN REAR. THE PROP-  
ERTY OF FRANCIS AND JOHN WYMAN, BROTHERS.

---

Elm Street, on Baldwin Mansion:—

**BALDWIN MANSION.**

ERECTED 1661.

THE HOUSE OF Col. LOAMMI BALDWIN.

1745—1807.

FROM HIM THE BALDWIN APPLE WAS NAMED.

202

On Elm Street, near Rumford birthplace :—

## The Cleveland Homelands.

1648—1724.

ON THIS SPOT AND IN THIS VICINITY

THE ANCESTORS OF

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND LIVED.

---

On Montvale Avenue, southerly side, Mont-  
vale :—

SITE OF THE

## GRAVES FARM,

1638.

ALSO OF THE

## SILK FARM,

1835.

---

At house of Mr. Sewall D. Samson, No. 280  
Montvale Avenue :—

IN THIS HOUSE DWELT

## CHARLES GOODYEAR,

WHO DISCOVERED HIS INVENTION OF PRODUCING A SOLID  
ELASTIC MATERIAL FROM INDIA RUBBER IN WOBURN,

A. D. 1839.

At Hon. E. W. Hudson's house, No. 74 Canal  
Street:—

## HORN POND HOUSE,

ONCE A FAMOUS RESORT.

ORIGINALLY A HOUSE FOR THE BOATMEN ON THE MIDDLESEX  
CANAL.

OPENED, 1803.







PARKER L. CONVERSE,  
Chairman of Committee on Loan Collection.

## LOAN COLLECTION.

The Loan Committee gave much time and labor to its work, and its endeavors were met by prompt and hearty responses from every side. In the arrangement below are printed, first, the donor's name, and following it a brief notice of the articles donated.

Mary A. Leathe. — Two ancient oil portraits, painted in 1824.

Abijah Thompson, Winchester. — Fifteen frames of old Woburn deeds. Collection of ancient beads.

Miss Caroline Buck, Wilmington. — A pair of antlers; the deer to whom these antlers belonged was captured in Vermont many years ago and purchased by ten men in Wilmington for one dollar each. He was presented to Col. Jaques, of Charlestown, for a hunt. The colonel appointed a day for the hunt, and at the appointed time the eleven men met on horseback on Arlington Heights, the colonel bringing with him fifty-two hounds. Fifteen minutes' start was allowed the deer, after which the hounds were let loose, when bedlam reigned. At the first wall all the horses stopped, refusing to jump, except that of the colonel who cleared it with ease. The deer went through Burlington, Wilmington, Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, and was finally captured unhurt in a barn near house of Hon. J. G. Pollard,

Woburn. He was kept afterwards, by the colonel, ten years in Charlestown. Old flintlock gun. This gun is said to have killed the last deer ever killed in Wilmington.

Mrs. S. L. Leonard. — Ancient Chinese teapot.

Mrs. John S. True. — Old portrait. Large collection of Masonic badges. Shell from India. Ancient silver porringer, more than one hundred years old. Gravy dish and saucer, 1775. Medal match safe in shape of a shoe.

Samuel Cook. — Two salts and two wine glasses, 1775. Abalona shells; very rare. Silver spoon, one hundred and fifty years old. A sheet over one hundred years old. A picture of the Man in the Moon.

Parker L. Converse. — Shirt and collars, made by Polly E. Converse, of seventy-two pieces of linen, all more than one hundred years old, without seam, all faggoted together; this work has received a medal from the Massachusetts Charitable Association. A painted Masonic apron, worn by Ichabod Parker, once landlord of the old Mishawum Hotel. Masonic white gloves belonging to the same. Two decanters of Ichabod Parker's, one hundred and fifty years old, used to treat the minister and doctor when they called. Paintings: "First Baptist Church and horses," by Albert Thompson, and "Indians in Forest," by Benj. Champney. Landscape executed in silk floss in cathedral work, made by Polly E. Parker in 1845. Porcelain mug, over two hundred years old, the oldest piece of pottery

in the collection. Exact pattern of man's foot in Sonora, Tuolumne County, Cal., measuring seventeen and three-fourths inches long. Exact pattern of a Michigan man's foot, sixteen inches long, five and one half broad, the man being only twenty years old. Pen and ink drawing, "Setting for Pigeons in Woburn in 1840," by C. A. Burdett; from this, and the two oil paintings by Champney and Thompson, were made plates for Converse's "Legends of Woburn."

Mrs. Marshall Tidd. — East Indian basket. Singing book, 1775.

Mr. Marshall Tidd, North Woburn. — Case containing first and last rifle made by him, and one sharpshooters' rifle.

S. R. French. — Large agate from Arizona. Indian tobacco pouch worn by Rattlesnake, an Apache chief, at time of capture. An Apache water-bowl made of straw.

Alice F. Symmes, Winchester. — Iron-framed spectacles, over one hundred years old, once the property of Dea. Jeduthun Richardson. Copy of Cumberland *Gazette*, 1790. Ship compass, 1765.

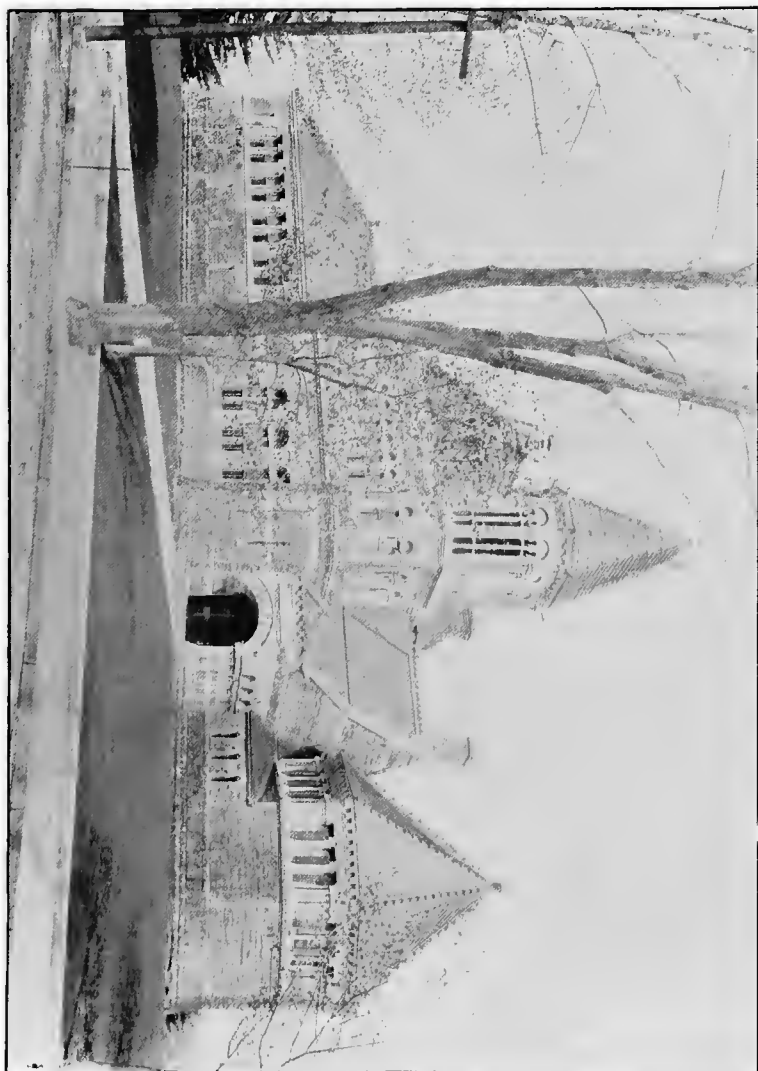
W. H. Winn, Burlington. — The Winn coat-of-arms.

J. Fred. Leslie. — One of the eighty-five coffee-pots sent out to the front during the late Rebellion as a gift by Hon. John Cummings; only four of these are known to be in existence. Spoons used in the army. Both of these exhibits went through the war and did service in rebel prisons.

Joseph Symmes, Winchester. — Silver breast-pin engraved by Paul Revere.

Winchester Historical Society. — Painting by R. U. Piper, showing church and village of South Woburn (now Winchester), and location of first house. The first, or Edward Converse, house in South Woburn. Printed description of the Edward Converse Mill where he was killed.

N. W. Eaton. — Copy of charges against Rev. Edward Jackson of Woburn. Revolver and bowie knife given Capt. S. I. Thompson by Mrs. Randall when he went to war in 1861. Two railroad books and railroad tickets of the Confederate States. A Confederate soldier's pipe. Wineglass belonging to the rebel General Macgruder. Stone from the State Department Building, Washington, D. C., 1812. Ancient tooth puller. Candle snuffer and tray, 1765. A fork once owned and used by Hon. Charles Sumner. A wooden cup made from a tree near the Rumford House. Japanese inkstand. Collection of war buttons from soldiers' clothing. Bill once paid by Woburn for care of pauper who had the itch. Ancient Massachusetts money in frame. A soldier's express package; a relic of the late war. Three cases of old Continental money. Copy of Vol. 1, No. 1, of the *Boston Evening Transcript*. Two volumes, "History of Reformed Churches," 1692. Old blue ware teapot, punch mug, and link sleeve-buttons belonging to John Adams. Fac-simile of ancient New England primer. Bill against town of Woburn for boarding



PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING.





Sally Priest in 1792. Bills of fare, Faneuil Hall, 1811-1828. Picture of Gen. Thompson's bark mill, 1815, run by horse power. Bill of salary of Parson Fox, 1754. Specimens of old Massachusetts money. Old bills for silver money, 1781. Woburn petition to put down the Quakers, 1781. Woburn petition to look after idle people, 1781. Jack Rand papers. Old marriage papers. Original subscription list to found a library in 1789. Original record of vote for secession in Virginia.

William R. Cutter. — Chair of Sir William Pepperell. Pewter flagon and copper teakettle of the eighteenth century. A trunk brought from England in 1640.

Lucy J. Cole. Chair made by the late Francis K. Cragin from wood of the old Burbeen House.

Susan C. Simonds. — Ancient cup, saucer, and spoon. Portrait of Gen. Foster.

S. F. Hathaway. — Decanter, tumbler, and wine-glasses, English, 1765. Ancient vase, two blue plates, and coffee-pot.

Mrs. D. Fraser McIntosh. — Ancient comb, 1775. Teapot, sugar, and creamer. Pumpkin hood once worn by Mrs. Geo. W. Reed.

C. G. Foster, Burlington. — Cannon ball fired from the British man-of-war "Somerset" at the battle of Bunker Hill. History of the battles of the Jews, 1760; very rare.

Marshall M. Tidd. — Paintings of Horn Pond and Pierce's Cove, 1849.

S. A. Tidd. — Tea set from Canton, China.

Comb, 1775. Large Canton jar. Silk quilt made by a lady at the age of seventy-nine years.

Mary F. Wyman. — Handkerchief, hand-worked. Ancient sampler. Silver-bowed spectacles, one hundred and fifty years old.

Mabel Dickson. — Ancient sampler. Old alcohol stove and teakettle. Pair of ancient English slippers.

Albert Thompson. — Painting.

Grace M. Bryant. — Fine collection of decorated china; her handiwork. Painting: Study of Pinks.

Eliza Eager. — Revolutionary knee-buckles. Coffee mill, 1775.

Mrs. Cyrus Cummings. — Two brass candlesticks, 1775. Pair of brass andirons.

B. F. Flagg. — A lieutenant's commission under George III.

George F. Fosdick. — Metal picture of the Cradock House, Medford, the oldest house in the United States. Two Chinese musical instruments, one being the prototype of the modern banjo, and the other smaller and covered with snake skin.

Jane F. Davis. — Revolutionary teapot; used in secret about the time of the Boston Tea Party.

Harriet S. Smith. — Ancient mariner's compass. Ancient punch tumbler; English. Three silver teaspoons; very old. Old almanac, 1788. Old deed, 1710. Will of Jacob Wright, 1746. Copy of "New England Covenant." Largest newspaper ever published in the United States, *Universal Yankee Nation*. Fine hand-embroidered quilt.

Miss Clarabel D. Flinn. — List collected by her of one hundred and twenty-three different ways of spelling Woburn and Massachusetts, as found on letters received at the Woburn postoffice.

Auburn	Wolinn	Wrabrins
Anoburn	Wokers	Wobering
Boburn	Woburien	Woberrn
Hobern	Wobourne	Wobeouern
Hoben	Wobean	Woorbie
Moburn	Wooburning	Wehoen
Mabburn	Woborne	Wahern
Morbrean	Wooburn	Whoborn
Naborn	Worbun	Waburs
Oban	Woeburn	Woeaburn
Oburn	Woberne	Wodurm
Oburon	Woborn	Wouchern
Obern	Wobborn	Whoban
Obean	Wofan	Woeboen
Owbourn	Wouban	Wobron
Oborn	Wohoburn	Woburin
Oben	Weyburn	Wowben
Obewrn	Wobur	Woodburne
Obben	Wovebreon	Wourlen
Roburn	Wobuen	Yowbourn
Thoburn	Woboron	Yobeun
Uban	Wobowrin	Yoman
Wobrey	Worlion	Yeobourn
Worbin	Womber	Yoburn
Wobrun	Wobyrus	Yobrun
Whobon	Wobarn	Massatusage
Woebeyrne	Womlen	Massetuses
Wobon	Whearwan	Massattuties
Woboen	Wowbrn	Masscusses
Woubern	Whoburn	Massacute
Woman	Woburen	Masstael
Woutun	Worborn	Massatuces
Wobearin	Washburn	Massetutisces
Woaburan	Wowbyone	Massitutes

Wofurn	Woburen	Massetusion
Woveburn	Woboyrn	Macisets
Welen	Wooping	Maccufsin
Woobun	Wooberum	Masetusic
Woterx	Woughburn	Mativetts
Wourbourn	Wobron	Massisuches
Woborin	Whobourn	Maschutis

P. L. Eaton. — Three Bo-peep plates.

W. R. McIntosh. — Wood hatchet (said to be made from the cherry tree which the immortal George chopped down).

Alice G. Bryant. — Chinese carving in bone, and in wood. Inlaid panel work, Chinese. Embroidered Japanese scarf. Cane of reindeer's backbone. Tomahawk from Canadian Indians. Six Chinese napkin rings. Chinese Josses. Chinese jade bracket. Esquimaux bag made at North Cape, Norway. Spanish coin, 1620. Satsuma vase. Cloissonée plaque. Collection of Chinese and Japanese curios.

L. Waldo Thompson. — Primer of the Tottingham family. Copper wine measure once belonging to Zeb. Wyman. Pocket-book made from a drumhead used by Joshua Reed, a Revolutionary drummer.

Mary C. Blanchard. — Painting, forest scene. Collection of hand-decorated ware, including specimens of new underglaze.

Oliver F. Bryant. — Two samplers, one, one hundred and eighty-three, and one, one hundred and eighty-five years old. Two punch tumblers, one hundred years old.

Sherman Converse. — The original Little Brown



VIEW OF KITCHEN, LIBRARY BUILDING.



Jug, found a foot and a half below the cellar of a house built in 1675. A black-strap barrel, one hundred and fifty years old, six inches long, used to carry spirits to workmen in the fields. Cane of Mr. Tay, a Revolutionary soldier, who killed two British soldiers and took another prisoner at the same time. East India gourd, a drinking vessel over one hundred years old. Trunk, formerly the property of Count Rumford. Portrait of Joshua Converse, the centenarian.

Mrs. Warren P. Fox. — An old-time Britannia teapot. Teapot, sugar bowl, and cup and saucer, one hundred years old. Blue sugar bowl, plate, water bottle, and creamer, the very ancient blue pattern. Vase from India.

Sophia B. Wyman. — Very ancient lignum vitæ mortar and pestle. Ancient silver spoon, antique pattern.

Mrs. Abigail M. Winn. — Two finely embroidered tray cloths.

Mrs. Alonzo T. Young. — Very fine hand-painted sea shell.

Mrs. E. W. Champney. — A finely embroidered dress of a native Guatemala woman.

Alva S. Wood. — Masonic apron and sash of 1824. Masonic pitcher, very old. Canteen from late Civil War. Copy of "The War," 1861-65. Pestle for Indian stone mortar, and collection of Indian implements in stone. Very ancient sugar bowl, and cup and saucer. Sugar bowl, cup and saucer, belonging to Sylvanus Wood, and used in

the Rev. Thomas Carter's house (first parsonage in Woburn). Ancient sword, and old cavalry carbine. Portrait of Count Rumford. Ancient picture of Rumford's birthplace. Exact pattern of a South Carolina negro preacher's foot, twenty-three inches long.

J. W. Hammond. — Ancient teapot and tea caddy made in India. The Hammond coat of arms.

Warren N. Blake. — Ancient bread toaster of iron.

Simeon Weymouth. — Shoemaker's hammer brought from England over one hundred years ago. Very large East India nut shell. Trunk brought from England two hundred years ago. Copy of New England *Gazetteer*, 1839.

Samuel Sewall, Burlington. — Sword of Rev. John Marrett, who preached in Woburn Precinct in 1774. Large Bible, first one used in first church in Woburn Precinct. Child's rattle of novel construction made by Ishmael Munroe. Silver Sugar Tongs used by Rev. Mr. Marrett and Rev. Samuel Sewall. Silver teapot, ditto. Ancient silver candleholder used by Rev. Samuel Sewall when writing the History of Woburn. Two candlesticks, very old. Collection of thirteen Indian arrowheads and implements found in Burlington.

Mrs. Charles A. Burdett. — Finely embroidered quilt.

G. E. Parkhurst. — Very ancient brass hall clock.

Fannie S. Carswell. — Collection of hand-decorated china.



Mrs. Ada Hammond. — Collection of hand-decorated china.

Mrs. S. L. Simonds. — Sampler, eighty years old. — Collection of portraits of Woburn people. — Collection of Japanese articles. Old salt cellar used in ye olden time. — A piece of salt from Salt Lake. — Ancient embroidered scarf and two holders.

Samuel Skelton. — Ancient mirror, said to have come over in the "Mayflower."

Henry Sheldon, Wilmington. Old iron wagon axle, made for Asa G. Sheldon by Marshall Symmes of Winchester, in 1810, and said to be the first of its kind used in Woburn.

Mrs. Chas. H. Taylor. — A sampler seventy-five years old. Bead bag, one hundred years old. Highly embroidered worsted bag.

Mrs. Lucy J. Carswell. — Specimen of embroidery in frame.

Mrs. James N. Page. — Ancient foot stove used in church.

Anna L. Pollard. — Ancient embroidered quilt. Turkish table cover, highly embroidered. Very fine silk veil, very old. China cup, saucer, and plate, one hundred years old.

William R. Putnam — Crayon portrait of Mrs. Emma Putnam Kelly, by Thompson; Mrs. Kelly was the founder and first president of the Woburn Woman's Club, and that organization's charter and constitution hung beside the above portrait.

Dr. Frank W. Graves. — Indian spearhead made

of very fine flint, the work nicely executed. Ancient cane.

Charles G. Grammer. — Two specimens of ancient needle work.

Mrs. George H. Conn. — Fire warden's pole. Before engineers were known this pole (black with red ends) was carried by a fire warden as an emblem of authority. Silver spoons, sugar tongs, and China plate, all very ancient heirlooms. Bottle with reel built inside.

Benjamin Champney. — A crayon drawing, "Ideal head," by Rowse.

Mrs. Lydia Choate. — Oil paintings: "Apples," by Benj. Champney. Forest scene by same.

Mrs. Preston Pollard. — Two very large elaborate paper butterflies. A paper banjo. An elegant bon-bon basket. Plaster of Paris image of the "Farmer Boy."

Jacob Ames. — Knapsack, home-made, used at the battle of Lexington.

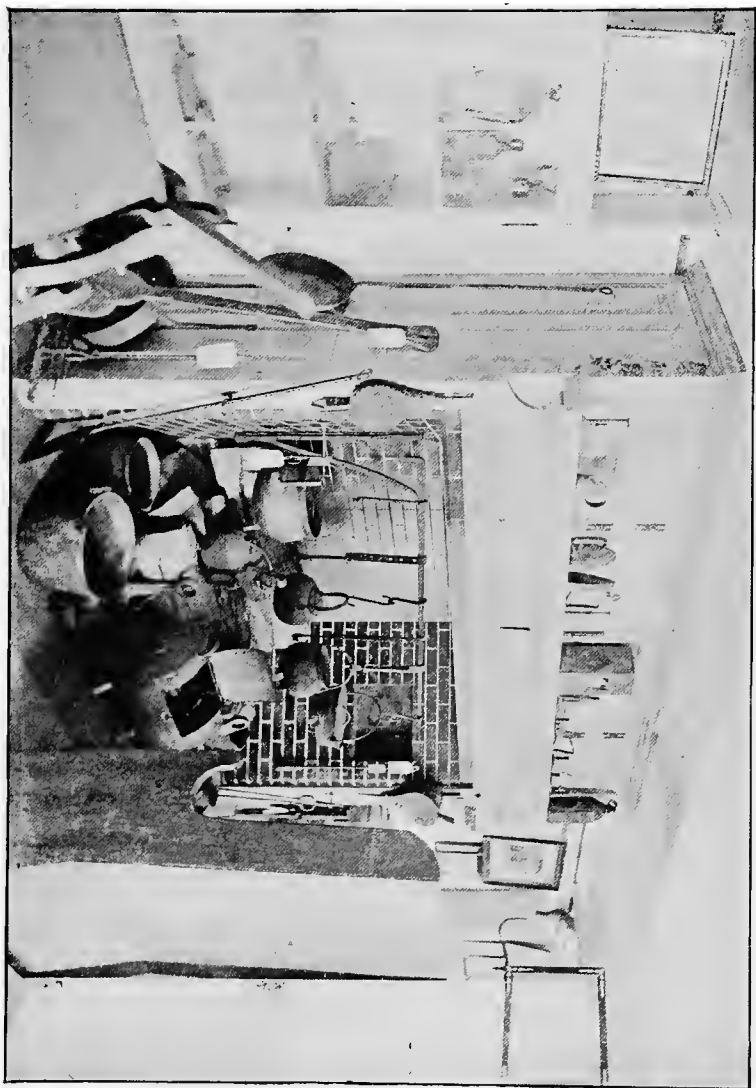
W. H. Slater. — Very ancient English engraving. Scissors with silver handles, English, two hundred years old. Old English trunk of oak.

Sabra J. Jaquith, Wilmington. — Very old view of Boston Common. Ancient pitcher and engraved portraits.

Ephraim Cutter, M. D. — Ancient pottery.

Mrs. R. S. Cutter. — Wooden shoes made in Holland.

Marcellus Littlefield. — Collection of proof U. S. coins. Ditto of other coins. Printed account of



VIEW OF KITCHEN FIREPLACE—LIBRARY BUILDING.



the Dark Day, 1780. Piece of the last Confederate flag which floated at Richmond, Va. Piece of covering from chair belonging to Jefferson Davis. Hardtack and plate, war relics. Collection of U. S. postal currency. Famous old temperance banner, 1844.

John Duncan, Jr. — Collection of Indian arrow points. Indian tomahawk. A brick from Fort Ticonderoga. Wood from same. Exploded shell from same. Shells and balls dug up at the same place. Sword found there. Grapeshot from Mt. Independence, N. Y.

Leonard Thompson. — Collection of Indian relics. Written permit to pass guards at Cambridge during Revolution. Ye ancient peppermill. A piece of the British man-of-war, "Somerset," engaged at Bunker Hill, and afterwards lost off Cape Cod. Ancient halberd. Three old programmes. Life of Rev. Elias Smith, formerly Baptist minister in Woburn, and afterwards a botanic physician. Smith was a versifier, too, and the following is credited to him : —

" And when I must resign my breath,  
Pray let me die a natural death,  
And bid you all a long farewell  
Without one dose of calomel."

Frederic A. Flint. — Ancient teaspoons and bottle.

Loren W. Perham. — Two old fire buckets, one used in Woburn.

John W. Morrill. — Tin tumbler, a war relic. Very old soapstone inkstand. Very old teapot.

Old knapsack. Ink bottle, 1717. Ancient tin lantern with perforated design. Tinder-box used in days of bluestone matches.

Plympton heirs. — Engraving, "Consultation of Doctors." Picture of Lord Timothy Dexter's house. Picture of Poor Richard.

Mary A. Parker. — A gentleman's shirt, finely made. Ancient lace mantle and veil.

Rebekah Brooks. — Very ancient mirror. Cup and saucer. Blue cup and saucer.

Miss Minnie Carlton. — Portraits of the late Oliver Bacon and wife.

Orlando M. Brooks. — Two pairs of old silk mitts. Very ancient books of psalms and hymns.

Mrs. — Burr. — Three pieces of sheet music, composed by John Holloway, member of Ned Kendall's Boston Brass Band. Ancient washbowl and pitcher.

Dr. John M. Harlow. — Profile of Count Rumford.

John B. Davis. — Old painting of Woburn Centre, showing the old Fowle tavern (now Central House). Specimen of the original Phalanx coats. Mexican sombrero.

John Winn, Burlington. — Ancient flintlock gun used at the battle of Lexington and Bunker Hill by Joseph Winn. An Indian stone gouge found in Burlington.

Mrs. E. W. Hudson. — Very ancient linen sheet.

Miss Hannah R. Hudson. — French dictionary and ancient autographs.

Thomas A. Carter. — The only known existing autograph of Woburn's first minister, Rev. Thomas Carter.

E. J. Gregory. — Ancient table.

Miss Carrie Thompson. — Sampler, very old.

Parker L. Eaton. — Ancient silk reel.

Fred A. Hartwell. — An old tin lantern.

Miss Mary E. Frost. — Antique plate. Watts' "Hymns," early edition.

Mr. Fred W. Bosworth. — Printed inaugural speech of President Jefferson.

Mrs. — Butters. — Ranger's buttons.

L. C. Eames. — Very old Bible.

Lucy M. Cole. — Samplers, 1785, and one, seventy-two years old. Ancient wooden-heel shoe.

Fred and Willie Leathe. — Ancient sugar bowl and pitcher.

Charles A. Burdett. — Pen and ink sketch.

Mrs. C. A. Burdett. — Embroidered silk quilt.

Capt. Joseph F. Rice, Burlington. — Large Japanese cabinet, very fine.

Baldwin Coolidge. — Bust of Col. Loammi Baldwin.

Benjamin Cutter. — Double barrelled gun, one barrel of which was used in old French war, and the other at Bunker Hill and put into one stock by Marshall Tidd.

Wyman B. Richardson. — Old Bible, owned by Wyman Richardson, Esq., one of Woburn's early lawyers.

Mrs. Frances J. Haggens. — Warming pan, flax

comb, foot stove, ancient portrait, and old military coat (late war).

E. C. Hurd, Stoneham. — Old sword and epaulets.

Thomas Moore. — Shell of rifled cannon fired from Fort Fisher.

William F. Davis. — Warren Cadets' flag.

A. H. Holland. — Large blue platter owned by Rev. Joseph Bennett.

John E. Tidd. — Banner presented to Washington Light Infantry by Woburn ladies in 1823.

S. T. Gifford. — Ancient plates, cups and saucers, platter and creamer.







WILLIAM R. CUTTER,  
Chairman of Committee on Registration.

## REGISTRATION.

The Registration Committee, of which Librarian William Richard Cutter was chairman, performed very efficient service in the department assigned it. The spacious and elegant reading-room of the library building was generously tendered by the library trustees, and every convenience was there afforded the visitor for registration. The completeness of the preparations was the subject of much commendation.

Upon the broad tables were writing utensils, while courteous lady attendants were ready to furnish the neatly designed blanks. In the judgment of the committee two thousand blanks were considered a sufficient number and this proved to be correct. The number who registered was 1706. This number, while falling far short of the total attendance upon the celebration, may fairly represent those who claimed kinship with Woburn, many of whom had not visited the city for forty years. There was also secured a very full registration of the official delegation present at the celebration. Public notice of the location of registration headquarters was given by means of large placards posted upon the public streets.

In designing the form and size of the registration blanks, the chairman had an eye to their preservation, and this interesting record of the city's guests and callers, has been uniformly bound in five handsome volumes, regularly arranged for easy consultation, and have been placed upon the library shelves.

Among the names thus secured are the following:—

JOHN W. FOSTER, Secretary of State, Washington, D. C., representing President Harrison.

GEORGE EUGENE BELKNAP, Rear Admiral United States Navy.

WILLIAM E. RUSSELL, Governor of Massachusetts.

OLIVER AMES, Ex-Governor of Massachusetts.

WILLIAM M. OLIN, Boston, Secretary of the Commonwealth.

JOHN W. KIMBALL, Fitchburg, Mass., Auditor of the Commonwealth.

GEORGE A. MARDEN, Lowell, Mass., Treasurer and Receiver-General of Massachusetts.

SAMUEL DALTON, Boston, Adjutant-General, State of Massachusetts.

ALPHEUS B. ALGER, Mayor of Cambridge, Mass.

ALFRED C. CONVERSE, Mayor of Chelsea, Mass.

HENRY O. FAIRBANKS, Mayor of Quincy, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HODGKINS, Mayor of Somerville, Mass.

JAMES PIERCE, Mayor of Malden, Mass.

FRANKLIN CARTER, President of Williams College.

MARTHA E. SEWALL CURTIS, Burlington, Mass.

PHILIP J. DOHERTY, Charlestown, Mass., Ex-Water Commissioner, Boston.

SAMUEL JAMES ELDER, Esq., Winchester, Mass.

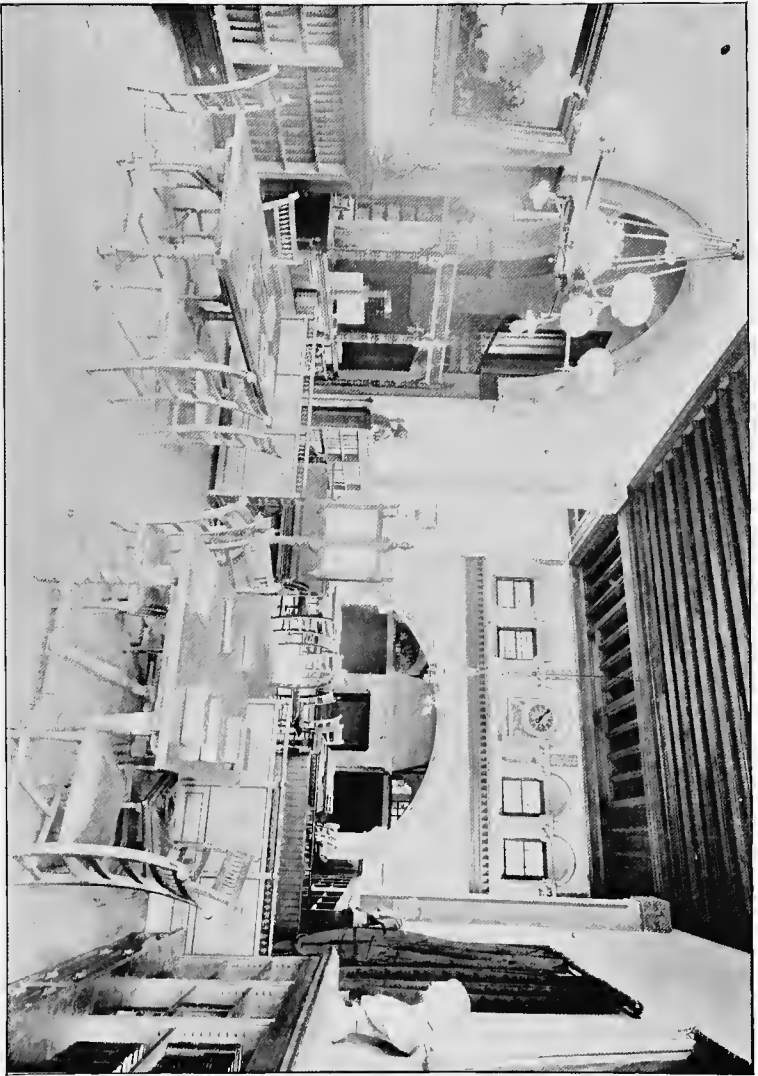
REV. ELIJAH HARMON, Wilmington, Mass.

REV. EDWARD G. PORTER, Lexington, Mass.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE, Poet, and Editor of *The Pilot*, Boston, Mass.

GEORGE F. BUTTERFIELD, Selectman of Stoneham, Mass.

J. HOWARD EAMES, Selectman of Wilmington, Mass.



INTERIOR OF LIBRARY.



RUFUS W. HOLBROOK, Selectman of Lexington, Mass.  
 WALTER S. KEENE, Selectman of Stoneham, Mass.  
 GEORGE EVELETH MUZZEY, Selectman of Lexington, Mass.  
 EDWARD M. NICHOLS, Town Clerk and Selectman of Wilmington,  
 Mass.  
 JUSTIN L. PARKER, Selectman of Wilmington, Mass.  
 SAMUEL SEWALL, Town Clerk, Selectman and Treasurer of Bur-  
 lington, Mass.  
 WEBSTER SMITH, Selectman of Lexington, Mass.  
 HON. ELISHA S. CONVERSE, Malden, Mass.  
 ABIJAH THOMPSON, Esq., Winchester.  
 EBEN FRANCIS THOMPSON, President of Common Council, Worces-  
 ter, Mass.  
 ALBERT GEORGE BLODGETT, M. D., West Brookfield, Mass.  
 CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER, Concord, N. H.  
 JOSEPH BURBEEN WALKER, Concord, N. H.  
 ARTHUR E. WHITNEY, of the Winchester Historical and Gene-  
 alogical Society, Winchester, Mass.  
 ISAAC C. WYMAN, Salem, Mass.  
 MORRILL WYMAN, Cambridge, Mass.  
 REV. JONATHAN EDWARDS, Wellesley Hills, Mass., Pastor First  
 Congregational Church, Woburn, 1848-1856.  
 JOHN CALVIN STOCKBRIDGE, D. D., Providence, R. I., former  
 pastor of Baptist Church, Woburn.  
 WILLIAM A. STONE, Concord, N. H., first principal of the Woburn  
 High School.  
 SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE, Kennebunkport, Me., Antiquarian and  
 Historian.  
 SAMUEL H. FOLSOM, Register of Probate and Insolvency for  
 Middlesex County, Winchester, Mass.  
 ELBRIDGE H. GOSS, Melrose, Mass., Antiquarian and Historian.  
 ALBERT BERNARD WILLIAM JAMES HARRIS, Birmingham, England.  
 JAMES FROTHINGHAM HUNNEWELL, Charlestown, Antiquarian and  
 Historian.  
 ABNER RICE, Lee, Mass., former Principal of Warren Academy,  
 Woburn.  
 EBEN HARLOW DAVIS, Chelsea, Mass., former Superintendent of  
 Schools, Woburn.  
 PROF. STEPHEN PANAZETOFF, of Robert College, Constantinople,  
 Turkey.

## ANNIVERSARY COMMENTS.

That Woburn's Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration aroused a wide-spread interest is proved by the generous space given by the press of Eastern Massachusetts to the reports of the proceedings. As evidence of the impression made by the events of the week, the Committee on Publication of Proceedings deem it proper to preserve, from among the many kind and appreciative words spoken, the following:—

WOBURN has celebrated to some purpose indeed. — *Waltham Tribune.*

\* \* \*

WOBURN celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary this week in a right royal way. — *Somerville Journal.*

\* \* \*

WOBURN covered herself all over with glory last week in her quarter-millennial celebration. — *Reading Chronicle.*

\* \* \*

ALL propitious were the skyey influences on the day of Woburn's great parade. Her jubilee was a success unqualified. — *Boston Globe.*

\* \* \*

ORATOR RICHARDSON made it agreeably evident yesterday, that Woburn has a history of ups and downs well worth the telling. — *Boston Globe.*

\* \* \*

WOBURN has blazed and shrieked and decorated and shouted and paraded and danced, and to-night she dines in state. It's a real fall festival. — *Boston Record.*





WILLIAM F. KENNEY,  
Chairman of Committee on Press.



HAPPY Woburn! It could ask for no fairer skies nor for a smoother programme. It must be that the weather man originally hailed from Woburn. — *Boston Herald*.

\* \* \*

THERE is no use in attempting to-day to carry out the suggestion of forming a Woburn colony in Lynn. It would be much easier to start a Lynn colony in Woburn. — *Lynn Item*.

\* \* \*

THE selection of James Jeffrey Roche as the poet of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration of the city of Woburn has insured an admirable poem for that notable event. — *The Critic*.

\* \* \*

THE quality of the Cadets as a military body of the best training was never more evident than in the big parade at Woburn yesterday. Viewed from any angle, the formation of line was perfect to a remarkable degree. — *Boston Record*.

\* \* \*

WOBURN celebrates her two hundred and fiftieth anniversary this week. She will receive the congratulation of her neighboring cities in the growth and prosperity that this gathering will disclose. And the busy little city deserves all the praise it gets. — *Lawrence American*.

\* \* \*

AT the close of the second day Woburn goes to bed satisfied that she has done the right thing. Her guests have retired without raising the question as to Woburn having done the right thing by them. It has been a case of success, wearing purple and a crown. — *Boston Post*.

\* \* \*

WOBURN'S quarter-millennial celebration concludes to-day (Friday) with a grand military and civic parade. For this reason we go to press early. This morning Stoneham's sons and daughters will be represented by the hundreds to pay their tribute of respect to our neighbor, so many years our senior. — *Stoneham News*.

\* \* \*

WOBURN celebrated two days this week in honor of her two hundred and fiftieth birthday, and she did it with a vim that showed her earnestness and joy. The city was decked out in flags

and bunting from end to end of her handsome streets, and her thoroughfares were thronged with beauty, youth, and age from all the neighborhood as they never had been before. — *Reading Chronicle*.

\* \* \*

WOBURN is this week a scene of gaiety and congratulation over the completion of two hundred and fifty years of corporate existence. The streets of the city are resplendent with gay decorations, and to-day are thronged with people—present and past residents and interested visitors. The city is very beautifully ornamented with shade trees, being sometimes termed “The City of Trees.” — *Lynn Transcript*.

\* \* \*

It has been ascertained that a replica of the statue of Count Rumford, erected in his honor by the grateful people of Munich, can be secured, and at Woburn on Thursday a movement was started to have it set up in the public square at North Woburn, near the house where the philosopher and statesman was born. To accomplish such a purpose would be to add much to the attractiveness of the Leather City. — *Lynn Item*.

\* \* \*

WOBURN commenced the celebration of her quarter-millennial on Thursday and continued it to-day. The citizens of the ancient town have been anticipating the event for a long time and have entered into the observance with a unanimity and public spirit that is pleasing to note. Two hundred and fifty years of growth means a good deal in our country, and Lynn as an elder sister welcomes Woburn to the line of towns that have passed the quarter-millennial. — *Lynn Item*.

\* \* \*

WOBURN has secured an excellent start in the establishment of a free lecture course. It is such institutions as that which give color and individuality to the communities in the neighborhood of a large city. The tendency too much is to depend on the opportunities which the latter affords, and the result is that the suburban towns become what some one has called them, “Boston’s sleeping rooms.” The suburban communities should have a distinct individuality and life. — *Boston Journal*.



MUNICIPAL BUILDING.



THERE was a great celebration at Woburn yesterday, and the managers of the quarter-millennial jubilee of the busy city could not have asked for more favoring weather conditions. The parade was a brilliant display, and many thousands of visitors lined the streets and joined in the applause that such an attractive exhibition of Woburn, past and present, well deserved. After the march a banquet was served, in which a brilliant company anticipated — among them, of course, the city's honored guests. — *Boston Globe*.

\* \* \*

ONE feature of the arrangements that merits especial notice is the excellent accommodations and facilities provided for the press. A large and commodious office on the main street was set apart for the visiting journalists and provided with a long distance telephone put in for the occasion, and two special wires. All kinds of writing materials were supplied in profusion, and refreshments were served in an adjoining room. Carriages were placed at the disposal of the newspaper men, and a large and active press committee devoted themselves to the comfort and information of the newspaper men. — *Boston Advertiser*.

\* \* \*

REGISTERING the names of the visitors has been carried on at the Woburn celebration upon an original and uncommonly thorough plan. A lot of elegantly designed and artistic blanks were printed so that every visitor might fill out one, the blanks to be filed and bound in a volume to be deposited in the archives of the public library. The big reading room in the library building was devoted to the work of registration. Here at several big tables, presided over by some of Woburn's charming young ladies, the blanks have been filled out, handed in, often with some laboring at the pen, as the bucolic brother wrote down his name. — *Boston Record*.

\* \* \*

THE feature of the celebration of Woburn's two hundred and fiftieth anniversary that will be longest remembered was the gift of six thousand dollars to establish a perpetual lecture fund. Leonard Thompson, a brother of the late Waldo Thompson, of Lynn, noted the occasion by the gift of the amount named to found the "Burbeen Free Lecture Fund." The endowment of Mr. Thompson assures a fitting supplement to the free school and

the free public library, which will be a blessing to all future generations. And it is an agreeable point in connection with the gift that Mr. Thompson makes this endowment while yet able to observe the experiment. — *Lynn Item*.

\* \* \*

THIS week in Massachusetts has been "Woburn's week." The people of this Commonwealth have had a deep interest in the Woburn celebration, in the parades, the speeches, the banquet and all the other festivities which mark the event. It is because of just such communities like Woburn throughout New England that this section has grown to be so prosperous. The resolute energy, thrift, perseverance, pluck, determination, and skill of New England towns has made this section a great factor in national history; and to-day in the West, the sons of those who have built up the prosperity of Massachusetts are building up new communities which will in time celebrate their birth as Woburn has just done. — *Boston Advertiser*.

\* \* \*

SOME from here were born in Woburn, and consequently take a lively interest in the great anniversary which closes to-day. In fact Woburn is so closely allied to Lexington that most of our citizens either have availed themselves of the pleasure of being eye-witnesses and partakers of this memorable occasion or have read the lengthy notices in the papers with the keenest relish. Woburn has such long arms that when the most populated part is overflowing with guests they can find points of historical interest by touching the hems of her garments. We trust the older our neighbor grows the more she may add to the treasures of influence and wealth, and that wisdom which exalteth any people. — *Lexington Minute-Man*.

\* \* \*

WOBURN has been fortunate in having the most perfect of autumn weather for the commemoration of her two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, and her citizens may congratulate themselves not only upon that, but upon the dignity and interest of the commemorative exercises. She had three feasts on Friday. There was the feast of vision, as the long parade, with its interesting display, passed in view. In a gayly decorated hall, where distinguished guests were honored, a feast was spread for the





JOHN P. DELANEY,  
Of the Executive Committee.



nature physical, and finally, after the wants of the inner man had been satisfied, there came the best perhaps, of all, the feast of reason, the pleasant, witty, patriotic, historic words coming from the lips of the gathered guests. — *Boston Budget*.

\* \*

FROM Sunday, Oct. 2, to Saturday, Oct. 8, the neighboring city of Woburn was one of the busiest places in the Commonwealth, and when the morning of Oct. 6 dawned the bright sun shone on preparations for a grand event which every one concerned had reasons to be proud of. The grand event culminated on Friday in the military and civic parade of the earlier portion of the day and the banquet in the afternoon. The parade was the most harmonious in arrangement and charming to view, for one of its size, we have ever seen. Any attempt at details in these columns would be out of place, but we feel an event so well conceived and properly carried out is worthy this word of praise and general congratulation. For courtesies extended the editor desires to return thanks, assuring our friends of the Press Committee that on occasion we shall be proud to reciprocate in any way within our power. — *Arlington Advocate*.

\* \*

It was a clever thing about this celebration, which has been cleverly conducted all through, that it grew hotter and hotter from the moment the first gun was fired, and swelled in interest and excitement until the close of the banquet this afternoon, in which the jubilation reached its high-water mark, and then to-night ended quietly and fitly enough in a band concert. Yesterday was only a sort of preliminary day, a dress rehearsal for the real business of the celebration in earnest. Yesterday the town was crowded, but to-day it was packed and jammed. The banquet in the evening, after the grand parade, was enjoyed by five hundred and sixty people. Ex-Mayor Johnson presided and discharged his duties as toast-master very happily. When the President of the United States thought enough of the town where his ancestors lived side by side of those of two of his predecessors to send to its birthday party his premier, as the bearer of his regrets, was not that enough even for a town two hundred and fifty years old? So thinks Woburn. When the feast had been

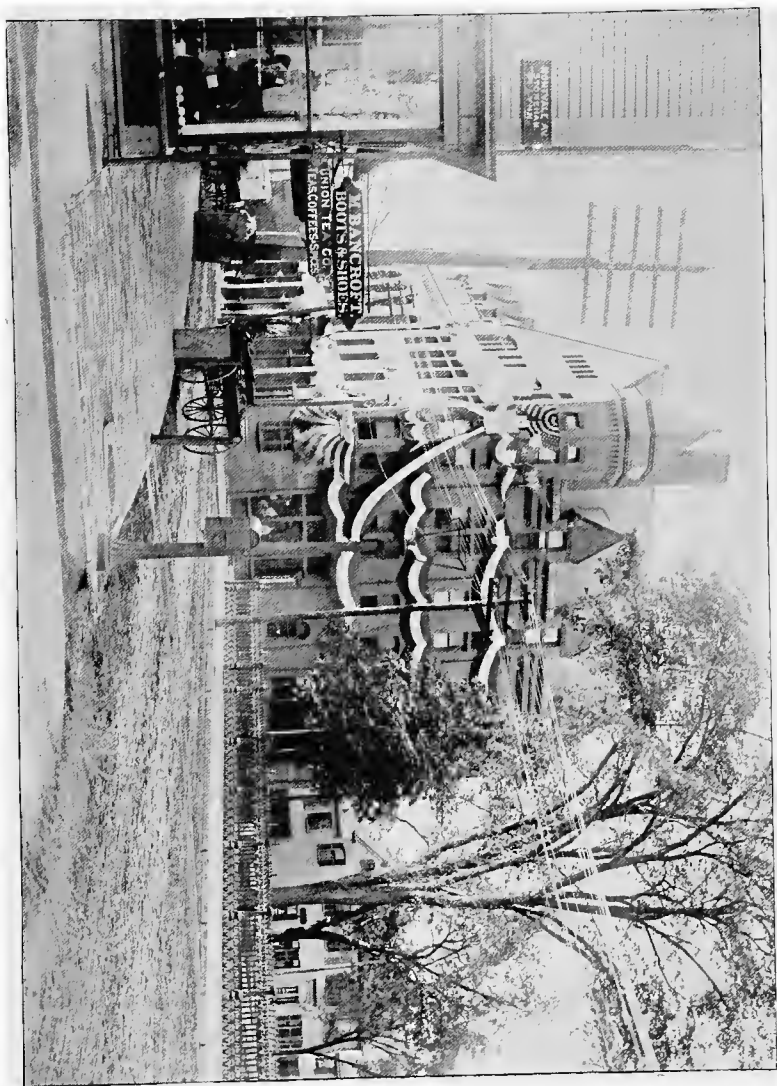
done justice to, ex-Mayor Johnson arose, and in a very happy and witty speech opened the oratory of the occasion. He alluded gracefully to the presence of Gen. Foster. When he rolled out sonorously the name of Grover Cleveland there was a storm of applause. Then he named the name of Benjamin Harrison, and the answering applause was not a storm but a cyclone. Cheers rent the air, and the clapping was absolutely deafening. It lasted full two minutes. — *Boston Advertiser*.

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THE oration of the day was delivered by Mr. Frank Brooks Richardson. It was an admirable blending of vivid narrative, quaint historical research, and frequent sly touches of humor, which were thoroughly enjoyed by his hearers. He paid eloquent tribute to the sturdy independence, honesty, shrewdness, and God-fearing simplicity of the early founders, who in allotting land to settlers did it "without any respect of persons," and refused not men for their poverty." His graceful and general acknowledgment of Woburn's indebtedness to her adopted sons was echoed by Mayor Thompson when he introduced the poet of the occasion. A commemorative hymn by Mr. Frank E. Wetherell was sung by the Temple Quartette with fine effect. An anniversary hymn by Rev. Daniel March, D. D., was sung to the tune "America." The third stanza was exceptionally fine, though all were good. . . . Woburn's holiday was altogether a proud and joyous day for the old town. — *The Pilot*.

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THE most interesting event here at home this week has been the Woburn celebration. It seems to have been on the whole the best town anniversary celebration that we have had for a long time — even if the quartet did sing "The Owl and the Pussy Cat." Mr. Roche's verses were the best occasional poem that the Listener has read for a long time — full of spirit, fitting the time and place, expressive of the best thought of such an occasion, and very clever verse into the bargain. Woburn is a fine old-new town, tanneries and all, with a most interesting history and very cheerful prospects. The Listener will take the opportunity to express the hope that all self-respecting residents of the place will go on pronouncing the name of the town Woo-



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burn and not yield to the temptation to adopt the newer practice, borrowed from ignorant outsiders, to call it Woe-burn. "Woo" is surely a happier word than "woe!" — *Boston Transcript*.

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WOBURN'S two hundred and fiftieth celebration was an event that can hereafter be referred to with pride. It was a great and grand occasion, everything moving along with the precision of clock work during the two day's observance. Hospitality abounded on all sides with a freedom and generosity unparalleled, and the thousands of visitors that enjoyed the freedom of the city have naught but praise to bestow. The city was gayly bedecked in holiday attire. Band concerts, sports, literary exercises, children's entertainments, reception and promenade concert and grand ball, all interesting and well attended, was Thursday's portion of the program. Friday's procession was a great success, not alone from its military and civic features, but as showing the many industries of the city. The reception and banquet in the afternoon in the new armory and skating rink was a notable event. The after-dinner speeches were closely listened to and enjoyed. Judge Johnson, as toastmaster, was most happy in his opening remarks and introductions of the speakers. . . . The managers had a full appreciation of newspapers in providing a press headquarters, fitted up with telegraph and telephone facilities, tables, stationery, etc. A caterer was also in attendance throughout both days. The headquarters were veritable bureaus of information, and the members of the press acknowledged themselves under deep obligations for all these courtesies. . . . Almost the entire population of Winchester was present at Friday's observance. — *Winchester Star*.

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IN the last decade many New England towns have attained their two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, which by common consent is regarded as a fitting point at which to pause for comparison with the past, and for review of local history. Woburn, which next week celebrates the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation, was an offshoot of Charlestown, and for a year or two before it was formally set off as a separate town was locally designated as "Charlestown Village," the latter word being some-

times used in the sense of colony or outpost: Woburn was incorporated too late to identify its name with the very earliest days of Massachusetts settlement, for fully thirty towns are older. It took its part manfully, however, when it began as an incorporated town to share the struggles of New England. The annals of Woburn are the annals of many New England towns, that slowly, by dint of thrift and industry, became New England cities without passing through ordeals that are of more than local interest. The sturdy strength of the New England settlers often struck out sparks of genius against the steel of circumstances; and from old Woburn stock, natives of the place, come Count Rumford, Samuel Blodgett, the inventor; General James Reed, one of the heroes of Bunker Hill; Rev. Dr. Samuel Locke, sometime president of Harvard University, Jeduthun Baldwin and Loammi Baldwin, distinguished, and justly distinguished, as engineers, and Roger M. Sherman, eminent jurist. This is a record sufficient to dispose of the accusation of the jealousy of neighboring towns that Woburn lives on leather and the memory of Count Rumford. The transmitted capacity of the early stock is again illustrated in President Harrison and Grover Cleveland, both of whom trace back their descent to Woburn ancestors. — *Boston Transcript*.

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THE recent celebration at Gloucester has had an appreciable effect upon the people of New England in awakening their local pride in, and interest in, the deeds of their ancestors, but the proceedings of the Woburn citizens have shown that this enterprising suburban city was not to be outdone in setting forth its claims to notoriety and its part in the civilization of New England. We cannot too highly praise the persons who have contributed to make this quarter-millennial a success. They have accomplished two or three things by what they have done. They have taught the younger generation by word and deed to feel an interest in Woburn which they never felt or imagined before. Out of this anniversary will most likely grow a local historical society which will gather up in a permanent way the historical materials which the occasion has unearthed, and the new generation will come to see that it is better worth while to live in Woburn than anywhere else. For the mature citizens the celebration will greatly add to their permanent interest in citizenship





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in Woburn. They will take a greater pride in local affairs, in looking after the morals and interests of the people, in strengthening the public schools, and in making Woburn a more wholesome place to live in than it has been before. Another result of this celebration will be that Woburn will count for more in the public life of Massachusetts than it had formerly. The celebration at Gloucester lifted that community into a new prominence, so that all of us felt stimulated by its traditions, and the effect of this anniversary at Woburn, which has been remarkably enthusiastic and successful, will be to make Woburn itself more respected, more influential, and more satisfactory to its own citizens than it has been before. It will give them notoriety abroad and stimulate an honest pride at home. — *Boston Herald*.



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THE HALF-TONE PLATES BY THE ALDINE ENGRAVING CO., BOSTON.















